

THIRTY CENTS

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THE





HATHAWAY'S NEW SUMMER MAIZE STRIPES IN BATISTE OXFORD; ABOUT \$7.50. IN SOLIDS; ABOUT \$7.00.

Hathaway presents a yellow stripe that doesn't shout



MANY MEN like the *idea* of a yellow shirt, but deplore the blatancy of the real thing. Because their shirtmakers don't exercise quite enough restraint.

Good news. Hathaway's weavers have solved the problem. They blend their yellow yarns with several shades of buff. This keeps the stripes

from clashing with your ties or leaping off the shirt at you—without sacrificing one jot of yellow's traditional cheeriness.

Hathaway calls this quiet new color *Summer Maize*, and recommends it for charcoal, cocoa and navy suits.

As for the fabric Hathaway uses, it is a *Batiste* summer version of good old Oxford cloth. It *feels* as soft and sub-

stantial as the regular stuff—yet it *weighs* only 5½ ounces.

For store names, and for a free and handy *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtsings*—write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or telephone OXford 7-5566 in New York.

"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.



MEMBER NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

What does this sign on a broker's door mean?

Here are just a few of the rules a Member Firm is expected to observe: another way the New York Stock Exchange endeavors to maintain a fair and orderly market.

Next time you find yourself in front of a broker's office, about to go in or just passing by, look for this sign.

It takes just the wink of an eye to read it. It took just hours to letter it on the door. It took 171 years to develop all that it stands for.

The sign designates the brokerage firms that have committed themselves to promote the just and equitable principles of trade in which the New York Stock Exchange believes. And to observe the many rules which the Exchange has evolved since trading began in 1792.

Examples of Exchange regulations

When you step inside this door, you enter a firm that is subject to such rules as these:

- Member Firms carrying customers' accounts are expected to report each week to the Exchange any position as an underwriter of securities. They have agreed also to disclose certain types of borrowings or loans by the firm or its partners.
- Each firm receives a surprise audit by an independent accountant at least once a year. In addition, the Exchange's own examiners spot check its books and records.

- Exchange rules prescribe that the firm have adequate capital in relation to its volume of business.

- At least one person in each firm has had to qualify for membership and holds a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

- The Exchange sets standards for Registered Representatives and insists that they be full-time—not part-time—employees.

Almost two centuries of experience

Such rules as these are the product of 171 years of experience. From the original 24 men, Exchange membership has grown to 1,366. There are some 3,300 Member Firm offices throughout the country and abroad. And the sign you see—Member New York Stock Exchange—signifies that the firm is subject to the Exchange's code of self-regulation.

This self-regulation is just one way the Exchange endeavors to maintain a fair and orderly market.

Members New York Stock Exchange

Own your share of American business

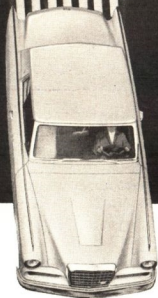
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Two New Cars are Born

*Avanti-inspired...
Bonneville-tested!*

**R2 SUPER LARK
R2 SUPER HAWK**



We designed two new cars—and built a lot of our record-setting Avanti into them: supercharged R2 engines... heavy duty springs and shock absorbers, plus anti-sway bars, front and rear...trac rods, rear...racing type disc brakes, the safest known and ours alone.

We named them R2 Super Lark and R2 Super Hawk and had Andy Granatelli

take them out to the infamous Bonneville Salt Flats for final performance and endurance tests.

We could scarcely believe the results, but the official U.S. Auto Club timers confirmed them: R2 Super Lark—132 mph! R2 Super Hawk—140 mph! Two-way averages—under the most punishing weather and surface conditions. That kind of performance, combined

with their gentle 'round-town manners, told us these cars were ready. R2 Super Lark and R2 Super Hawk are now available on special order at your Studebaker dealer's.

Flash: front seat safety belts now come factory-installed on every car—another advance from Studebaker.



Studebaker
CORPORATION



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TO PLAY LIKE ONE"

Walter Hagen

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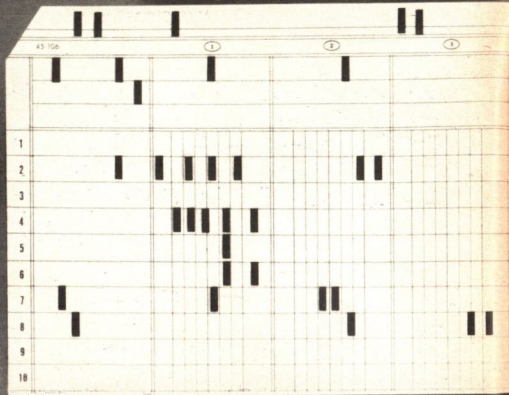
Distinctive "Haig Ultra" markings are big and bold for easy identification. Ultra-white polyurethane finish will not chip off, stays gleaming white round after round.

Like the great Walter Hagen, who won five PGA Championships and two U.S. Opens, the Haig Ultra ball is unsurpassed in performance and appearance. Yet it costs no more than the next best ball.

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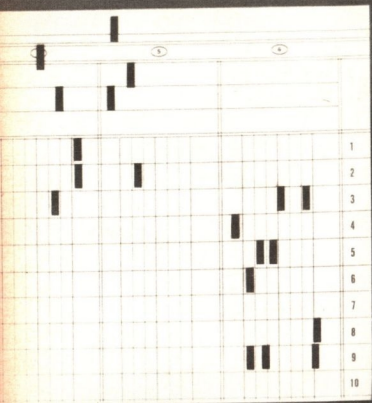


Not one Bank of Commerce

We have nothing against business machines per se.

It's just that we prefer names to code numbers... and the face of a satisfied customer to a bunch of holes in a punch card. (So we make sure our machines work for our customers—never the other way around.)

Maybe we feel this way because—as big-city banks



customer looks like this

go—we're not a giant.

So we can still tailor our services to customers' needs rather than the capacity of an electronic brain.

And insist that every account be supervised personally by a bank officer.

Since we don't intend to change, we may never be

a giant. But we would like some more good customers.

So next time you want to buy a car, repair your boat, put a son through school, open a checking account, modernize a factory—or anything else that involves a bank—why not give us a call? The number is MURRAY Hill 2-5000. (Outside N. Y. C. dial Area Code 212)

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Naturally a girl wants to look and feel her best when she's being met at the airport. So, fifteen minutes before landing, the SAS stewardess presents you with a warm, fragrant towel. Scented with Dior's marvelous "Diorama", no less. *There's* the little extra touch so typical of SAS! Next time *you* go, fly SAS—to Copenhagen or anywhere in Europe. You'll find it a refreshing experience.

 **SAS**
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Will man ever live to be 150?

A baby boy born in ancient Rome had a life expectancy of 22 years.

Born in 1900 in the U.S.A., he could expect to reach 47.

Born today, his expected life span is 70.

The gain in human life has been tremendous—thanks to ever-increasing medical knowledge, better health care, and the conquest of so many of the infectious diseases.

Mathematically, at the modern rate of increase, life expectancy could reach 150 about the year 2175.

This may never be attained, but further gains in the life span are on the horizon as medical knowledge expands and research in drugs continues. Even more significant, perhaps, is the promise of healthier and happier living for those who reach advanced age.

Medical research has a way of never leaving well enough alone. **Eli Lilly and Company • Indianapolis**

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Prescription
medicines
around the
world



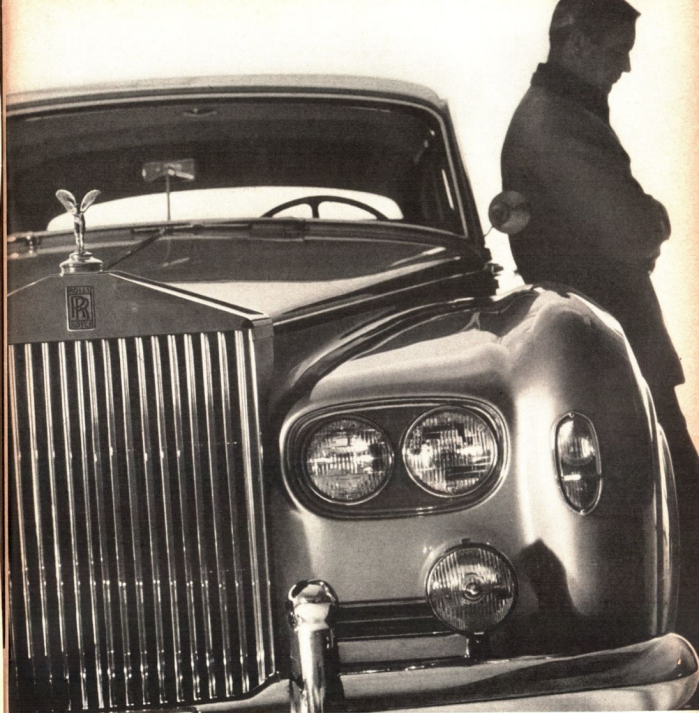
They're all over the place

East side, west side, all around the town—you'll find NBC newscasters Gabe Pressman, Bill Ryan or Merrill Mueller catching news as it happens. In helping WNBC-TV bridge the information-gap during the newspaper strike, they proved so popular that their programs have been continued and expanded. The "Eleventh Hour News," for example, will keep its special 15-minute "City Edition" with Merrill Mueller. And

the "Gabe Pressman Report" adds Bill Ryan to become the "Pressman-Ryan Report"—with an extra 15 on-the-spot news minutes from 6:15 p.m. to 6:40 p.m. Reason: New Yorkers asked for it—in their tremendous response to WNBC-TV's expanded news schedule during the strike. This kind of awareness to community needs is why WNBC-TV is recognized as "New York's Community Minded Station."

PRESSMAN-RYAN REPORT 6:15 P.M. • ELEVENTH HOUR NEWS — CITY EDITION 11:15 P.M.

4



"Let me tell you about the very rich. They are different from you and me!"

Scott Fitzgerald said it. He said they have always had money. They are used to it, and that makes them different. They know how to possess and enjoy.

The man in the picture paid \$17,021 for his car. He bought it because he likes the sound of it whispering along and the feel of it levelling hills on a country road. Because whatever the speed, it knows how to handle a curve and how to stop. He likes its

enduring qualities, too. Other people could buy four cars for the price of his one. Eventually they will.

He likes to think the car mirrors his taste. There is a quiet splendor to the interior that matches his own surroundings. This car knows how to present every comfort without making a show of itself.

He owns other cars. Occasionally he drives them. This one he takes out when-

ever he wants to indulge his pride and be different. He is different. He owns the best car in the world. Do you?

See the latest Rolls-Royce and Bentley models at the International Automobile Show or visit the showrooms of J. S. Inskip Inc., 304 East 64th Street, N. Y. C. Alternatively you may wish to write to Rolls-Royce Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.

EXAMPLES OF GREATER PERFORMANCE THAT SHOW

How General Electric is trying to bring you an extra measure of value

Washes $\frac{1}{3}$ more dishes, without hand scraping or rinsing. A powerful new washing action enables today's General Electric dishwasher to clean a third more dishes than the washer of 3 years ago. The new washing action "scrapes" and cleans the dishes, and a Flushaway Drain carries away food particles. For today's busy homemaker, who takes an active interest in more things than any other woman in history, this automatic dishwasher is one of her most valued electrical servants.

Dishwasher model comparison:
SUTOT (1960) vs. SD403 (1963)



Today's dishwasher cleans $\frac{1}{3}$ more dishes



Accent
on
VALUE



Delivers 5 times more light over its lifetime, is 18% more efficient, costs 20% less. These are value improvements in the mercury vapor lamp that General Electric has achieved over the past 10 years. They mean sizable economies in the lighting of streets, highways, recreation areas, industrial plants, shopping centers. Looking to the future, we are working on experimental lamps that give about *twice* as much light per watt as the most efficient lamp yet perfected in almost a century of lighting research.



Produces 13 times more thrust and offers far greater endurance. Today's General Electric J79 jet engine—that powers the world's fastest, highest-flying military aircraft—has 13 times greater thrust than the first American jet, developed by General Electric in 1942. The first jet needed overhauling every 100 flight hours, or about 40,000 flight miles. In contrast, the J79 can run 400 hours, at much higher speed, and cover several hundred thousand miles between major overhauls. These and many other value improvements in General Electric jet engines add to the nation's security and provide more defense for the money.

These examples could be multiplied many times, but the point would be the same: the men and women of General Electric are working constantly on ways to bring homes, communities, industry, and the nation an extra measure of value. Progress in value is a total company dedication.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

1942

1,300 lbs. thrust
per engine

1952

7,000 lbs. thrust
per engine

TODAY

17,000 lbs. thrust
per engine

DO YOU HAVE THIS MAN'S SALES PROBLEM?



*"Too many hot out-of-town leads
are cold when we get to them"*

**Solution: Use Long Distance to follow up
sales leads quickly, personally, profitably!**

Case in point: Hammond Map Company, Maplewood, N.J., makes it standard practice to follow up all out-of-town sales leads with Long Distance calls.

"It makes sense," says Caleb D. Hammond, President. "If a lead is a false alarm, we find out quickly. If it's a 'live' one, we're there first and

already working toward a sale. We consider Long Distance one of our most valuable selling tools."

Many business problems are really communications problems. And they can be solved by effective use of Bell System services: Long Distance... Private Line Telephone... Teletypewriter... Data Transmission... Wide Area Telephone Service.

Talk with one of our Communications Consultants. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Solve business problems with communications



1963 Rambler Classic V-8 "770" 4-Door Sedan

Floor-shift option is one of four transmissions offered.

ANNOUNCING RAMBLER CLASSIC WITH A BRAND-NEW V-8

"Car of the Year" now offers high-economy V-8 running mate to famous Classic 6

Latest news about the '63 Rambler is the exciting option of a brand-new 198-hp V-8 engine in Rambler Classic as a running mate to the famed Classic 6. This new, low-priced, balanced-performance V-8 adds extra zest to the Rambler Classic, plus excellent economy in the Rambler tradition. It joins the other new and major Rambler

developments that won MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE'S "Car of the Year" Award—developments like Advanced Unit Construction that gives this Rambler far greater strength and solidity, with a sleek new lowness that keeps full room for six 6-footers inside; like curved glass side windows that curve into the roof to permit astonishingly

easy entrance; like new Tri-Poised Power that cushion-balances the engine for amazing smoothness. With V-8 performance added to this Rambler's new beauty, famed economy, and traditional high resale value—you have potent reasons to see your Rambler dealer.

*American Motors—
Dedicated to Excellence*

RAMBLER '63

Winner of Motor Trend Magazine Award, "CAR OF THE YEAR"



Fastest thru-plane to the Riviera

(Step on in New York—step off on the Riviera 8½ jet hours later!)

It's all new. It's one stop to Nice. It's fastest by far. And only Air France has it. Beginning May 23, step aboard your Air France Jet in New York. Step off on the Riviera 8½ jet hours later. Nothing's faster from the U.S.A. And the service? Voilà! The moment you step aboard you're in France. The food, the service, the décor, the very atmosphere spells France at her finest. Even in Economy Class, you enjoy exquisite French specialties, prepared exactly by master French chefs. And the fares are low. No lower jet fare on any other airline. Air France also serves Nice from Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston and Montreal. You fly straight to Paris. Then board a connecting Caravelle flight. Minutes later, you're in Nice, gateway to Monaco, Cannes, the whole Riviera. Choose from 40 flights weekly. Which one is yours?

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Love Is a Ball. This Riviera-based frappe is an object lesson in how times change though plots do not. Hope Lange is a chauffeur-chasing heiress who chases Chauffeur Glenn Ford, lures him to a booby-trapped love nest, and almost nabs him. Charles Boyer runs a school for would-be grooms, where Pupil Ricardo Montalban learns that even the aging Boyer is not yet a Cashab Milquetoast.

Five Miles to Midnight. Sophia Loren and Tony Perkins in a thriller that might have been a sort of *Psycho*. But this film about a neurotic ne'er-do-well who escapes from a plane wreck believed to have killed him and forces his wife to go along with a plot to collect his life insurance, is good, solid black-and-white suspense stuff.

The Birds. Hitchcock-a-doodle-do in the form of a fatus plot makes for a slow start; but when the birds finally get a chance to do their stuff, the feathers fly as hordes of gulls, finches and crows go to war against humanity.

The Courtship of Eddie's Father. A whole new era of Hollywood kiddy stars may be launched by irresistibly talented Ronny Howard, 9. He does a pro job at finding a mate for Daddy Glenn Ford. Shirley Jones, Dina Merrill and Stella Stevens are the applicants.

The Balcony. Jean Genet's allegory says that life is a bawdyhouse where men buy illusions at the price of their masculinity. Shelley Winters is the madam who knows what her customers want.

Mondo Cane. Some episodes in this storm-churning travelogue are almost Swiftian in their comment on human frailty. Others are simply funny. But the best/worst parts provide some of the bloodiest minutes to hit the screen in a long time.

How the West Was Won. This Cinerama epic goes wild and woolly with a wagon-load of stars and a thousand thundering buffaloes that threaten to shake the balcony loose from its moorings.

To Kill a Mockingbird. Harper Lee's Pulitzer Prize novel comes off almost better on the screen than on the page. Gregory Peck is wise and warm, and three children—Mary Badham, Phillip Alford and John Megna—are so convincingly rambunctious that they hardly seem to be acting at all.

Love and Larceny. Vittorio Gassman masquerades his way through one of the funniest Italian farces of the season.

The Wrong Arm of the Law. Sneaky Pete Sellers as a raffish Raffles heads a gang of candid-camera jewel robbers.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 17

CBS Reports (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A look, both retrospective and prophetic, at Robert Moses, "The Man Who Built New York."

Thursday, April 18

Purex Special for Women (NBC, 3-4 p.m.). Darren (Mike Hammer) McGavin stars in "The Problem Child," a drama-

* All times E.S.T.

documentary about an unruly son and his troubled parents. Repeat.

Twilight Zone (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). A children's toy designer (Pat Hingle), himself more child than adult, finds a way to return to the past in "The Incredible World of Horace Ford."

Premiere (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Drs. Charles Bickford and William Shatner argue their convictions about the practice of medicine in "Million Dollar Hospital."

Friday, April 19

Here's Edie (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Guest Comic Buddy Hackett clowns, and Edie Adams sings, about the five facets of love.

Alfred Hitchcock (CBS, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). While a British couple (Michael Wilding and Anna Lee) travels across the U.S. by car, their daughter is kidnapped in "Last Seen Wearing Blue Jeans."

Saturday, April 20

Baseball Game of the Week (CBS, 1:25 p.m. to conclusion). From Philadelphia, the St. Louis Cardinals v. the Philadelphia Phillies.

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "Judgment Eve," the story of twelve jurors and their unpredictable ways.

Sunday, April 21

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: Lieut. Colonel John H. Glenn Jr. **American Landmark: Lexington-Concord** (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Fredric March narrates the story of the start of the American Revolution. Color.

The Sunday Night Movie (ABC, 8-10 p.m.). Don Murray stars as *The Hoodlum Priest*.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Metropolitan Opera Soprano Joan Sutherland pays tribute to her predecessors in "The Art of the Prima Donna."

Du Pont Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A documentary account of the intense personal relationship between a parole officer and a young convict, called "Prisoner at Large."

Monday, April 22

Monday Night at the Movies (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). John Huston's *The Barbarian* and the *Geisha* stars John Wayne, not as the geisha. Color.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). The subject: France's penal colony, Devil's Island. Color.

Tuesday, April 23

Close-Up (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "A Vanishing Breed: Portrait of a Country Editor" focuses documentary attention on a Kentucky editor and the impact of his newspaper on his community.

Chet Huntley Reporting (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A study of Communist strength in Italy.

THEATER

On Broadway

Mother Courage, by Bertolt Brecht, is a firestorm of a play, raging over the subjects of war, history, ideology, heroism, vice and virtue. Brecht robs his 17th century heroine of her three children without breaking her fierce will to survive. In the daunting title role, Anne Bancroft un-



No lower jet fares to Nice!

Nothing's more convenient than Air France service to Nice. And nothing's lower than the low, low Air France jet fares to Nice. Biggest bargain of all: The Air France Jet Group Economy Fare* for you in a qualified group of 25 or more people traveling together. Prefer to visit Nice on an organized tour? Air France has one for every budget. And here's a travel "plus": You can stop over in extra cities at no extra fare! Visit Paris, London, Amsterdam, Brussels and Geneva. All for the fare to Nice alone! And whether you travel individually or with a group, Air France gives you the same quality of service. Finest French food. Incomparable French service. See your Travel Agent for ticket information. Or call Air France.

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*An ear
for music, an eye
for figures*



The good looking young lady, as anybody with a radio, TV set or record player knows, is one of America's more popular vocalists.

She is also a Union Oil shareowner. This entitles her, along with 62,000 other shareowners, to a report on our 72nd year. It was a good one.

Our customers paid us \$569,377,000.

We spent 58% of this amount—or \$328,469,000—with over 18,000 other companies and individuals with whom we do business.

More than 1,500 local, State and Federal tax collecting agencies took \$34,459,000. And, we also handed over to governmental agencies \$94,749,000 in fuel taxes we collected from our customers.

Wages and other benefits for our employees and their families amounted to \$65,779,000 of our income.

This left \$45,921,000 as net profit.

Slightly less than half of these earnings—or \$20,144,000—was payable in cash dividends* to our shareowners, including Gogi Grant, for the use of their money.

The balance of our net earnings we reinvested in the business to expand and modernize facilities.

Such profits are not only important to our shareowners, they are important to the country as a whole.

For under our American free enterprise system, the rate of growth of our entire U.S. economy is directly dependent on the profits that Union Oil Company and the rest of the U.S. industry are able to plow back into productive facilities.

This opportunity for growth will continue to exist for all of us as long as our economy remains free and competitive.

**In addition, they received a 2% share dividend.*

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: President, Union Oil Company of California, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

Union Oil Company of California

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



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Without
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THE EXTRA DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH

The modern dry Martini is more than just a hooker of gin or vodka. It's a *civilized cocktail* made with Noilly Prat French Vermouth. Why Noilly Prat? Because this classic vermouth is correctly pale, matchless in flavor and, above all, *extra dry*.

Never stir without it!

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fortunately is not quite the earth mother she strives to be.

Too True to Be Good, by George Bernard Shaw. This gallimaufry of tired Shavianisms on the religious temper, the military mind, and the desperate plight of the idle rich is a theatrical sleeping pill. A full cast of stars—Glynis Johns, Robert Preston, David Wayne, Cyril Ritchard, Eileen Heckart, Lillian Gish, Cedric Hardwicke, Ray Middleton—try to wake the play up.

Tovarich explores new frontiers of boredom in an unmusical noncomedy. As a White Russian grand duchess posing as a housemaid in Paris in 1927, lovely Vivien Leigh does a Charleston to remember, and otherwise lights up the proceedings like a matchflare in a catacomb.

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill. Time has added a comic flavor to this 4½-hour Freudian opus that the somber-spirited playwright never intended. However, O'Neill's innate theater sense saves all but the silliest lines, and the playing of effulgent Geraldine Page and her Actors Studio cohorts is a delight to behold.

Enter Laughing, by Joseph Stein. There is an improvisational air to this play that lends freshness to a stately familiar genre, the Jewish family comedy. As a youngster with a yen to act, Alan Arkin is rib-splittingly funny.

Photo Finish, by Peter Ustinov, is an amiable piece of geriatricrky. Miming an 80-year-old, Ustinov has the dubious but distinct pleasure of meeting his bygone selves of 20, 40 and 60. The multiaptituded Ustinov also meets himself as author and director.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee. Rasping family squabbles are the scenes U.S. playwrights handle best, and this savage-witted nightlong bout of man and wife ranks with the best of the breed. Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen are the battlers.

Never Too Late, by Sumner Arthur Long. Paul Ford's preternatural gloom at the thought of becoming a father at 60 provokes a two-hour hailstorm of pelting laughs.

Little Me. Seven helpings of Sid Caesar make this show a rich musical comedy feast. Other goodies include Swen Swenson's dancing and Virginia Martin's dingedong Belle Poitrine.

Beyond the Fringe. Four wickedly clever young English sharpshooters riddle such sacred institutions as God, Shakespeare and Harold Macmillan. The wackiest loon of the lunatic lot is Dr. Jonathan Miller.

Off Broadway

To the Water Tower. There is bee-stinging humor and zany, zooming fantasy in this new satirical revue by the Second City troupe as it buzzes busily around Cuba, camp counselors and bomb shelter salesmen.

Six Characters in Search of an Author employs the arena stage with remarkable intelligence and achieves a model revival of the Pirandello classic. The play is a philosophical melodrama in which illusion wrestles with reality and both ambiguously exchange identities. William Ball's direction is organic, coursing like blood along a vein to the heart of the play, which is the mind.

The Tiger and The Typists, by Murray Schisgal. The eupletic pleasure with which Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson cavort

TIME, APRIL 19, 1963

through these two clever one-acters is ighly contagious. *The Tiger* is the better lay, as it hoists two engineers of non-conformist clichés on their own preten- ous petard.

The Dumbwaiter and The Collection, y Harold Pinter, are shivery comedies of enence in which murder and infidelity occur (or do they?), and meaning is made ysterious and mystery meaningful.

RECORDS

Shéhérazade (Columbia) is a passion- e performance of Maurice Ravel's cold- y exciting music, with Mezzo-Soprano ennie Tourel sharing the enthusiasm built ehind her by Leonard Bernstein and the ew York Philharmonic. Berlioz' *Cléo- aître*, on the other side, is less remarkable usic.

Poulenc: Concerto in D Minor (Angel) eatures the late Francis Poulenc and acques Février as the two pianists in oulenc's familiar and joyously baroque oulenc concerto. *Concert Champêtre for arpsichord and Orchestra*, on the other de, is not vintage Poulenc, though played ith mercurial zeal by Harpsichordist Ai-ée van de Wiele.

Liszt: Concerto No. 1, Les Préludes Andre Watts, pianist; the New York hilharmonic, conducted by Leonard ernstein; (Columbia) confirms the as- nishing first impression 16-year-old ianist Watts made in his New York ebut in January. A fluent and subtle erformance.

Bruckner: Mass No. 3 in F Minor Berlin Symphony, St. Hedwig's Cath- eral Choir, conducted by Karl Forster; ilar Lorengar, soprano, Christa Ludwig, to, Josef Traxel, tenor, Walter Berry, ass; (Angel) is a majestic work. Forster atches the full voice of his orchestra to e choral glories of the Mass, and only oprano Lorengar's obvious struggling rings him down to earth again.

Bartok: Bluebeard's Castle (Mercury) a worthy love offering by the friends f the late Bela Bartok. It is an all- ungarian recording of Bartok's only opa, with Old Friend Basso Mihaly Szekely nging the lead and Old Friend Antal orati conducting. The performances e more devoted than the music justifies: the pera remains a penny poem.

Nielsen: Symphony No. 5 (New York hilharmonic, conducted by Leonard ernstein; Columbia) is an excited read- ng of the seldom heard work of the ate Danish composer Carl Nielsen. Niel- en's melodious, strongly rhythmed music ounds like a primer to Shostakovich, and ernstein makes the most of all its fren- ed drama. It is, above all, a showcase or the New York Philharmonic's superb ercussionists.

Purcell: Come, Ye Sons of Art (Alfred eller, countertenor; Vanguard) is a hap- y new appearance of Purcell's birthday usic for Queen Mary, this time with eller and his countertenor son Mark aring the sublime duet that crowns the ork.

Vivaldi: Gloria (Roger Wagner Cho- le; Angel) is a glittering rendition of ivaldi at his festive best. The choir gets bit thick at times, but the soloists are xcellent and the recording is rich and onorous.

Oistrakh (Monitor) presents David Ois- akh and his son Igor in a good collection



THE BITTER-SWEET ITALIAN VERMOUTH

Noilly Prat imported Italian Vermouth has the subtle *bitter-sweet* taste that makes *all* the difference in Manhattans (they're never too sweet). It's also the preferred vermouth for sipping on-the-rocks, continental style. Try Noilly Prat Italian soon.

Not just sweet—it's bitter-sweet!



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by any standard, an adventure in smoking

of works for virtuoso violins: Haydn's *Duo in B-Flat*, Prokofiev's *Sonata for Two Violins*, Honegger's *Sonatina*, and Louis Spohr's *Duetto II in D Major*. The Oistrakhs play magnificently.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Speculations About Jakob, by Uwe Johnson. One of Germany's most gifted young novelists finds the death—by suicide or accident—of a humble East German line dispatcher an excuse to delve provocatively and perceptively into the small tensions and the human concerns of a divided world.

The Great Hunger, by Cecil Woodham-Smith. A bitter and articulate account of Ireland's potato famine (1845-49), by a British historian who is a master of creative research.

Fantastic Stories, by Abram Tertz. Parables by a pseudonymous Soviet writer that illustrate by the light of fantasy how the eye of Big Brother orders the realities of Soviet life.

Lawd Today, by Richard Wright. Written before *Native Son*, but now published for the first time (three years after Wright's death), this novel of a brutalized Chicago Negro in the 1930s is a grim reminder of a time, not long ago, when the pain caused by race prejudice was mainly economic.

The Conservative Enemy, by C.A.R. Crosland. A hard-minded British socialist has at fossilized economic thinking of dogmatists in his own party.

A Favorite of the Gods, by Sybille Bedford. Grand opera without music, about the dynastic rich of 19th century Europe, by a novelist with a fine feel for the trials of being well-born.

On Revolution, by Hannah Arendt. In a shrewd study, Historian Arendt examines the long-held notion that revolutions cure social ills, concludes that most of them do more harm than good.

That Summer in Paris, by Morley Callaghan. How it was on the Left Bank in the 1920s by a Canadian writer who once knocked Hemingway down in a boxing match while Scott Fitzgerald kept time.

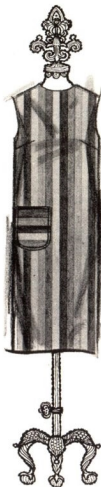
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour An Introduction**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. **The Sand Pebbles**, McKenna (3)
4. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (4)
5. **Triumph**, Wylie (6)
6. **The Moon-Spinners**, Stewart (5)
7. **The Tin Drum**, Grass (8)
8. **\$100 Misunderstanding**, Gover (9)
9. **The Centaur**, Urdike
10. **The Moonflower Vine**, Carleton (10)

NONFICTION

1. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (1)
2. **The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper** (2)
3. **The Fire Next Time**, Baldwin (3)
4. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (4)
5. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (5)
6. **The Fall of the Dynasties**, Taylor (6)
7. **Silent Spring**, Carson (9)
8. **The Points of My Compass**, White (7)
9. **The Feminine Mystique**, Friedan (10)
10. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (8)



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Most maneuverable sports shift, striped and pocketed . . . sleeveless for a clean, rather coupé look. The half-and-half blend of Fortrel® polyester and cotton gives it great endurance . . . stays fresh for thousands of miles. Zipped in back . . . spaghetti sash optional at no extra charge. Striped in Orange/Sand/Olive. Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops



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Ready to go at the drop of a hint!



On the beach, FUNABOUT #1 — the OMC 17 DELUXE. Complete and ready to ramble — all you need is gas and oil. Deluxe shock-absorbing seats, built-in storage bins and lockers, power-tilting windshield, convertible top with rear and side curtains, carpeting, 88 hp OMC 488 stern drive with power-lifted lower unit — all these and more are standard equipment. On the ski-scoot, FUNABOUT #2 — the OMC 17 CUSTOM. The boat with a brilliant future but fewer frills for now... deluxe performance in a two-seater you can customize to your desires. FREE brochure!

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The only way you'll enjoy Italy from the moment you leave.

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these lovely Gorham designs in precious sterling: 1) will still be as beautiful as ever, 2) will be a cherished heirloom, 3) will have brought joy to every day of your life and...a Gorham service for eight will have cost so little a year you won't believe it. Why not have the permanent elegance of Gorham sterling in your life from today on? You'll be so glad you did twenty-five years from now...and all the beauty-filled years in between!

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Dinner-for-Eight set savings on all designs. Prices subject to change without notice.

THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE 7 RHODE ISLAND



How much of your meal planning goes down the drain?

Do you plan your meals for nutrition? Does your family eat for fun? All too often, from dad on down, do they take what they like... leave what they don't? Do they snack, miss meals, eat heaven-knows-what away from home? Do they get plenty of food...but not always the kind that contains the vitamins vitally needed?

(does your family always eat according to plan?)

IF YOUR FAMILY PLANNED THEIR EATING as well as you plan their meals, there might never be a need for a single vitamin supplement!

But alas, they don't. In spite of all you can do, isn't it true that hasty meals, skipped meals and leftovers on the plate . . . scattered snacks, kitchen raids and meals away from home . . . all play havoc with your best laid nutritional plans, to say nothing of your food budget!

It's true that many people do get enough vitamins from their food. It is also clearly evident that many do not.

How can you be *sure* which group your family is in, even *most* of the time?

YET VITAMINS ARE ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL to your family's nutrition. No one can enjoy normal good health without enough vitamins throughout the year.

VITAMIN DEFICIENCIES DO ACTUALLY EXIST, in spite of our high standard of living and the availability of nutritious foods.

CAN YOU DETECT VITAMIN DEFICIENCIES? There are no warning hunger signals to tell you that you are not getting enough vitamins. But an inadequate supply of any *one* of the vitamins produces illness which is exceedingly difficult to diagnose until it has become severe. And at that stage it can be expensive to treat.

HOWEVER, THERE IS PROTECTION AVAILABLE. A good quality multiple vitamin supplement taken daily will insure enough vitamins. These are *absolutely* incapable of causing harm when taken in recommended amounts. And for each person they add less than 3¢ to the more than a dollar a day it costs for the rest of the food. Certainly a small price for such protection!

**Enough vitamins = levels of the Recommended Dietary Allowances of the Food and Nutrition Board, National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council.*

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Each One-A-Day® (Brand) Multiple Vitamin tablet contains:		
Vitamin A.....	5,000 USP Units	1½ times MDR
Vitamin D.....	500 USP Units	1½ times MDR
Vitamin B ₁ (Thiamine Hydrochloride).....	2 mg.	2 times MDR
Vitamin B ₂ (Riboflavin).....	2.5 mg.	2 times MDR
Vitamin B ₆ (Pyridoxine).....	1 mg.	
Vitamin B ₁₂	1 microgram	
Vitamin C (Ascorbic Acid).....	50 mg.	1½ times MDR
Niacinamide.....	20 mg.	2 times MDR
Pantothenic Acid (Panthenol)*.....	1 mg.	

*The need in human nutrition is not established)
Eripiants and artificial coloring and flavoring added.

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Miles Laboratories takes pride in its pharmaceuticals serving the health needs of people in more than one hundred nations throughout the world. We are dedicated to these standards:

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- Integrity in what we say about them



Unless I miss my guess, this will be Uris's greatest book. Some Biblical title. "Armageddon," I think. Terrific study of Germany since the war. He hasn't even finished it yet, but the current Post's got a preview of the first part. Probably will be one of the best sellers of 1964.

'Course, there's been a lot of talk about news management. But now a lot of Pentagon brass are claiming their offices are bugged.

... Vance Packard, of all people, beating the drums for the ad business. No kidding. In this piece about advertising in Japan.

The Post's getting more readership. The new Nielsen shows reach is up 365,000 homes. Same rates, too.

We want women, right? Okay, compare the Post's cost efficiency for homes with women readers.

Well, I like to look at the gross impressions of the total campaign. After all, we're not buying just one lonely page. And in your better homes, you get more gross impressions at a lower CPM with the Post.

More and more people are reading your best advertising buy

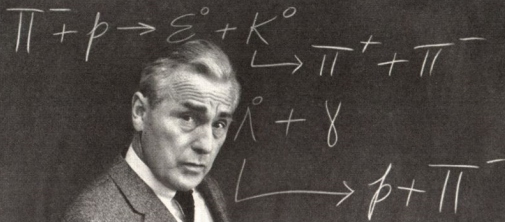
A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Saturday Evening Post

America's most quoted magazine

Statements pertaining to Post audience estimated data are based on NMS 1962, copyrighted by A. C. Nielsen Co., and used with permission.

DON'T
ERASE



The new Princeton-Penn Particle Accelerator at the James Forrestal Research Center is expected to be in operation this winter under the direction of scientists from both Universities. The project has support of A.E.C.

At Princeton, they said: Get the H₂ out of here

A "bubble bath" of liquid hydrogen for tracing atomic particles is a great idea—if you happen to be in the business of studying the behavior of the atom. (The scientist who had it, incidentally, got it from watching bubbles rise in a glass of Coke.)

But, because H₂ (the experts' symbol for hydrogen) is volatile and highly explosive, you have to find a way of getting rid of it...and fast.

The designers of Princeton's new 3-billion-electron-volt particle accelerator turned to AMETEK's DeBothezat Fan

Division*—and developed a rooftop fleet of 48-inch "Bifurcator" fans. The rotating vanes, with powerful direct-connected motors safely isolated from the airstream, completely change the air every six minutes in the giant building (and, even more important, can do it in 60 seconds flat in the case of an emergency).

Like the cola-gazing scientist, you never really know where your next good idea will come from. But chances are a product manufactured by one of the divisions* of AMETEK, INC. can provide

the acceleration needed to get the idea moving ahead fast. Write us at 233 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y.



*DIVISIONS: AutoBAR SYSTEMS, AUTOMATIC DEVICES, DeBothezat FANS, HUNTER SPRING, LAMB ELECTRIC, RIEHLE TESTING MACHINES, TROY LAUNDRY MACHINERY, and U.S. GAUGE and the FILTER GROUP (FILTRATION ENGINEERS, NIAGARA FILTERS, TOLHURST CENTRIFUGALS).

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the Sheaffer LIFETIME® Fountain Pen*

Sheaffer introduces the one pen so nearly perfect it's guaranteed for life.

Please write your name with this new pen. Feel the comfortable "give" of the 14K gold point. The craftsmen at Sheaffer have created their "perfect point"...inlaying the 14K gold for extra strength...gently curving the point upward (the exclusive Turned-up Tip) to make your signature as personable as your handshake.

We sincerely believe you'll experience such a smooth writing sensation you'll never want another pen (even in the 21st century).

Don't you know someone who deserves a gift as fine as the Sheaffer LIFETIME Fountain Pen?



This modern pen fills quickly, cleanly, and surely with a leakproof Strip Cartridge. Prices start at \$12.50. With matching pencil, \$20.00. Now in a night-blue gift box at your fine pen dealer's.



SHEAFFER'S

... all you need to know about a pen

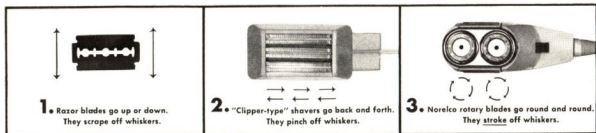
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Joan depends on her father. He can do anything. She will always feel this way about him. He will never become dependent upon her. His Great-West representative has helped him to protect the present, prepare for the future. *Permanent* life insurance, the unique long-term savings plan, provides protection now . . . *guaranteed* income later on. Joan's family is among thousands of American families for whom Great-West is the key to financial security.

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25th LARGEST IN NORTH AMERICA — OVER SIX BILLION DOLLARS OF PROTECTION



Enjoy the *third* way to shave!

(So much more comfortable, it's changing America's shaving habits!)

Norelco rotary blades *stroke* off whiskers

Can't scrape or nick like razor blades. Can't pinch or pull like hair clipper types of electric shavers! Most comfortable way to shave close and clean!

Until recently, you had the unhappy choice of two ways to shave.

You either scraped off your whiskers with a blade, or you pinched them off with a clipper-type electric.

Then along came the *third way*... Norelco with its rotary blades to *stroke* off whiskers—the most *comfortable* way to shave close and clean. So *comfortable*, in fact, it's *changing men's shaving habits all over America!*



Norelco Rotary Blades

Norelco rotary blades whirl smoothly at 3500 turns a minute. They never stop. They never change direction. They can't possibly scrape or nick your face. They can't possibly pinch or pull at your beard or irritate your skin.

New 'Floating-Head' Norelco



Heads swivel automatically to fit your face... reach every whisker!

Hidden under sturdy protective skin guards, Norelco rotary blades *stroke* off your whiskers close, clean, and with such downright comfort, your face actually feels *soothed*.

And in its latest model, just out, Norelco has made improvements in its most advanced feature—"floating-heads". These swivel and turn automatically to provide even greater shaving comfort. They bring the whirling rotary blades into cutting range of every whisker—no matter which way it grows. New push button opens vents for easy cleaning.

The final test of a good product is not what the manufacturer says about it—but what *people* say. And enthusiastic users have spread the word about Norelco. That's why Norelco is now the No. 1 man's shaver in America. And rotary-blade shaving—the *third way* to shave—is the overwhelming choice of men the world over.

So get acquainted with the champ. See the Norelco line at *Norelco* your dealer's today!

Birthday presents! Shop here for the Norelco you want...Norelco accessories, too



NEW NORELCO CORDLESS SPEED-SHAVER 20C (SC7970). Shaves anywhere on four tiny batteries. "Flip-top" cleaning. No cord, plug-in or bulky recharger. The only cordless shaver with Norelco rotary blades. Mirrored zipper case.



NEW NORELCO "FLOATING-HEAD" SPEED-SHAVER 30 (SC7960). Handsome design. Push button opens side vents for easy cleaning. 110/220 volts (AC/DC). Adapts to world-wide use. Complete with handsome travel case.



NEW NORELCO "FLIP-TOP" SPEED-SHAVER 20 (SC7920). World's largest-selling shaver, now economically priced. Famous Norelco rotary blades. Convenient "flip-top" cleaning. 110 volts only (AC/DC). Easy-to-pack travel case.



NEW LADY NORELCO SHAVER 20L (SC9010). Rotary blades give close, comfortable shave. Perfect for legs and underarms. Lovely simulated-sapphire design. 110 volts (AC/DC). New zippered case with golden accents.

NORELCO ACCESSORIES—HOME BARBER KIT: for use with "floating-head" model; **PRELEC:** pre-shave lotion; **FINALE:** after-shave lotion; **SHAVER CLEANER:** for top performance.

North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Norelco is known as PhilShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. Other products: Hearing Aids, Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

Why this 23" TV set
(overall diag. meas.; 283 sq. in. picture viewing area)
 is a bargain at \$269^{95*}



MOTOROLA

new leader in the lively art of electronics

This Motorola console has a beautiful wood cabinet, hand-wired chassis[†] and features you'd expect in a higher priced set

If you've shopped around for a TV lately, all the good things that come with this set at this price are likely to amaze you.

The Danish style cabinet, for instance, is made of genuine Mahogany veneers and select hardwood solids hand-rubbed to a soft oiled finish. Something hard

to find in brand name TV at anywhere near the price.

And the value in this set isn't in the cabinet alone: There's a lighted channel indicator; Motorola's finest hand-wired chassis, precision-crafted with modern hand and dip soldering for long life; a Custom-Matic Tuner minimizes the fuss of fine tuning when changing channels, and a Golden Tube Sentry[®] Unit limits warm-up power surge, a recognized cause of tube failure—good features that have made Motorola[®] TV famous for reliability and performance for years.

This, and a full year guarantee^{††} on every tube and part.

If you've been passing up fine-furniture TV because you thought it was too expensive, stop by your Motorola dealer's and ask to see this model 23K87M. You'll think it's worth more than the manufacturer's suggested list price of \$269.95,* (optional with dealers, slightly higher in some areas).

MOTOROLA

^{††}Manufacturer's one year guarantee covers free exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal use. Arranged through selling dealer. Labor extra. *Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. UHF optional, extra.

LETTERS

Freedom & Cuba

Sir:

The most recent action by the U.S. and Great Britain, intercepting Cuban freedom fighters trying to free their homeland, is a big mistake [April 12].

We are not only doing Khrushchev's dirty work but also something against our best national interests.

EMERY GROSINGER

Detroit

Sir:

The U.S. should not prevent the Cuban exiles from raiding their island homeland. From the standpoint of our own self-preservation and our belief in the cause of freedom, we should be helping them. These Cubans are on a valiant mission to free their countrymen from Communist control.

ANN ROBB SMITH

Narberth, Pa.

Sir:

I hope that if the Communists ever seize my home I will be able to react with as much courage and effectiveness as that displayed by the Cuban exile groups in attacking Soviet ships.

Has everyone forgotten that the Administration's excuse for the Bay of Pigs fiasco was that the Cubans must fight their own war without direct U.S. involvement? Now that they are attempting to do so, the Cubans are thwarted at every turn by the same U.S. Government that betrayed them before but promised all support short of direct involvement.

LEO D. PATTERSON

Burlington, W. Va.

Freeman & Freedom

Sir:

I sincerely appreciate TIME's contribution to greater public understanding of farm problems in its cover story of April 5 and its April 12 story illustrating USDA's program to adjust land use to meet growing needs for outdoor recreation. Yet the last sentence in your cover story is deeply disturbing in its implication that the freedom to plant extra acres of corn is more important than freedom to earn a fair living.

In any organized society, freedom is relative, and in a democratic society, various freedoms are matters of choice. We are free to enjoy the advantages of an educated people and modern scientific and technological advance only because we have chosen to pay for free, compulsory, public education. We are free to live under an orderly and peaceful

society only because we have chosen to enact laws that restrict the freedom of us all.

To me, real freedom is beyond price, and is not something one bargains away for monetary gain. Yet long ago we gave up the "freedom" of sweatshop labor in return for the greater freedom that accompanies a higher level of living. Our farm policy is designed to preserve the one freedom without which individual enterprise cannot survive in farming—the freedom to earn an income comparable to earnings elsewhere in our economy—the freedom to earn enough to sustain an American standard of living.

ORVILLE L. FREEMAN
Secretary

Department of Agriculture
Washington

Sir:

Loss of freedom is not an issue in agriculture. The farmer isn't free and hasn't been for a long time. The price squeeze, open-market buying and closed-market selling, have destroyed the farmer's ability to compete in a free market.

It is a question of being a slave to business marketers and processors of his products and manufacturers of things needed to farm) or being dominated by Government. On the whole, to the farmer, the Government seems the more charitable.

MARY HALL

Waukon, Iowa

Sir:

Certainly we farmers would love to have more freedom in our operations. But at what price? This is the burning question every farmer must answer for himself before he votes in the referendum May 21.

Should the Freeman plan be rejected, we would all be forced into a race to produce more wheat in order to protect ourselves against the drop in price which would certainly follow. This would loose such an avalanche of overproduction that Congress might well be inclined to pass more stringent controls than ever before. The farmer would indeed find that his short-lived freedom from the frying pan had landed him smack dab in the fire.

LEO FRIESEN

Hutchinson, Kans.

Malaysian Federation

Sir:

Your excellent cover story on Malaysia [April 12] again illustrates the dismal economic failure of Communism, as compared with the more prosperous economy of the free world. In this hemisphere, we have the thriving nations of Central America's "little

Common Market" versus Castro's poverty-stricken Cuba. In Europe, there is booming West Germany located across the barbed wire from destitute East Germany. And now: Rahman's Malaysian Federation lining up against Communist-leaning Sukarno's Indonesia, a most impoverished nation. The West should ensure that no Communist interference will be tolerated in the forming of Malaysia.

R. D. CHRISTENSEN

Marion, Iowa

Sir:

Your study on the proposed Federation of Malaysia makes the erroneous suggestion that the wealth of the new nation lies mainly in materialism. In fact, it is also abundant in its varied cultures and religions, which through history have discriminated against profane ideologies. Furthermore, your omission of any reference to the relatively huge national investments being expended in educating the younger generation (about 40% of the total population is under the age of 15) into a single nation, detracts credit from an otherwise intelligent and perceptive article on my country.

HAMZAH SENDUT

Kuala Lumpur, Malaya

Sir:

A medal should be struck off forthwith to honor Mapmaker Chapin's latest effort. His Malaysia map is a brilliant tour de force that deserves suitable recognition.

S. FELTON POSEY

Rhode Island School of Design
Providence, R.I.

Egypt's Nasser

Sir:

As the Hebrew phrase goes, "Every respect" to you for your fascinating, excellently written cover article [March 29] on Egypt's Nasser.

My attention was riveted to TIME as I rode a bus climbing into the Judean Hills from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. You could not have chosen a more appropriate time than Passover to discuss the modern Pharaoh who glares across the Red Sea at us. As the bus wound higher into the hills, the elderly lady seated next to me looked at the expression on my face, then eyed Nasser's picture, and, patting my arm, she said, "Never mind, never mind. God will protect us. Fifteen years ago we had nothing here at all. Now see," and she nodded to the kibbutzim riding the crests of the mountains.

CARLA SCHULTZ

Jerusalem

Sir:

Your cover article was of great importance. At last, you came to your senses and joined the path of truth and objectiveness.

The current delicate events that are sweeping all the Middle East emphatically confirm the open truth that Arab nationalism and unity are inevitable. As freedom is the prime concern of the Arab peoples, unity is also their spontaneous will.

It is preferable and wise, for all those concerned, to tackle the problems of the Middle East with understanding and reason, both pillars of trust and good will, which are the basic tenets of peace.

FAKHRI GEDAY

Jaffa, Israel

To Each His Own

Sir:

I enjoyed your article [April 5] about "The Boris Boom."

Unfortunately, you have overlooked one of the most significant personalities and

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voices ever to sing the role of Boris; namely, Alexander Kipnis.

His interpretation of this role establishes his authority among the great Borises of the past, present and future.

ROBERT S. FURMAN, M.D.

Milwaukee



PINZA



KIPNIS

Sir: What about Ezio Pinza? He was a superb Boris, visually, audibly and dramatically.

E. KLEIN

Redwood City, Calif.

Sir: It was refreshing to see corrected the impression that all of the notable (or newsworthy) singers of our day or any other are somehow sopranos or tenors! Is Boris Chaliapin, who did the sketch, related to Feodor?

JOSEPH A. KEPLINGER

Geneva, N.Y.

► Yes, his son.—Ed.

At 80 M.P.H.

Sir: Despite our monotonous and possibly dangerous Kansas Turnpike [April 12], we Kansans remain happy indeed to be: 1) out of the mud, 2) able to outrun most Indians and avoid ambush, 3) assured that the buffalo are fenced away from the road.

M. D. McCOMAS, M.D.

Concordia, Kans.

Progressive Spirit

Sir: The recent article on Cardinal Bea and Father Küng [April 5] is simply another of TIME's contributions presenting something of the struggle that is taking place, and will continue to do so, among devout Roman Catholics who radically oppose each other in theology, ethics and politics. It seems to me that we non-Roman Catholics should encourage, and to the best of our ability even assist, Roman Catholics to clarify and articulate their profound views for the contemporary period in which we all in fact do live.

THOMAS T. LOVE

Cornell College
Mount Vernon, Iowa

Sir: God, if there be one, bless Theologian Hans Küng.

ROGER MENNELL

Lakewood, Ohio

The Nude Enduring

Sir: My father, Frederic C. Torrey, was the San Francisco art dealer who spoke of who bought the *Nude*, and in whose home it hung until he sold it to the Arensbergs 20 years later.

After so many years, we had all "grown accustomed to her face," and so, before he



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Nearly a century ago, Mr. Jack started making whiskey the old Tennessee way. That calls for plenty of close watching over and patience. Charcoal Mellowing alone takes more time than all the other whiskey-making steps combined. But he figured it was better to make a little of the best than a whole lot of just good. We've always held to that. And after a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll agree with it too.



CHARCOAL

MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

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Let's make a check list:

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- ✓ Must always look fresh.
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- ✓ Must resist wrinkles.
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- ✓ Must be light, cool and porous.
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sold it, my father had a large sepia photograph made to the exact size of the original to hang in its customary place on our stairway—where it is today.

DOROTHEA TORREY KELLY

Berkeley, Calif.

Lowd Tomorrow

Sir:

There's a past-tense feel to your reference to my old friend, James T. Farrell, in your [April 5] piece on Richard Wright's book, *Lured Today*. He's very much alive and kicking up his usual fuss. Fact is, he has a tremendous, 20-novel cycle dealing with his pet themes, time and death, in the stocks, and now that Steinbeck (no offense intended) has won the Nobel Prize, there's no doubt in Jim's mind or mine that he's the next American on that list.

You've got a great magazine, but be careful when you tread among the immortals, either dead or alive! The fact that an artist like James T. Farrell can't get recognition today, while a phony like Baldwin, with his negritude telescope reversed, is quoted in judgment on Wright, indicates the pretty pass we've come to.

H. T. BOJARSKI

Fairfax, Va.

The Happy Hybrid

Sir:

The article on Cornell (April 5) was a masterful job!

Too bad the alumni fund raisers can't write as provocatively about the alma mater.

DIANE THOMAS '52

Annisquam, Mass.

Sir:

This "happy hybrid" you describe is the realization of Ezra Cornell's fundamental idea of "an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." Cornell's greatness lies in its ability to blend many kinds of people interested in many fields of study into one cohesive university.

I believe that I echo the sentiments of Cornell alumni everywhere when I say that I count myself fortunate for having had the opportunity to attend so dynamic a university, where graduates are stereotyped only by the thoroughness of their training. I hope that Cornell's new president will continue to preserve this tradition.

ROBERT A. NEFF

Bogotá, Colombia

Sir:

As a student in the School of Agriculture, may I inform you, that the "open door" of the "cow college" is a two-way proposition—it swings more swiftly to knock you back out than it did to let you in.

MARY ANN TAUB '65

Ithaca, N.Y.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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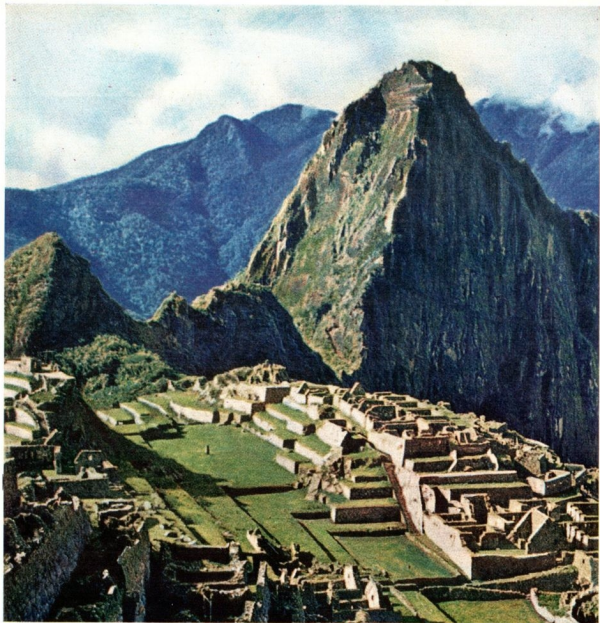
At dockside: crisp, clean, sleek . . . the look of power. At throttle: taut, eager, whip-quick . . . 75 horses you can stampede or stop with one hand. A seagoing V-4. Rugged. Responsive! Electramatically responsive . . . with a revolutionary new electric clutch. One lever for forward or reverse. Works automatically, instantly. More? An alternator-generator, 20 amps. A super silencing system. Plus stay-new styling. And deep-root dependability. All wrapped in the industry's first and finest two-year warranty policy. Complete. Parts and labor. Your Johnson dealer is in the Yellow Pages. '63 Sea-Horse motors: 75, 40, 28, 18, 10, 5½ and 3 hp models. Free catalog. Johnson Motors, 1328 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. Div. of Outboard Marine Corp.



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South America: where sights are SIGHTS!

Machu Picchu is just *one* of those sights. South America has thousands more to excite your eye, ignite your imagination. And South America has exciting things to *do*. Go hunting for bargains or jaguars. Go mountain-climbing in the afternoon, night-clubbing after dark. Go shopping for alligator bags, nutria furs, antique silver, precious and semiprecious stones, *all* at unbelievably low prices! The only way to see South America is to see it all. *And the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round South America is Pan Am • Panagra.* You can see the entire continent—including Rio, Lima and many other cities—on a round trip ticket to Buenos Aires. As little as \$630*, Jet economy fare from New York. Or leave from any one of 7 other U.S. cities. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.

*ER, Apr. 1,
1964, to Govt. App.

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Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am • Panagra.

TIME, APRIL 19, 1963

Independent Research Verifies Effectiveness of World's Largest-selling Toothpaste:

Newest Clinical Test Confirms Colgate a Leader in Reducing New Cavities!

Read what happened when Colgate with Gardol was clinically tested
against the most widely accepted fluoride dentifrice

► COLGATE'S ROLE IN NEW TEST FOR CAVITY REDUCTION

In October, 1960, a group of independent dental investigators set out to determine the value of Colgate's Gardol formula in reducing new cavities in the 7 to 17 year age group—the age when teeth are most vulnerable to decay. To make the test the most critical possible, the researchers chose to measure Colgate with its ingredient, *Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate* (Gardol), against the leading stannous fluoride toothpaste, which had previously shown effectiveness in cavity reduction. Hundreds of dental patients in the most cavity-prone age group were selected from the student body of a large school in the Southeastern United States. These students were then divided into groups and instructed to use exactly the same dentist-recommended brushing method. For the next two years, one group was to brush only with Colgate's exclusive Gardol formula. Another group only with the leading stannous fluoride toothpaste.

► COLGATE'S CLINICAL ACHIEVEMENT IN CAVITY REDUCTION

At the end of two years—over half a million brushings later—supervising dentists carefully checked results, group-for-group. Colgate's Gardol formula against the stannous fluoride formula. So there would be no chance of human error, these dental records were then analyzed and compared by the most advanced electronic computing machines. Statistically, it was discovered that in this test* Colgate with Gardol had achieved the same low incidence of new cavities as the stannous

*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963

fluoride formula. When you consider that the study was conducted among the most cavity-prone of all age groups, results achieved by the group brushing with Colgate are even more significant. This study—one of many planned to acquaint you and your dentist with the Colgate-Palmolive Company's continuing interest in dental hygiene—shows what today's Colgate Dental Cream can do in reducing tooth decay. Its results are wonderful assurance that even the youngest family member can brush with Colgate . . . in the complete program of oral hygiene dentists recommend.

► YOUR DENTIST'S ROLE IN CAVITY REDUCTION

In announcing the results of this study, the makers of Colgate Dental Cream emphasize their agreement with leading dental authorities that no toothpaste—fluoride or non-fluoride—can substitute for care and treatment of teeth by your family dentist. Seeing your dentist regularly is the most important part of any dental-health program. Important, too, is his advice on diet, as well as how to brush, when to brush, and how often to brush.

Now you can be a "one-toothpaste family" again with best-tasting Colgate . . . confident Colgate's Gardol formula is clinically tested!



Colgate helps stop mouth odor instantly for most people—has the between-teeth cleaning action of penetrating Gardol foam and the most mouth-refreshing toothpaste taste in the whole world!



THE NATION

ARMED FORCES

Farther Than She Was Built to Go

A trio of red tugboats nuzzled SS(N) 593—the nuclear submarine *Thresher*—away from her berth at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard. The tug whistles blasted, and three small children, still flushed from farewells to their fathers aboard *Thresher*, honked back from a car parked near by. The submarine headed out toward a sunny sea.

Thresher's departure caused little excitement around the shipyard. Behind her were nine months of overhaul and modernization. New electronic and sonar gear had been installed. To put in the intricate equipment, several holes had been cut in the boat's hull—the largest was a yard square, to make way for an improved garbage ejector.

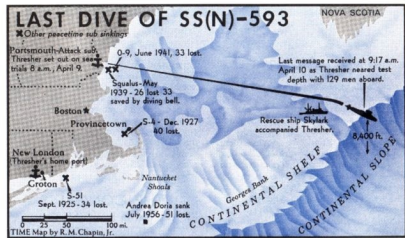
Place in History. Now, on a brilliant Tuesday morning, the sub set to sea for two days of post-overhaul tests in the Atlantic. The 129 men aboard—17 of them civilian technicians from the shipyard—figured to be back in time for a party Thursday night in the base gymnasium. The occasion was the 63rd anniversary of the Navy's first submarine force.

Thresher herself held a notable place in the history of the submarine service. Commissioned in August 1961, she was the first of a nuclear-powered class designed to run deeper (around 1,000 ft. down), faster (35 knots underwater), and more silently than any submarine ever built. Two other *Thresher*-type subs, *Permit* and *Plunger*, have since been launched, and 22 others are under construction. *Thresher's* teardrop-shaped hull had no flat surfaces; when venturing on her deck, crewmen wore special adhesive shoe soles. The hull was speckled with more than 1,000 tiny listening devices. She could travel 60,000 miles without refueling, stay out three months without support. The mission for which *Thresher* was built: to seek out enemy submarines with her keen underwater ears and destroy them.

Shortly after noon Tuesday, *Thresher* was 30 miles southeast of Portsmouth. With the rescue ship *Skylark* standing by, the submarine's klaxon blared, and she buried her nose in the Atlantic for her first series of test dives—all shallow. She performed perfectly, and at 9 p.m. Tuesday headed for deep water 220 miles off Cape Cod. Next morning, with *Skylark* bobbing

above and maintaining constant contact with sonar and telephone, *Thresher* glided through a set of medium-depth dives. Her skipper, Lieut. Commander John Wesley Harvey, 35, decided that she was ready for the maximum test. None of this was new to him. An Annapolis graduate (eighth in the 696-member class of '50), he logged three years and 100,000 miles

At 11:04 *Skylark* radioed the submarine base at New London, Conn., reported that the submarine had been out of touch for an hour and 47 minutes. Even this created no desperate alarm. Perhaps Harvey, his communications out, was simply riding out heavy surface seas in the tranquil depths. But by midafternoon, with *Thresher* silent for six hours, Navy patrol



aboard the nuclear submarine *Nautilus* and got *Thresher* as his first command just three months ago. Methodically, Harvey and his crew prepared for the critical deep-dive trials that would take *Thresher* down as far as she was built to go.

The Silence of Death. The water was 8,400 ft. deep, and Harvey began easing down in a series of 100-ft. descents. As is normal in such dives, increasing water pressure set up a cacophony of staccato pops and grinding groans in the sub's hull. Routine messages flashed to *Skylark* on the surface. At 9:17 came the last message. It was garbled. But communications with deep-diving subs are always difficult, and the men on *Skylark* felt little concern.

Now *Thresher* was silent. Calmly at first, the *Skylark* tried to regain contact. Crewmen tried sonar, telephone and Morse code transmissions to raise *Thresher*. With growing fear, they began exploding small depth charges every ten minutes, hoping Commander Harvey would respond to those alarm signals. They kept up a drumfire of sonar and telephone messages—one every minute. But *Thresher* did not answer.

planes began circling the area. At 3:35 a hot line buzzed in the Pentagon office of Admiral George Anderson, Chief of Naval Operations. He learned for the first time that *Thresher* had disappeared. Within half an hour President Kennedy and all key Pentagon men had been informed too.

The Vigil. By nightfall five destroyers, two submarines, a frigate and another submarine rescue ship were headed for the spot where *Thresher* went down. The night searchers found an oil slick. And finally Admiral Anderson came to perhaps the most painful decision of his career. The Navy must begin telling families of the men aboard *Thresher* that a tragedy may have occurred.

At Portsmouth seven officers, most of them skippers of other submarines, manned a battery of phones and began calling the next-of-kin. They read a terse message: "U.S.S. *Thresher* is overdue, and we are investigating and will keep you informed as we receive information." About a dozen wives came to the base for the vigil, and Navy chaplains sat with them. At 11:30 the men on the phones changed their message: "We have heard



"THRESHER" UNDER WAY
A dirge of staccato pops and grinding groans.

no more from *Thresher*. We hold very little hope for survivors. Official announcement will probably come later from Washington." They kept up the calls until 3:30 Thursday morning.

A few hours later, rescue ships found another oil slick. Floating in it were bits of cork, plastic, and two gloves—identical with those used to work on *Thresher's* nuclear reactor. At 10:30 Thursday morning—slightly over 48 hours after the submarine slipped out of Portsmouth harbor—a weary, grief-stricken Admiral Anderson told the press of the oil slick and debris and said, "So I conclude with great regret and sadness that this ship with 129 fine souls aboard is lost."

Thresher's loss was the worst U.S. submarine disaster in history, and dramatized the terrifying dangers that submariners face as no other since the U.S.S. *Squalus* went down in 1939.* On Friday morning last week, Portsmouth marines marched to the Portsmouth flag mast. Drums and bugles sounded a muted dirge as the flag ran to the top, then fluttered down slowly to half-staff. The bustling base became silent. Military men snapped to rigid salutes; civilian workers stood with heads bowed; and a burly mechanic cupped his safety helmet over his heart and cried like a child.

What caused the death of *Thresher*? To find an answer, Admiral Anderson or-

dered the bathyscaph *Trieste* from the West Coast to scan the depths and convened a 5-man board of inquiry. Perhaps the most likely theory is that a fitting gave way under immense pressure, water blasted through with such force that air compression within the submarine produced white-hot temperatures that melted metal in the instant before *Thresher* plunged to the muck-covered bottom—where her secret may remain forever.

THE CONGRESS

"If We'd Run from This One . . ."

"Charlie Halleck is mighty sorry that he ever bit into this apple," chortled a House Democratic leader last week. "They've picked the worst possible issue to fight us on and we're going to lick 'em."

Lick 'em they did. Next day the House approved a \$450 million appropriation for emergency public works, which had only a few days before been voted down by the House Appropriations Committee. Minority Leader Halleck, who had led a party-line fight against the bill, was disappointed. But he could hardly have been surprised: the public works appropriation was tied to aid for economically depressed areas; as such, it affected the home districts of a vast majority of Representatives. And since when have politicians started voting against the pork barrel?

"Behind the Eight Ball." In any way, the Republicans had been trapped. Sensing a strong public reaction against the Administration's deficit-spending policies, they have made economy the foremost issue of the 1963 legislative session. They could, therefore, hardly support the public works appropriation in all its freespending glory. Explained Wisconsin's Republican Representative Melvin Laird after the floor vote: "Sure it was a tough one, perhaps the toughest we could have picked. But if



ADMIRAL ANDERSON

we'd run from this one, I don't see how we could continue to claim that we really believe in economy."

For a while, the Republicans did surprisingly well in their fight. The 17 G.O.P. members of the Appropriations Committee present voted against the bill—and, with the help of five conservative Democrats including Chairman Clarence Cannon of Missouri, they turned it down, 22 to 16. That action caused consternation inside the Kennedy Administration. Said a White House aide: "It looked as if we were really behind the eight ball."

But not really. After all, the bill just contained too many goodies for too many Congressmen. The measure offered the possibility of public works to 266 congressional districts. Indeed, the program had already furthered 862 projects in 99 districts represented by Republicans.

"Bludgeoning & Blackmailing." With those persuasive political figures in mind, the Administration and the House Democratic leaders went to work. Majority Whip Hale Boggs and his staff, worried about Democrats who had already left for their Easter vacations, got on the phone, persuaded dozens, including six from California, to return for the vote. At White House urging, labor organizations, along with local-government groups, began calling and wiring Congressmen, telling them what the money would mean to the old home town. Texas' Democratic Representative Wright Patman inserted in the *Congressional Record* a 33-page list of all the communities that had applied for money under the bill. All this activity enraged Charlie Halleck. "They were really bludgeoning and blackmailing," he fumed.

But the pressures worked, even upon some Republicans. In economically beset Pennsylvania, Republican Governor William Scranton announced that he was all for the public works appropriation, even sent ex-Representative James Van Zandt to Washington to lobby for the measure. As it turned out, eight of Pennsylvania's 14 Republicans voted for the bill.

The final vote was 228 to 184. Leaving the House floor, Democratic Floor Leader Carl Albert said happily: "I feel good, mighty good. We really had to win that

* The *Squalus*, fresh from the Portsmouth shipyard, plunged 240 ft. to the bottom off the New Hampshire coast when water suddenly filled a compartment. Twenty-six men died in the flooded section, but others remained alive behind a watertight hatch. They sent a smoke bomb and a yellow buoy carrying a telephone to the surface. Four hours later another sub found the buoy, talked by phone with those trapped below. Twenty-four hours after the *Squalus* sank, a Navy diver reached her deck and directed a 10-ton diving bell in four dramatic descents that saved 33.

one. If we'd lost it, we'd have been in trouble—so deep in trouble that I hate to think about it."

But Albert's troubles were not over. Even in a losing cause, 151 Republicans and 33 Democrats voted against the appropriation. On future spending issues, less politically touchy than the pork barrel, that number seemed likely to grow.

Work Done

In the first real down-to-business week of the 1963 session, Congress also:

► Approved, by a 73-12 Senate vote, a wilderness bill designed to keep woody parts of the U.S. in a state of nature. The bill would put 6.8 million acres of National Forest into a new preserve system, authorize the President to add up to 54 million more acres of public land over ten years. The Senate also passed the wilderness bill in 1961, but it was bottled up in the House Interior Committee, headed by Colorado Democrat Wayne Aspinall. Aspinall opposes the bill again this year.

► Authorized, by a 50-34 Senate vote, a youth conservation bill that would provide for spending \$120 million to aid some 1,000,000 young people who are out of school and out of work. In one program under the bill, boys would be offered jobs in Government parks and conservation projects. In another, both boys and girls would be offered jobs working on community programs in their own home towns. The bill next goes to the House, where its future is in doubt.

► Held in the Senate the first secret session in 20 years.⁹ The action was demanded by South Carolina Democrat Strom Thurmond, who said he had classified material to present in defense of his move to add \$196 million in funds for Nike-Zeus missile sites. The Senate was evidently not impressed by Thurmond's information. When the Senate reopened its doors four hours and 26 minutes later, Thurmond lost by a vote of 58 to 16.

THE PRESIDENCY

"Isn't It Great?"

President Kennedy flung wide the French doors of his office, stepped out into the spring twilight, inhaled deeply. The fresh scent of thick bluegrass and moist earth, the sight of grape hyacinth bordering the flower garden (which has been replanted by a new White House gardener), the hues of cherry blossoms and forsythia across the yard made him smile. Off to his right, Caroline's swings and slides lent a touch of outdoor domesticity. Said the President, with an expansive wave: "Look at that. Isn't it great?"

The President's mood seemed to reflect the nation's: for the moment, at least, the U.S. seemed far less interested in the TFX squabble, the NATO nuclear force, tax cutting, or even taxpaying, than in crochets, curve balls and convertibles.

Don't Worry. Issues seemed somehow remote. Said Atlanta Journal Editor Jack Spalding: "People aren't concerned about foreign aid. What the hell, it's out of their hands." Said a San Francisco architect: "As far as De Gaulle and the Common Market are concerned, I tend to shrug my shoulders and hope it will work itself out somehow. And I don't much care whether they waste money on the TFX in Seattle or somewhere else." Michigan's Republican Representative Gerald Ford, chairman of the House G.O.P. Conference, says he has received only three letters advocating a tax cut. He reports about 1,000 criticizing the Kennedy Administration's big-spending proposals—but notes that in the past he has had a lot more letters on a lot of lesser issues. Clint Hake, Minnesota secretary of the liberal Farmers Union, echoed the general feeling about Kennedy's tax cut proposals: "A tax cut isn't very exciting to me."

Not even Cuba was generating much heat except in Florida. There the Communist presence on Castro's island is felt more bitterly than in most places, and the general attitude is best expressed by a legend on auto-bumper stickers: "Don't Worry—They're Still 90 Miles Away."

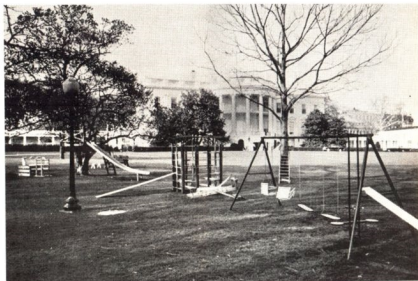
In this climate, President Kennedy had a most pleasant week. He and Jackie toured Maryland's Antietam battlefield (his guide dutifully allowed as how the President was quite an expert on the bloodiest day of the Civil War). It took some frantic negotiations by Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz to get striking hot dog and soda pop vendors at D.C. Stadium to pull off their pickets so that the Democratic President could enter to watch the Washington Senators' opening game. Kennedy threw out the first ball and very nearly beamed a photographer.

"We Stood Together." For the President, perhaps the most pleasurable occasion of the week was in presiding over the

ceremony in which honorary U.S. citizenship was conferred on Britain's Sir Winston Churchill. In the White House flower garden, Kennedy paid high tribute to Churchill: "Indifferent himself to danger, he wept over the sorrows of others. A child of the House of Commons, he became its father. Accustomed to the hardships of battle, he had no distaste for pleasure. Now his stately ship of life, having weathered the severest storms of a troubled century, is anchored in tranquil waters."

Winnie did not attend the ceremony, but viewed it on television via the Relay satellite in his London home. Standing in for him, his son Randolph read his acceptance of the unique honor. "It is," read Randolph, "a remarkable commentary on our affairs that the former Prime Minister of a great sovereign state should thus be received as an honorary citizen of another. I say 'great sovereign state' with design and emphasis, for I reject the view that Britain and the Commonwealth should now be relegated to a tame and minor role in the world... In this century of storm and tragedy, I contemplate with high satisfaction the constant factor of the interwoven and upward progress of our peoples. Our comradeship and our brotherhood in war were unexampled. We stood together, and because of that fact the free world now stands."

President Kennedy had planned to set out at midweek for an Easter holiday at Palm Beach. But then came word that a small steel company had announced a price hike (see U.S. BUSINESS). Kennedy postponed his leavetaking, called in Administration officials for consultation, finally came out with a statement that, compared to his savage 1962 assault on U.S. Steel, seemed downright benign—and gave the stock market a general lift. Then the President and a few friends jetted to Florida.



⁹ The last secret session of the Senate was called on Oct. 7, 1943, to hear a two-day report from five Senators who had toured the battlefronts of World War II.

REPUBLICANS

One Who Is

New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller was running for President. His state's legislative session was over, a successful speaking trip to the Midwestern hustings had ended, and now Rocky stormed that bastion of political professionalism—Washington, D.C. There, he vowed his fellow Republicans.

Fiscal responsibility is presently the most popular of all issues with Capitol Hill Republicans—and from the beginning of his administration as Governor, Rockefeller has made pay-as-you-go state spending his hallmark. On that basis, he could now tell the Republican legislators just what they wanted to hear—and, in the process, get in some pretty good cracks at Democrat John Kennedy. Kennedy's fiscal policies, Rocky said, were "gutless." The President's public-works spending programs amounted to a political "slush fund." Like Kennedy, Rockefeller is for a tax cut—in fact, he argued for an immediate slash of \$10 billion. But he also wanted drastic reductions in federal spending. Given these, he insisted, the U.S. could show a budget surplus in 1965 instead of the \$12 billion deficit that Rocky foresees under present Kennedy plans.

Even in his sharp criticism of Kennedy, Rockefeller showed a reluctant admiration for the President's political talents. Kennedy, said Rockefeller, tries to sound "a little like Franklin Roosevelt, a little like Winston Churchill—he's a little bit of everybody."

Rocky reserved his biggest blasts for the Kennedy Administration's policy of preventing Cuban exiles from taking military action against their Communist homeland. Said he: "It is very hard for me to understand why we are supporting in South Viet Nam freedom fighters, and

why we are holding them back and preventing them from operating in Cuba 90 miles off our shore. I hope it is not as a means or as an endeavor to placate or to appease the Soviets."

Did Rocky suspect that Kennedy, in his considerable correspondence with Khrushchev, had made some sort of deal? "Well, I have no idea," replied Rocky. "I only said that because it is hard to see what other reason there would be, in view of our past policy, and it seems to me this is a very sharp change of policy concerning which the public has not been advised."

But did Rockefeller really mean to say that the Democratic Administration was following an "appeasement" policy toward Cuba? "No," said Rocky, "I said I hoped it wasn't."

Rocky's tough talk inevitably brought low-blow cries from Democrats. But it made a great hit with the Republicans on Capitol Hill—and they were the ones Rockefeller was aiming to please.

One Who Isn't?

Arizona's Republican Senator Barry Goldwater insists that he does not want to be President. He is enjoying his life just as it is—leisurely dinners with wife Peggy, midnight chats with fellow radio hams in England, Brazil and Phoenix, tinkering around with his black Corvette sports car, preaching the conservative gospel and taking potshots at liberals.

Yet Goldwater has admirers who do not quite take him at his word; they think he would very much like a crack at White House responsibility. In his native Arizona, the state Goldwater-for-President club has bloomed like a desert flower. A California citizens committee for Goldwater already has 100,000 signatures on informal petitions for his 1964 presidential candidacy. Last week the Massachusetts Young Republican Council named Goldwater conservatives to all of the organization's 13 state offices. In Washington, Texas Republican State Chairman Peter O'Donnell launched a "Draft Goldwater" movement. Columnist David Lawrence declared that all the activity on Goldwater's behalf amounted to "something rather sensational"—a real "ground swell." Columnist William S. White said that if a Republican national convention were held now, Goldwater would have almost all the delegate votes of at least 13 Southern and Southwestern states.

To all this, Goldwater turned a cool public shoulder. Of the Texas group's efforts in Washington, he said: "If they want to waste their time and money, that's their business, I've just given up trying to stop them." Up for re-election to the Senate next year, he will spend an increasing amount of his time back in Arizona. But still, Barry Goldwater is a politician—and it is a rare politician who would really write himself off for the presidency. In his private moments, Goldwater recognizes that fact. Says he of the various Goldwater-for-President movements: "It's very flattering. I'd be a liar if I said it wasn't."



KING & ABERNATHY UNDER ARREST
A strong arm from Pharaoh.

THE SOUTH

Poorly Timed Protest

To most Birmingham Negroes, just beating the city's tough police commissioner, Theophilus Eugene ("Bull") Connor, in his bid for mayor seemed a major triumph. It was the Negro vote that gave former Lieutenant Governor Albert Boutwell a narrow margin of victory in the April 2 election. Connor had become such a symbol of the nightstick solution to race problems that local Negroes felt certain that they could deal more successfully with Boutwell, even though he is a segregationist too.

But the day after the election, into Birmingham came the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., hero of the 1956 bus boycott in Montgomery. Without consulting most of the Birmingham Negro leaders, King announced that "Birmingham is the most thoroughly segregated big city in the U.S. today," said that he would lead demonstrations there until "Pharaoh lets God's people go." Specifically, he demanded creation of a biracial commission, fair hiring practices, amnesty for previously arrested demonstrators, an end to lunch-counter and other segregation.

Reverting to Form. At first, King had trouble mustering any sizable group of Negro troops. When his demonstrators did show up some owners quietly closed their downtown lunch counters, did not even call police. Connor's cops made some routine arrests, but seemed uncommonly gentle about it all.

Predictably, however, King's movement attracted an increasing number of Negroes—and just as predictably, Connor reverted to form. He broke up a march on city hall by ordering mass arrests. "Call the wagons, Sergeant, I'm hungry," barked Bull. Next day he called out his police dogs. A 19-year-old Negro youth took a



ARIZONA'S GOLDWATER
A cool shoulder for boosters.

swipe at one with a clay pipe. The dog turned on the boy, and a crowd of Negroes surged forward, one carrying a knife. It took some 15 cops and their dogs to break up the melee.

Last week Connor and Police Chief Jamie Moore got an injunction against all demonstrations from a state court. King announced that he would ignore it, led some 1,000 Negroes toward the business district. Both King and one of his top aides, the Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy, were promptly thrown into jail.

Missing the Chance. To many Birmingham Negroes, King's drive inflamed tensions at a time when the city seemed to be making some progress, however small, in race relations. Complained a Birmingham Negro attorney: "The new administration should have been given a chance to confer with the various groups interested in change." A. G. Gaston, a Negro businessman, added: "I regret the absence of continued communication between white and Negro leadership in our city." Said the Rev. Albert S. Foley, a white Jesuit priest who is chairman of Alabama's Advisory Committee of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission: "These demonstrations are poorly timed and misdirected." Perhaps the worst part was that the fuss made Bull Connor seem indispensable to many Birmingham residents, just at a time when a court is trying to decide when he must leave office as a result of a city election last fall that abolished the three-man city commission.

They're Not Going to Stop

Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was not mincing words. "The Negro citizen," he said, "does not subscribe to violence as a method of securing his rights. But he has come to the point where he is not afraid of violence. He no longer shrinks back. He will assert himself, and if violence comes, so be it." Since Wilkins' sympathies are well known, his speech was not entirely surprising. Much more remarkable was the burst of applause he got from his audience—composed of 127 white police officers, most of them from the segregated South.

Among those on hand in Louisville's Sheraton Hotel were 16 top cops from North Carolina, ten from South Carolina, twelve from Alabama, nine from Texas, two from Tennessee, 16 from Florida, twelve from Virginia, 20 from Kentucky, and four from Arkansas. (Mississippi and Louisiana were notably absent.) They were attending a conference on "police responsibility in race tension and conflict," sponsored by the International Association of Chiefs of Police and financed by the Ford Foundation. A main aim was to give the officers a side of the segregation story that they do not often hear back home. They got an earful.

"The Wrong Business." Wilkins predicted that "There will be no racial peace in the nation, in the South or in the North, until segregation and inequality are gone." The Negro timetable calls for

a speedup in the integration process, and the N.A.A.C.P. intends to expand and intensify its efforts on all fronts. "The slow pace heretofore and the brazen cheating that has gone on in schooling, voting and employment especially, have forced the Negro to demand acceleration and still more acceleration . . . Law-enforcement officers will have to bring extra measures of understanding and restraint to this situation."

Equally outspoken was James Farmer, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, the outfit that sponsored the Freedom Rides. Said he: "We do not ask the police of the South to be partisans, partial to our side; we do ask you to be impartial." Negroes, said Farmer, "are not afraid to go to jail now. They wear jail sentences as badges of honor. Not even being shot at terrorizes them. These people aren't going to stop."

In a deep Southern drawl, Atlanta's Police Chief Herbert T. Jenkins spoke in agreement. "If a police officer is so thin-

skinned that he is afraid of being called a 'nigger lover' because he is doing his duty, then he is in the wrong kind of business and should follow some other vocation . . . The time has come, it is here now, my friends, when an individual cannot be denied any public or official right or privilege because he is a Negro. The decision of the U.S. Supreme Court is the law of the land. We might disagree on many things, but if there is disagreement on this point, I am anxious to hear it."

One Man's Belief. "Drivel," retorted Walter L. Allen, safety education chief of the Alabama Public Safety Department. "As a Southern white man and a police officer with a record of which I have no shame, I can do and shall disagree, I for one shall not abjectly surrender." Southerners, said Allen, have "no real hate for the Negro. We merely despise the mores, actions, principles and behavior of the mass. It is our sincere belief that by accepting the unusual Negroes we

NOW EVERYBODY, ESCALATE!

EVERY U.S. Administration has, of course, its own Newspeak. The New Frontier's private language has a certain eyeball-to-eyeball drama to it, and nowhere more so than in the area of national defense. Thus a news interview with a Top Government Spokesman might go like this:

Reporter: I suppose everybody over at the Pentagon is busy on weaponry and such?

Top Government Spokesman: Oh, indeed. They have Nukes to think about. Also the Nuclear Threshold. And Counterforce Strategy. They're right in there. Opting all the time.

R: Opting?

T.G.S.: You have to Opt. There is the question of Overkill and of X Number of Megadeaths. And you have to watch the Escalate Factor every minute.

R: Sounds dangerous.

T.G.S.: Not if you Opt for a Flexible Stance.

R: How do you do that?

T.G.S.: You simply Quantify your Permissive Response.

R: That brings to mind the problems of a Nuclear—er, Nuke Force for NATO, and the attendant difficulties with France.

T.G.S.: Fortunately, that situation now Smells of Reality. In Europe, we are off The Monnet Track and on the Nuclear Track.

R: Was there a danger of too many nations seeking a nuclear capability?

T.G.S.: Eh?

R: I mean Proliferation.

T.G.S.: Right. Proliferation. The Multilateral Track was best. The Multinational Concept was Less Viable. It Restricted Optis. If they want the

Bang, they have to be Willing To Pay For It.

R: How does all this affect Berlin?

T.G.S.: There was a possibility of a Crunch with the enemy. He was aware of a Disadvantageous Confrontation.

R: He didn't like that, eh?

T.G.S.: It was Counterproductive.

R: And now?

T.G.S.: Now, of course, there is some distrust in the Alliance, and a certain Asymmetry in this distrust. But still not so much as to Invite a Soviet Pre-emptive Attack. He's aware of the Devastating Power of our Second Strike Capability, so he prefers to Opt for Pressure along the Economic Track.

R: But why?

T.G.S.: He's a Scavenger of the Transition.

R: And Cuba?

T.G.S.: A Gut Issue. But the Pentagon has exercised good Crisis Management.

R: And the White House?

T.G.S.: When the Soviets Opted to Escalate the Cuban Affair with Nukes, the White House made a Flexible Response. Thanks to good Threat Perception, our Options Broadened.

R: One Option was the Selective Blockade?

T.G.S.: Right.

R: Is it Viable?

T.G.S.: No. But it is a Sculptural Process.

R: What about an American invasion of Cuba?

T.G.S.: There was Dialogue and A Feasibility Study was conducted.

R: And the conclusion was that an invasion is . . . ?

T.G.S.: Feasless.

R: Thank you.

open every door to the most undesirable ethnic group in the civilized world."

But Allen's expressions were an exception in Louisville—and much more typical was an Alabama lawman who said that the sessions were such that he only wished his mayor and city council could have been there.

NEW YORK

The Rich Girl

Charlene Wrightsman was born to a milieu of multimillionaires, multiple marriages and many mansions. Her grandfather amassed an early fortune in the Oklahoma oil fields, and was the man credited with thinking up the oil depletion allowance, for which all U.S. oilmen still revere and praise him today. Her father, Charles B. Wrightsman, 67, was once the president of Standard Oil of Kansas, has massive oil holdings in eight states, and is one of America's least known rich men.

Born in 1927 in Los Angeles, Charlene grew up to be a pretty, placid brunette. All around were the shiny, if sometimes shattering, ways of vast wealth. But there was trouble at home, and her parents were divorced when she was ten. She was sent away to the very exclusive Foxcroft and Ethel Walker Schools, alternating vacations with each parent.

The Will. Perhaps to fill the family void, Charlene became a good golfer, an excellent horsewoman and a more than passable tennis player. Her sister Irene, four years older, chose quite a different form of compensation.

At 18, Irene burst forth in the playgirl mold, married an international socialite-sportsman named Freddie McEvoy, whose outdoor sport was bobsledding, and whose indoor hobby was cavorting with the Errol Flynn crowd. Charlene watched in wide-eyed wonder, but did not join in the fun. She went to Finch College in New York, where she won glowing good grades. At about the same time, her father was winning as a bride a California model named Jayne Larkin—only a few years older than Charlene.

In 1947, at 20, Charlene joined the parade and married actor Helmut Dantine, who had made a career out of playing the more-or-less nice Nazis of World War II movies. She and Helmut had a son, but they wound up in an angry divorce in 1950. He married her, said Charlene, "only for the money that I expected to receive from my father." So bitter had Charlene become that years later, when she drew up a will, she inserted the explicit provision that Dantine "should not at any time" be given custody of their son, Dana, now 14.

The Jet Set. The summer of the divorce Charlene, for a brief time, stepped out of the racy world she was raised in. She enrolled in a West Palm Beach secretarial school, attended regularly, earned high marks and was proud of them. Did she want to get a job? Did she long to be a "normal girl"?

Who knows? She met a man whose name was Igor Cassini. Everybody called him Ghigli. He loved society, in all its forms, and he made a living by chronicling its activities. He knew enough and he got around so fast that his column was very readable.

Ghigli, who was born in Russia and was twelve years older than Charlene, appealed to her, and in 1952 she became his third wife. His second, Austine ("Bootie") Cassini, had divorced him, married William Randolph Hearst Jr., Cassini's boss. Ghigli was Hearst's top society columnist, using the pseudonym of Cholly Knickerbocker.

Ghigli and Charlene moved through all ranks of society, from those who want



THE CASSINIS
At the end of the show.

their names kept out of the papers, like Charlene's father, to those who want to get them in, like the top levels of the New Frontier, Charlene's father had long been a close friend of Joseph P. Kennedy. The two now have mansions on Palm Beach's North County Road, and warm neighborliness prevails. President Kennedy sometimes stayed at the Wrightsmans' home; when he hasn't, he and Jackie have gone to parties there. Jayne Wrightsman, who has made the latest best-dressed lists, is a good friend of Jackie's. She has advised the First Lady on White House refurbishing and accompanied her on art gallery shopping tours.

Ghigli and Charlene were close to that group. And Ghigli's brother, Oleg Cassini, is Jackie Kennedy's official dress designer. Even Ghigli admits that the Kennedys like Oleg better than they like him. But he insists he and Charlene rated high with the White House: "There is a good relationship between the President and Mrs. Kennedy and us." White

House sources, on the other hand, insist that the Kennedys had socialized precious little with the Igor Cassinis since the inauguration.

The Tensions. But life with Ghigli was no champagne cocktail. His charm for women was always electric—and friends recall that Charlene, who seemed to love him deeply, was jealous of his attractions. Ghigli also had legal problems. A public relations firm that he was associated with took on the Dominican Republic as a client in 1950, when it was ruled by Dictator Rafael Trujillo.

Last winter, after an investigation by Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department (Ghigli is not nearly so fond of Bobby as he is of the other Kennedys), Cassini was indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of failing to register as an agent of a foreign government. His trial is set for next month. After the indictment, Charlene's father, who never cared much for the columnist, seemed downright hostile to the Cassinis.

There were other tensions too. Charlene was in poor health recently. A few years ago, she suffered a painful leg injury while skiing in Vermont. At first she attended parties while swinging gaily between crutches. But the leg kept giving her trouble. Last year it buckled beneath her while she was standing on a stool changing a light bulb. She fell to the floor, suffered a broken nose and a concussion. From then on, she was plagued with blinding headaches.

Early this month one of her favorite people, Vermont Ski Instructor Peter Estlin, 35, was found dead in a New York hotel room of what was officially described as "visceral congestion." His funeral was in Boston last week. Charlene did not go, but Ghigli flew up in the private plane of George Skakel, brother-in-law of Bobby Kennedy. He returned in the evening, stopped at his Fifth Avenue apartment to dress for a dinner party. Charlene complained of a toothache, so Ghigli went by himself. Charlene and her stepdaughter Marina, 14—Ghigli's daughter by his second wife—settled down to watch the Academy Awards show on a television set in Charlene's bedroom.

The Leave-Taking. Earlier that evening, Charlene had sent Marina out to the corner drugstore to get a new bottle of sleeping pills which her physician had prescribed. As the program began, Charlene rose from her bed, went to the bathroom. She returned to lie down on the bed while Marina sat near by. The youngster watched the show to the end, saw Gregory Peck, looking just like Atticus Finch in *To Kill a Mockingbird*, make a touching little acceptance speech. When Marina looked at her stepmother, she realized that something was wrong. But it was too late. Charlene had swallowed all 30 sleeping pills. Ghigli arrived home from his dinner in time to accompany the unconscious Charlene to a New York hospital. Next morning she died without having regained consciousness. Cause: "visceral congestion."

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

A New Leader

(See Cover)

Whatever their politics, Canadians have grown heartily sick of politics. Subjected to four national elections in six years, they voted last week in their second in ten months. The two principal contenders were familiar faces, ranged against each other for the third time. There was the flamboyant old Tory campaigner, Prime Minister John George Diefenbaker, 67, a prairie trial lawyer at his best on the hustings and at his weakest in running the Government. Against him once again stood Nobel Prizewinner Lester Bowles Pearson, 65, an able man whose quick, shy grin could not conceal his distaste for campaigning.

Politics had become a strain on Canada's nerves; not apathy but impatience was its mood. The campaign crowds were big, and listened intently, but rarely demonstratively. Issues ran deep, and touched off demagoguery, anxiety, and an impressive civic concern. A country whose steadiness used to be taken for granted, a nation that prided itself on its placidity and caution, Canada had in recent years become a cockpit of frustrations. Its national unity was threatened by the pull of regional economic self-interest, its politics had become fragmented and quarrelsome, its economy was in need of a lift, its painstakingly put-together French-English partnership—the cornerstone of the confederation that will be a century old in 1967—was coming unstuck.

The Tense Week. The nation longed for a stable government that would set about putting things right. Two weeks before the election, the likelihood seemed to be another minority regime—a Pearson plurality, needing makeshift accommodations with splinter parties to govern. Instead, when a record 7,800,000 voters went to the polls last week, in a countryside where the last blasts of winter were



THE PEARSONS WITH DAUGHTER & GRANDCHILDREN
Fissures stared him in the face.

still being felt in many places, the voters came within an ace of giving Mike Pearson the majority of 133 of the House of Commons' 265 seats. His Liberals won 128 seats to the Tories' 96, and the minor parties divided the remaining 41. Before the tense week was out, with the delayed soldier vote swinging two more seats to the Liberals, and with a pledge of support to Pearson by some members of the small Social Credit Party, Prime Minister Diefenbaker conceded defeat. Pearson would have the reins of power and Canada a new Prime Minister.

Canada was thus narrowly spared a continuing crisis. In the first hours after his defeat, Diefenbaker, a proud and contentious man, had shown a slow-motion reluctance to quit. Before long, every major newspaper in Canada, including the few that favored his re-election, urged him to step down. They knew his tenacity in coveting power: two months ago, three of his own Cabinet had left his discredited administration, unable to persuade him to step down. Instead, casting himself in the role of a northern Harry Truman, Diefenbaker had set out on the

hustings again, hoping to revive the old magic, a cornered and dangerous fighter.

Standing under a banner marked CANADA: A POWER, NOT A PUPPET, a dignified rage in his deep-set blue eyes, Diefenbaker would declare: "There are interests against me, powerful interests." He had the Prairie Provinces solidly behind him, thanks to the Tories' \$425.6 million wheat sales to Red China. To the farmers, the fact that the eastern financial and industrial interests, the big-city vote and all major Conservative newspapers but two were against him, made his candidacy only the more gallant.

Once again, by any innuendo he could conceive, or any indiscretion in Washington he could seize on, Diefenbaker tried to stir up anti-Americanism, a brew not so effective as it once was, but still heady. "Nobody pushes Canada around," he warned, especially not a nation that took 27 months longer than Canada to enter the Second World War. The Toronto Star accused him of talking like "some alcoholic patriot in a tavern."

Hoopla & Circus. Pearson, in the rhetoric of Kennedy (which has become the prevailing international style), promised to "get Canada moving again, moving forward economically and back into the councils of the world." Once he remarked: "It has been said that I am not able to move people to tears or excitement. Quite probably that is true." Unwilling to make hard, unqualified statements, ill at ease in the glare of klieg lights when he mounted a platform, quick and most effective in small groups, Pearson established little rapport with the voters, often projected a sense of thoughtful indecision. "The thing that terrifies me is demagoguery," he said. "The hoopla, the circus part of it, all that sort of thing still makes me blush."

A proposed TV debate between the competitors never came off. "I have no competitors," said Diefenbaker. And Pearson, in one of the best lines of the campaign, answered: "I would say to the



DIEFENBAKER WITH PRESS AFTER DEFEAT
Failure went to his head.

Prime Minister, in the most kindly way possible, that he must not let failure go to his head."

Yet the issues that agitated the voters were profound—more profound than any that Kennedy and Nixon had fought over in 1960. The question of nuclear war-heads, though it got most of the headline attention, was largely a sham debate. More basic was troubled Canada's need to set a new economic course, and along with this was what Pearson called "the major issue which faces all Canadians today"—the fissures that have developed between the one-third of the nation that is French, and the English majority.

In the campaign, Pearson promised to confront both issues. With his imminent accession as Canada's 14th Prime Minister, he had a chance to do so. After a lifetime in education and diplomacy, he had turned to the new trade of politics. Now he had the chance to prove that politics is the art of the possible.

Empty Bedpans. Until he entered politics, Lester Pearson had been something of a golden boy, a grinning, bow-tied diplomat liked by almost everyone who knew him, and admired for his talents for conciliation. He led the kind of life in which the breaks seemed to happen to him without vulgar effort on his part.

He was born in turn-of-the-century Newtonbrook, Ont., now swallowed up by an expanding Toronto. The second son of an itinerant \$700-a-year Methodist minister, Pearson likes to say: "We were rich in everything but money." His father, the Rev. Edwin Arthur Pearson, who was known to his congregations as "the baseball-bashing parson," taught his sons baseball, hockey, football, and a firm sense of

Methodist duty. Lester also learned something about politics from his maternal grandfather, who lost every time he stood for Parliament.

When World War I flared, Pearson joined the University of Toronto Ambulance Unit, and in 1915 shipped out with the British forces to Salonika. Recalls a comrade: "We pictured ourselves as doing deeds of heroism under enemy fire. We didn't realize that we would wash floors, clean people's backsides and empty bedpans."

Pearson switched to the fledgling Royal Flying Corps, where a senior officer looked him over, decided that Lester was "not a very belligerent name for training to be a fighter pilot," and decided to call him Mike. The name lasted; Pearson's flying career did not. On his first solo flight, after just 1½ hours' instruction, he met a high wire in his landing path, tried to lift his skittery DH-4 over it, stalled and crashed. Bruised and shaken, Pearson spent a week in hospital. He finished the war as a training instructor in Toronto.

"Good Glove Man." After taking his bachelor of arts degree with honors in history, Pearson briefly stuffed sausages in the Hamilton, Ont., branch of Armour & Co. (he was later to be accused by the Soviet news agency, Tass, of starting his career in an armaments factory). Saturdays, he played third base for the semi-pro Guelph Maple Leafs. "No batter," says Teammate Dink Carroll, now a Montreal Gazette sports columnist, "but a good glove man." When promoted to clerkship in Armour's Chicago fertilizer works, he applied for, and got, a scholarship to Oxford.

"An extraordinary young man, a tremendous idealist," recalls his tutor in history at Oxford's St. John's College. Pearson earned a high second degree, was star defenseman on a memorable hockey team that beat Cambridge 27-0, and won a bid to the British Olympics team. "Mike never picked a fight in a game," remembers a fellow player, "but he never backed down from anyone who picked a fight with him. He had guts."

Pearson returned to the University of Toronto as a history lecturer and part-time football and hockey coach. In 1925 he married the prettiest student in his history seminar, Maryon Elspeth Moody, a Winnipeg doctor's daughter. "I taught her for a year," quips Pearson, "and she's been teaching me ever since."

Changing Jobs. Until the 1920s, the British Foreign Office "poke for Canada in matters of state. But as the growing nation sought an independent voice, it augmented its dozen-man Department of External Affairs. A friend persuaded Pearson to take the exam for first secretary, and he walked away with top marks. Posted to London in 1935, and then reassigned to the U.S. as minister counselor and ambassador, Pearson quickly built up the best Washington contacts in the whole foreign diplomatic corps. A close set of intimates gathered nights around the Pearson piano, talking shop, singing and sipping rye. "We envied his ability to keep a foot in our embassy as well as in the State

Department," recalls a British contemporary. "We naturally told him all, and so did the Americans."

A State hand remembers why: "He was one of the bounciest and most ebullient men I have known. There was never any side to Mike, and that was refreshing in the field of diplomacy." Pearson was frequently nettled by official Washington's offhand manner to sturdily independent Canada, but just as often amused—as when he left Washington, D.C., with President Harry Truman's farewell: "I don't know why the King doesn't leave you here."

Creating NATO. The King that Truman was not referring to—Prime Minister Mackenzie King—called him back to Ottawa in 1946. By then, Pearson had mastered the technique of the new internationalism. He helped to draft the U.N. Charter as senior adviser to Canada's delegation, and chaired the U.N. interim commission on food and agriculture. He was one of several men mentioned for the post of U.N. Secretary-General, "a job I would have liked." Though the Russians agreed that Pearson had the qualifications, they insisted on a European, settled on Trygve Lie.

Pearson returned to Ottawa as deputy minister to External Affairs Secretary Louis St. Laurent, and drafted for him the historic speech that first suggested a North Atlantic treaty. "This treaty," Pearson said at the signing, "though born out of fear and frustration, must lead to positive social, economic and political achievements if it is to live." Though proud of his role in creating NATO, Pearson still finds a military alliance not enough.

At the U.N., he negotiated—and guided through the General Assembly—the plan that established the State of Israel (thereby earning Israel's Medallion of Valor). By now, Pearson had won such fame as a civil servant that the courtly St. Laurent, succeeding aging Mackenzie King as Prime Minister in 1948, brought him into his Cabinet as External Affairs Secretary—and into Parliament as a reluctant politician. Asked on the day he joined the Cabinet when he had become a Liberal, Pearson grinned: "Today."

Vodka & Mr. Dulles. It used to be said that when New Delhi wanted to talk to Washington, the call went first to Ottawa. As an interlocutor, Pearson attained a rare influence for Canada; Senator John F. Kennedy wrote that the Canadian Foreign Service for its size was "probably unequaled by any other nation." A colleague describes Pearson's talents as a negotiator: "He sits down with a person from another country without ingrained hostility or prejudice or superiority. He has a sense of humor that helps."

In 1951 Pearson ably demonstrated the technique of the international honest broker, though his interventions sometimes got him labeled as a neutralist in the U.S. When Red Chinese armies marched into Korea, and the U.S. proposed a hard U.N. resolution that Britain feared would extend the war, Pearson frankly told the U.S. that its policy was



PEARSON IN WORLD WAR I
Mike's the name.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Pop. 1,659,000 - 4% French

Tories 4 Liberals 7
Socreds 2 NDP 9**THE PRAIRIES**

Pop. 3,235,000 - 7% French

Tories 41 Liberals 3
Socreds 2 NDP 2

Major concentrations of the French population

265 House of Commons seats won

Tories 94 Liberals 130
Socreds 24 NDP 17**ONTARIO**

Pop. 6,342,000 - 10% French

Tories 27 Liberals 52
NDP 6**QUEBEC**

Pop. 5,366,000 - 80% French

Tories 7 Liberals 48
Socreds 20**ATLANTIC PROVINCES**

Pop. 1,929,000 - 19% French

Tories 13 Liberals 20

about "to go off the rails." Then he nudged Commonwealth Prime Ministers, meeting in London, closer to the U.S. position, and a compromise resolution was passed. Conceded a U.S. diplomat: "We would never have taken so much arm-twisting from anyone but Mike."

On the day Truman fired General Douglas MacArthur, Pearson made a prescient speech that was all but ignored: "The days of relatively easy and automatic political relations with our neighbor are, I think, over." He was talking as much to Canadians as Americans, and urging a mutual realization that with a next-door view, Canada could speak up to—and for—U.S. leadership more usefully if its voice was more than merely an echo.

After sitting on the three-man U.N. committee that negotiated the Korean cease-fire, Pearson in 1952 was elected U.N. Assembly President. For his unruffled performance, Pearson was nominated by Denmark, with Britain and France, to succeed Lie as Secretary-General, once again was vetoed by the Russians. The job went to Dag Hammarskjöld. In 1955 Pearson took off for Moscow at the invitation of Soviet Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov—something that no NATO Foreign Minister before him in the tense 1950s had done. Pearson talked trade with the Russians, "did my best to disabuse them of some of their ideas about Americans in general and Mr. Dulles in particular." On a memorable October day he flew to the Crimea and a first meeting with Nikita Khrushchev and Nikolai Bulganin. After some 19 toasts and some hard talk on

NATO, Pearson and three aides marched straight, heads up, to their car, noted with pride that they left their hosts in worse condition than they were.

When Friends Fell Out. Pearson's most anxious diplomatic hours came in November 1956, after Israel, Britain and France invaded Nasser's Egypt. The crisis split Canada, which had always loyally supported Britain in time of war, but now found itself ranged alongside the U.S., and most of the Commonwealth in disapproval. Pearson had long talked of a U.N. force. At a quiet conference with Dulles, during a late General Assembly session, Pearson brought his idea forward "to prevent the deterioration of the conflict into war, and give the British and French a chance to get out with some kind of honor." He got Dulles' approval, sold the idea to Hammarskjöld. President Eisenhower had already impressed on the British that they must back down. The Canadian resolution calling for "an emergency international United Nations force" passed 57-0, with 19 abstentions. Within two weeks, the first U.N. troops were on their way.

Pearson's diplomatic derring-do won him the 1957 Nobel Peace Prize for "his powerful initiative, strength and perseverance displayed in attempting to prevent or limit war operations and restore peace." It was a high point in his career, but Suez also cost him his immunity to criticism carried over from his years as a civil servant. The time for a national election drew nigh, and Tory Howard Green, who eventually followed Pearson as Ex-

ternal Affairs Secretary, accused him of "knifing Canada's best friends in the back" over Suez. That was the first taste that Pearson had of the blunt world of politics. Within six weeks after the Nobel award, the high point of his life turned into a low.

Morning After. The Liberals had now been in office 22 years, and had become arrogant, tired and out of touch. Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent was a kindly French Canadian, but ineffectual at 75. The nation began to listen to a new voice from the prairies, full of fire and Chautauqua rhetoric, John Diefenbaker, promising a fresh if vague "new vision" for Canada.

Canada woke up on the morning of June 11, 1957, startled to discover that the Liberals had fallen to second place, winning only 105 seats to Diefenbaker's 112. After five days of thinking it over, St. Laurent decided that the nation had obviously lost confidence in the Liberals, and resigned.

Seven months later, when Liberal fortunes were at their lowest ebb, the party's leadership fell to Mike Pearson. He had not fought for it, but the tax-free \$38,885 Nobel Prize money had given him a small measure of financial independence, and he was willing to take a chance. He had barely begun his new job when he made an almost fatal political blunder.

On his first day in Parliament as leader, egged on by the more militant of the old Liberal pros, Pearson condemned a Conservative finance measure as wretchedly inadequate, and with uncharacteristic ar-



WITH KHRUSHCHEV (1955)



RECEIVING NOBEL PRIZE (1957)



WITH EISENHOWER (1956)
Gone are the easy days.

rogance demanded that Diefenbaker hand over the Government without an election. Diefenbaker rose with all the studied ire of a prosecution counsel and cut Pearson's arguments to shreds. Two weeks later, Diefenbaker called another election, and emerged from it with the most lopsided majority in Canadian history, 208 seats to the Liberals' 49. From that campaign, John Diefenbaker developed the theory, which he confidently clung to ever after, that he had an unfaltering political touch and a whammy on Lester Pearson.

Recalling his costly 1958 debut, Pearson makes no effort to shift the blame. "It was a very stupid move, and it made me look inept and incompetent just as I became leader."

In Parliament, Pearson became the bruised leader of a lonely little group. To the Liberal old guard, he was an apolitical do-gooder, with no instinct for the jugular. Pearson himself has described Opposition politicians as "the detergents of

democracy," whose job it is to "cleanse and purify those in office. The good Opposition leader doesn't go around looking for belts so he may hit below them, or, on the other hand, looking for a parade merely so he may lead it."

Slowly, Pearson restored confidence in himself and in the Liberal Party, and mastered his new role. "His trouble," says Liberal Frontbencher Jack Pickersgill, "was that he wanted to solve the Government's problems for them." It was typical of Pearson that in seeking solutions, he called a thinkers' conference of "liberally minded Canadians" before trying to construct a new electoral platform. Slowly he rebuilt the party, collected the "Pearson team"—a brainy, intensely loyal shadow cabinet, including some of the young Liberals who propelled him into the party leadership. "There is a Pearson mystique in Canada," says a colleague, "that is something like the Stevenson cult."

Pearson likes to give the impression of operating with effortless ease; the reality is based on hard staff work and a 12- to 15-hour day of his own. "Mike is a pragmatist," explains a former aide. "He gets in the middle of a situation and feels his way around before he decides what to do." He relaxes with anything from *The Age of Reason Begins* to TV's *Beverly Hillsbillies*, but prefers a hockey match or baseball game. "My tastes," he admits, "are not very high."

In four weary years of opposition, Pearson and his advisers gradually shaped a Liberal program, and Pearson became a more formidable parliamentary antagonist. For a time he had held back, in a conviction more appropriate to a historian than to an Opposition leader, feeling that the Diefenbaker Government was entitled, because of its vast popular vote, to an unhampered right to accomplish its promises. But when Diefenbaker proved surprisingly weak in office, moody and suspicious of his colleagues and subordinates, embroiling Canada with its old friend Britain over the Common Market and antagonizing its U.S. neighbor by its waffling on defense, Pearson satisfied himself that the Diefenbaker Government "has done a terrible job. These are mistakes the Government has made by itself. We didn't maneuver the Government into them."

Crisis in Confidence. In the spring of 1962, ten months before his five-year term was up, Diefenbaker called a sudden election. His Liberal critics accused him of timing it before the seriousness of Canada's coming economic crisis was recognized. But though Pearson was well-armed with ammunition, his dry campaign style was drowned in a gusher of Diefenbaker oratory. The divided Parliament that was elected mirrored a divided land. Diefenbaker lost 87 seats, but held power with 116 Tories, firmly anchored to the prairies. Pearson's 100 Liberals, strong in the cities.

The Diefenbaker era was waning, but the public was not yet ready to return the Liberals. Instead, the result was a distressing proliferation of minorities. On

the left were Tommy Douglas' 19 New Democrats and on the right a protest party of 30 Social Crediters, speaking mainly for a disaffected French Quebec in the frenetic accents of a rural Chrysler dealer named Réal Caouette, who named Hitler and Mussolini as his economic heroes.

Though he tried, Diefenbaker could not wholly conceal Canada's economic difficulties during the 1962 campaign. Canada's dollar, at a high of \$1.06 U.S., had long been a hurdle to Canadian exporters. Instead of devaluing it (as the Liberals urged), the Government had uncertainly talked it down. Investors started pulling out. During the five months preceding the election, Canada's foreign exchange reserves plummeted \$560 million, reaching a crisis low of \$1.1 billion—despite Diefenbaker's panicked mid-campaign devaluation and pegging of the dollar to 92½ cents U.S. If the drain had continued another three or four weeks, Canada conceivably would have become an international bankrupt.

Six days after the election, Diefenbaker announced a program of mild austerity at home and a massive borrowing from abroad, claiming that the crisis had become serious "only in very recent days." The U.S., Britain and the International Monetary Fund threw a line of credit and a loan for \$1.05 billion. To cap his program, Diefenbaker slapped surcharges atop Canada's tariffs—in effect, punishing the neighbors that had bailed Canada out. But the flighty capital returned, and Canada's economy—aided by devaluation on the one hand and high tariffs on the other—turned in an impressive growth rate of 8% for the year 1962, higher than any other nation in the Atlantic Alliance.

Liberal Plan. The new Pearson Government is, by common consent, better staffed with Cabinet talent, and has a clearer view of the direction it intends to take than any previous incoming Canadian administration. It has thought out its position on defense, on foreign affairs, on biculturalism, and it has done its homework in economics.

Canada's economy, as every Canadian likes to say, is "basically sound." But its rate of unemployment (8.4% in February) is the highest of any industrialized nation in the West. Its fundamental trouble is that it is a "branch-plant economy." Canada desperately needs a larger market than its 18.8 million home consumers. Though Canada has a trade surplus with almost every nation but the U.S., the interest and dividends on U.S. investment in Canada—\$750 million last year (boosted another \$246 million by management services to mostly U.S.-owned firms)—make up by far the largest part of an annual balance-of-payments deficit that last year totaled \$848 million.

Walter Gordon, 57, the professorial Toronto management consultant who is virtually certain to become Pearson's Finance Minister, cites the \$200 million in parts that the Canadian auto industry imported last year from the U.S. Through tax incentives, Gordon hopes to encourage the industry to make more parts in Can-

ada and export more of them to the U.S.

Part of Gordon's trouble is that decisions vitally affecting Canadian jobs are often made in Detroit, New York or Dallas. Absentee capital (80% from the U.S.) owns 73% of mining, 61% of manufacturing, 80% of Canada's oil industry—more than in any other industrialized nation in the world. Gordon hopes gradually to shift the emphasis from direct investment to bond capital, such as developed a U.S. industry largely free from overseas control. Pearson made a campaign pledge to establish a national development corporation that would draw capital from pension and insurance funds and individuals, and have as its eventual goal "buying back Canadian resources and Canadian companies." Gordon quickly adds: "We must deal fairly with people who have invested their money in Canada in all good faith and with full encouragement."

Defense. When they turned to defense, the Liberal Party planners decided that the issue involved was Canada's international word, a basic consideration to old Diplomat Pearson. "Nuclear virginity" is a favorite Canadian political stance, and Pearson was no more warmly disposed toward nuclear weapons than Diefenbaker was. But Diefenbaker agreed to play Canada's part in continental defense by acquiring Bomarc anti-aircraft missiles and Voodoo interceptors, only to refuse the nuclear warheads for which they were designed. The Honest John artillery missiles with the Canadian Army Brigade on NATO duty in Germany were to keep them balanced, filled with sand.

When General Lauris Norstad, retiring from SHAPE, dropped in at Ottawa last winter and allowed that Canada was not living up to its NATO commitments, Pearson, after a thoughtful week off, announced a switch in Liberal policy: since Canada had made a nuclear commitment to NATO and NORAD, it should live up to its obligations, and at a future time re-examine the rights and wrongs of the commitment.

Restless Quebec. Both for the narrowest of political reasons and the widest conception of national interest, the Liberals must do something to satisfy restless French Canada. They are in a better position to do so than the Tories. Under the new provincial leadership of Liberal Premier Jean Lesage, Quebec is at last emerging from a corrupt political history, a backward church-dominated educational system, and an unadventurous economic structure.

The French dissatisfaction that Demagogue Caouette exploited was the feeling that French Canadians had been cheated out of their birthright. They thought, said Mike Pearson, that Confederation "meant partnership, not domination," but the result has been "an English-speaking Canada with a bilingual Quebec." In Ottawa, French-speaking civil servants are even required to write to each other in English—for ease of filing. Young French intellectuals bitterly call themselves the "white Negroes" of Canada. French Canadians outside Quebec, crusading for

schooling in their own language, were recently told by a school trustee of one large Ontario city: "We have no good reason to spend vast sums of money to accommodate those who should have learned English 300 years ago."

Diefenbaker's answer to the subtle difficulties of biculturalism was to say: "There is only one state, one nation." This unalterable belief in unhyphenated Canadianism was anathema to French Canadians. Quebec's return to Liberalism and its whittling down of Caouette's strength were in part an answer to Pearson's promise of a royal commission to re-examine biculturalism. It was also a thoughtful agreement with his concern that if the nation does not return to the founding idea of "equal partnership, equal rights, equal responsibilities, then we may not succeed in preserving Confederation at all. It is as serious as that."

In the last week of the campaign, Pearson made an uncharacteristically emotional appeal to the voters, as he surveyed the fragile state of Canadian unity. "I am not concerned with power for the sake of pomp or power," he said. "I want to do what I can to make sure that my grandchildren will live in a united Canadian nation, in a world of security and peace. There is so much, so much to be done. Give me your trust, God willing. I will not let you down."

"Egghead Roll." Pearson now has that trust. "The very first thing I will do," he vows, "is to try to establish the climate of confidence." To rebuild swiftly Canada's crumbled reputation abroad, Pearson plans:

- ▶ A quick agreement with the U.S. to give the stingless Canadian forces the nuclear weapons they need to fulfill their roles in NATO and NORAD.

- ▶ A flight to London to discuss trade and Commonwealth relations with Harold Macmillan.

- ▶ A meeting with President Kennedy.

The last time Pearson and Kennedy met was at the White House dinner for Nobel prizewinners last spring, dubbed by Pearson "The President's Easter Egghead Roll." "I believe we can get back on a very friendly and cooperative basis without difficulty," Pearson says. "I know our relations are going to be complicated and at times difficult. The thing that matters is to accept our responsibilities."

At home, Pearson, despite his precarious parliamentary situation, hopes for a blazing "first 60 days" of legislation with a similar aim in mind: to give Canadians confidence in themselves. "Many of our problems, particularly in the economic field, are partly psychological," he says. "If I can at once establish the feeling that the country has a government which will last four years and is determined to get things done, it will go far toward restoring confidence."

Lester Pearson once said that his formula for life was: "To deserve success rather than to achieve it." He now has the chance to do both.

CHILE

New Power at the Polls

From the parched northern deserts south to the icy latitudes bordering Antarctica, some 2,000,000 Chileans, including 600,000 new voters, went to the polls last week. The voters were merely choosing municipal officials. But the elections were widely regarded as a barometer for the presidential campaign next year. Out of the ballot boxes emerged a major new power in Chilean politics: the Christian Democrats, a left-of-center but anti-Communist party that rolled up 22.8% of the vote and thus became the biggest single political group in the country.

Led by Eduardo Frei, 53, a widely respected Senator and professor of law at Santiago's Catholic University, the Christian Democrats ran their first presidential candidate in 1958; in 1961's congressional elections they polled 15% of the vote. They argue for an independent but Western-oriented foreign policy, demand thorough-going economic and social reform at home. In last week's election they drew strength from conservatives disheartened by Chile's continuing economic crisis (living costs went up almost 40% in the last 15 months), and from non-Communist liberals fed up with the far left.

Frei's party is still weaker than either President Jorge Alessandri's three-party government coalition or the Communist-dominated Popular Action Front, which came within a shade of winning the presidency in 1958. But both the government coalition and the Popular Action Front lost ground in last week's voting, and Frei thinks that they will continue to slip, paving his way to the presidency in 1964. "There are three things working in our favor," says Frei. "First, people are tired of the present political juxtaposition. Second, people don't want a rightist government. Third, people do not want a Communist government."

EL MERCURIO



CHILEANS VOTING IN SANTIAGO

THE WORLD

THE ALLIES

At Least They're Speaking

THAW! cried U.S. headlines, OPERATION CHARM! purred the Paris press. The big news, of course, was that Charles de Gaulle last week was on speaking terms with his allies.

In Paris to attend a meeting of the South-East Asia Treaty Organization, Secretary of State Dean Rusk chatted "cordially" with France's President for about 35 minutes, counting time out for translation. Britain's Foreign Secretary Lord Home and France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, who have been snubbing one another ever since Britain was excluded from the Common Market last January, also exchanged civilities. What's more, at an Elysée Palace reception for SEATO delegates from eight countries, *le grand Charles* affably declared: "Security means cooperation."

Subs, Please. Was this progress? Skeptics noted that France's government seemed more inclined to talk cooperation than to practice it. After indicating that they might honor a 15-month-old agreement to accept U.S.-controlled warheads for its German-based F-100 fighter-bombers, the French brusquely denied that they had any present plans "concerning the use of these planes within NATO." Nothing daunted, U.S. officials in Paris leaked wishful reports that France's nuclear force *de frappe* is badly behind schedule and beset with ever-mounting technical and financial problems. De Gaulle, it was hinted, was about ready to return to the NATO fold.

Not so, retorted a high-ranking French official. France, he insisted, will have its first 50 Mirage IV A-bombers in service

by December 1965, on schedule; expects to have its own H-bomb "well before" 1970; and is actually ahead of schedule with its missile-launching submarine, now due in 1968. Thus De Gaulle had no reason to back away from his declared aim of nuclear independence. As the Gaullist Paris-Press pointed out, "it is his partners who have greatly changed their tone" since the general rejected the U.S. offer of NATO-committed Polaris missiles last January.

The U.S. was still pushing its long-term plan for a surface Polaris fleet manned by mixed crews. However, Britain has little enthusiasm for the idea, while West Germany and Italy, which were both enthusiastic at first, have now indicated that they would rather sink their money in multimanned Polaris submarines. What the U.S. did win last week was substantial agreement from its allies—excluding France—on the general outline of a more limited scheme, the inter-allied, NATO-controlled strike force that Washington hopes to create in the near future.

Just a Gimmick? After a NATO session in Paris and conferences in London attended by Rusk, Defense Secretary McNamara and other top policymakers, the U.S. announced that it would present next month's NATO meeting in Ottawa with detailed plans for a nuclear command and planning structure to integrate the new inter-allied force. It would include Britain's V-bombers and, in 1968, its Polaris fleet, as well as three Polaris submarines that the U.S. has committed to NATO, and other Allied aircraft and missiles.

Some Allies dismissed the U.S. proposals as mere "gimmickry." But after all it was Western Europe that had been clamoring for a greater role in nuclear

weapons policy. Now Washington had produced a plan that would go a long way toward meeting this demand. Most European countries seemed anxious to cooperate. Paris remained stiffly aloof, suggesting only that in the event of war, its own deterrent might be "coordinated" with a NATO nuclear force. If any U.S. officials really believed, as they said last week, that the French had shown a more "positive" attitude toward the Western Alliance, they gravely misjudged the aims of Charles de Gaulle. Snapped a German diplomat: "Of course the crisis isn't over. And it won't be as long as De Gaulle is around."

WEST GERMANY

How Long, O Lord?

Konrad Adenauer has so often changed his mind about retiring as West German Chancellor that his repeated private promise to step down next autumn was usually greeted with the cynical refrain that "fall will be a little late this year." But last week, on a nationwide German television hookup, *der Alte* at last stated publicly that he would step down "on schedule." Declared Adenauer: "I have often said that I will seek my retirement in October or November 1963. I have declared will remain unchanged." Bonn politicians took heart. Not once in the program did he mention the word December.

YUGOSLAVIA

How to Win Job Security

Like many durable dictators, Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito preserves his one-man rule by the simple expedient of holding down the key jobs himself. He is Secretary-General of the Communist Party, supreme commander of the armed forces, and chief of state. As if that were not enough, Belgrade's complaisant Federal People's Republic unanimously approved a new national constitution last week giving Tito the presidency for life.*

While his handsome wife Jovanka beamed down from a visitors' box, Tito strode into the hall to the cheers of the crowd and sat gravely through a formal reading of the new charter. Afterward, looking remarkably fit for a man who will be 71 next month, he happily autographed copies of the constitution.

In addition to sanctifying Tito's supremacy, the document included other novelties. A new Assembly will be composed of no fewer than five chambers, each with its own specialty. One will deal with economics, others with education, social, general administrative, and federal matters. For the first time, there will

* Spain's Francisco Franco is the only other dictator with legal life tenure as chief of state. Ghana's strongman President, Kwame Nkrumah, was voted permanently into office in September, but His High Dedication modestly vetoed the gesture, preferring to rely on elections—a safe enough gesture since the country is officially a one-party state.



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF IDEAL NUCLEAR FORCE
Not as long as De Gaulle is around.



U.A.R.'s NASSER (CENTER) AT UNITY CONFERENCE
Would it work any better this time?

MIDDLE EAST NEWS

be a Premier and a Vice President, although neither one is designated to succeed Tito in the event of his sudden death. Their powers will be strictly limited. Under the new constitution, the Communist Party remains the "fundamental initiator of political activity."

MIDDLE EAST

Union Now

The Arab world last week reeled in a delirium of joy. Damascus Radio repeatedly shrieked, "*Ahlan Bil Wahda!*" (Welcome to union). When Syrian soldiers sent bursts of tracer bullets streaking against the night sky, the radio announcer hastily told his excited listeners that it was not revolution but jubilation. THE DREAM HAS COME TRUE! headlined a Beirut paper. Aleppo nearly exploded; its main streets became a sea of screaming humanity, and cars inched along honking their horns to the rhythm, "Nas-ser!"

Algeria's Premier Ahmed ben Bella called that this was "the most wonderful day of my life!" and Yemen's strongman, Abdullah Sallal, hailed the "outstanding historic event." Cheering crowds milled through Aden and Kuwait and Baghdad.

Festering Wound. What thrilled the Arab world was the Cairo announcement that Egypt, Syria and Iraq had at last agreed to unite in a tripartite federation. The terms of union were far stronger and more centralized than Arabs, or anyone else, had expected. There had been much talk of a loose association of nations moving slowly over the years toward actual union. But the pulsing enthusiasm of the moment apparently swept aside much of the earlier restraint.

A few dozen men in Cairo were groping for the political blueprint for a nation stronger, richer and more powerful than any Arab state for centuries past. If it all works out, the proposed new Middle Eastern power complex will cover 6,200,000 sq. mi., stretch from the borders of Turkey and Iran to Sudan and Libya, from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean and far down the Red Sea coast. It would have a population of 40 million people (expected to reach 50 million by 1985, greater than the largest nation of Western Europe) and a total gross national product of \$5.7 billion.

Hero of the hour was Egypt's President

Gamal Abdel Nasser. Better than any man, he knew that, on the historical record, the odds were against success. Time and again, the cherished dream of Arab oneness has been shattered on the irrationality of Arab behavior, on personal rivalries, ambitions, class differences and complicated Levantine intrigues. Amid shouts of Arab joy, Egypt and Syria forged the United Arab Republic in 1958, only to see it collapse in a welter of bickering three years later. During the past five weeks of negotiations in Cairo, rumors spread of wrangling and dissension between Nasser on one side and the Syrian and Iraqi leaders of the Socialist Baath Party on the other. Both picked at the "festering wound" caused by Baath's breakup of the earlier, ill-starred union of Egypt and Syria in the United Arab Republic. Each put the blame for failure on the other.

Finally, at a plenary session in the gilt-and-cream great hall of Kubbah Palace, Nasser proposed a sharing of guilt. "The presence of Baath in the Arab homeland is a necessity," he declared. "The resignation of the Baath ministers from the U.A.R. government in 1961 was a mistake. Accepting the resignations was also a mistake." The Baathist delegates clapped and cheered this burying of the hatchet. In a startlingly un-Arab spirit of amity and compromise, both sides accepted the other's good faith and minimum terms.

Cheerful Borrowing. The points of agreement announced by Egypt's Premier Ali Sabry include a federal state retaining the name of the United Arab Republic, with Cairo as its capital. All citizens would share one nationality, but each of the three regions would be self-governing and in control of its separate economy. The overall government based in Cairo would have a single President (almost certainly Nasser), a presidential council with members from each region and a bicameral legislature: a House with one member for each 60,000 citizens, and a Senate representing the regions equally without regard to population. The Arab press cheerfully admitted that much was borrowed from the U.S. Constitution because it provided the "ideal form of union as proven by experience."

Sticking point is Nasser's insistence on a single political party for the whole

U.A.R., modeled on his own Arab Socialist Union in Egypt. Since this would swallow up and probably destroy the Baath movement, Baathists have held out for a looser, more representative system, including the Baath-created National Front in Iraq, and the Baathist-Nasserite Unionist Front in Syria. In the end, Nasser would probably have his way on this, as on other limitations to political democracy. A Cairo spokesman explained, in a phase definitely not borrowed from U.S. democracy, that "freedom will be guaranteed to the people, but not to the enemies of the people."

There are many lesser matters still to be decided. Committees would be assigned to work out details of currency, customs, postage, diplomatic and other policies. Foreign affairs would be under the new U.A.R. government, and embassies abroad would be merged. The U.A.R., however, may try to hang on to its three United Nations seats in much the same way that the Soviet Union controls the votes of the Ukraine and Byelorussia.

Freed Slaves. Many observers suspect that this new ship of state may go swiftly on the rocks, but few of them are in the Arab world. Twelve members of oil-rich Kuwait's 50-man legislature formally requested unity with the U.A.R. Even Nasser's traditional enemies, the monarchies of Jordan and Saudi Arabia, made efforts at reconciliation. Jordan's King Hussein discreetly let 36 Nasserite and Baathist political prisoners out of jail and sent off friendly feelers to Nasser. In Saudi Arabia, alarmed by a pro-Nasser demonstration that cost 19 lives, Premier Prince Feisal tried to modernize his regime by allotting \$1,200,000 as compensation to slave owners who would free their chattels.

At week's end Cairo Radio was spreading word of a cease-fire by mutual agreement in rebellion-torn Yemen. It said that Saudi Arabia was preparing to stop supplying the royalists supporting ex-Imam Badr with money and munitions, while Nasser may withdraw a token contingent of his 28,000-man Egyptian expeditionary force by April 20. Though Nasser's broadcasters are not the most reliable sources in the world, things may well come to this, for without doubt Jordan and Saudi Arabia—and all other Arabs—are becoming increasingly anxious to avoid angering Nasser.



WERNER



TONY ARIEN

LUXEMBOURG CAPITAL
When cats fight, kittens should be quiet.

LUXEMBOURG

Millennium in Camelot

On an April day in 963, Count Sigfroi, a Wagnerian warrior from the Ardennes, raised his banner over a fortress on a formidable rock above the Alzette River in the eastern Frankish empire. Though Sigfroi's wife soon vanished—she turned out to be a water nymph—and his fortress crumbled, the fief he founded proved as durable as it is diminutive. It is formally known today as the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and, though international surveys often omit its statistics entirely, it is a thriving charter member of the European Coal and Steel Community and the Common Market, as well as the smallest country in the United Nations, in whose behalf it sent an armed and eager platoon to Korea in 1951.

Last week, as they marked their country's 1,000th anniversary, the solid, easy-going Luxembourgeois looked forward to a long summer of low-key celebration, including a dog show, endless wine festivals, an international stamp exposition, and a visit by two planeloads of kinfolk from Chicago, which is said to boast more Luxembourgeois than Luxembourg (pop. 320,000).^{*} The mystery is why they ever left in the first place.

Dial 219-61. The Grand Duchy today is a sort of constitutional Camelot. It boasts 130 castles (but no university), pristine forests where wild boar are still hunted, crystalline rivers that teem with crayfish, trout and, of course, water nymphs. The Luxembourgeois, who are walking advertisements for their cuisine (famed specialties: thrush pie and partridge canapé), brag that it is "French in quality, German in quantity." In other respects as well, they claim to have Europe's highest living standards. There is neither unemployment nor slums; illiteracy was banished in 1847, and the duchy's booming steel industry is one of the world's most productive. "Luxembourg,"

its citizens say with satisfaction, "belongs to the Luxembourgeois."

Politically, Luxembourg is a family-style democracy in which street cleaners greet the Prime Minister by his first name. If a citizen gets mad at the government, he has only to dial 219-61 to hear a telephone operator reply, "The Government," and direct him promptly to the appropriate official. For economy's sake, virtually every member of the Cabinet runs at least two ministries. Premier Pierre Werner, 49, who is also Minister of Finance, is a genial, tireless Christian Socialist who bustles around the country in an ancient official Buick as connoisseurs as if the Grand Duchy—all 999 square miles of it—were about to melt away altogether.

A Lot to Offer. Actually, political crises are few and far between in placid Luxembourg. Through tactful treatment of minorities, the government has avoided the fate of neighboring Belgium, where bitter antagonisms between Flemish and French-speaking citizens are a constant threat to stability. The Luxembourgeois, who speak French, German and a gobbledeygish called *Mosel-fränkisch*, do not even have an official language. They are 96.9% Catholic, but the government pays the salaries of the country's sole rabbi and its only Protestant minister. Even the country's few Communists profess loyalty to the royal family. Titular head of state since 1919 has been the handsome, highly esteemed Grand Duchess Charlotte, 67, who later this month will pay her first official visit to the U.S. since she escaped in World War II to head her government in exile.

Indeed, though they put up a heroic resistance against the Germans in two world wars, in peacetime the Luxembourgeois keep to themselves as a matter of principle. Some Western diplomats would like to see the country play a more assertive role in world affairs. "They have a lot to offer," argues one. "Internationally, Luxembourg is the voice of 20th century Europeanism, the voice of reason in the Common Market, NATO and the U.N. But it is too modest." In fact one of President Kennedy's underlying reasons for inviting the Grand Duchess to Wash-



EDOUARD KUTTER & FILS

GRAND DUCHESS CHARLOTTE

ington is to suggest that Luxembourg should use its moderating influence more readily. But the Luxembourgeois are not likely to change their ways. "When cats fight," they explain, "kittens should stay out of the way."

RUSSIA

The Wolves

Like wolves in winter, the circle of Communist critics tightened around brash young poet Evgeny Yevtushenko last week. The Kremlin announced a full meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee next month to discuss "ideological" matters—meaning the crackdown on Yevtushenko and other maverick intellectuals. The official organ of the Moscow Writers Union, *Literaturnaya Rossiya*, backed a reader's suggestion that Yevtushenko be thrown out of the union—a move that would reduce the high-living poet to poverty, since state publishing houses would no longer accept his work. Even Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin joined the wolf pack snarling at Yevtushenko's heels. Following up earlier attacks on the poet for daring to evade Soviet censorship by publishing his autobiography in France, Gagarin said the act demonstrated "an unforgivable lack of responsibility."


HUNGARY

"While We Wait"

For Hungarian writers and artists, whose demands for freedom inspired the 1956 revolution, word of Russia's restalinization of culture at first caused a bad case of jitters. Yet last week, in striking contrast to the clamp-down in Moscow, Budapest seemed almost relaxed. Said Cultural Commissar Istvan Szirmai: "The party will be tolerant. All artistic and literary creations which are not anti-Communist will be allowed."

Hungarian intellectuals earned their

* Many also emigrated to New England, notably Franklin Roosevelt's maternal ancestors, the Delanos (originally Delanois), whose old castle in northern Luxembourg now houses a first-class hotel.



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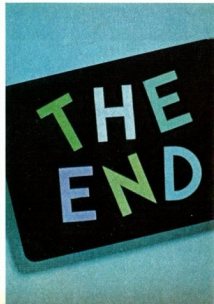
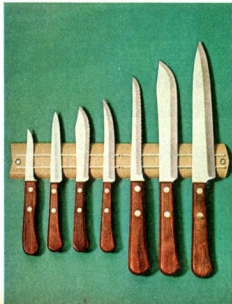
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The logo consists of a dark blue pentagon with a white border. Inside the pentagon, the text "B.F. Goodrich" is written in a white, serif font. The "B.F." is smaller and positioned to the left of "Goodrich".

B.F. Goodrich

JORDAN

Cloudburst at Petra

John William Burgon, a 19th century British clergyman and minor poet, wrote a memorable line when he described ancient Petra as "a rose-red city half as old as time." Romantic, inaccessible, it lies in the midst of a vast desert in southern Jordan, and today, as always, its only approach is through a deep, narrow gorge called the Siq, which tradition says was created when Moses struck the rock with his rod. From 300 B.C. to A.D. 100, when Petra flourished as the caravan capital of the Nabataeans, the Siq made the city impregnable, since a few men in the serpentine gorge, only no more than two yards wide, could hold up an army. Today, the narrow three-mile course is traveled by thousands of tourists who go to gaze at the elaborate tombs and temples built into rock that is colored crimson, sepia, brown and violet, like watered silk.

Desert Sprinkle. Two parties of foreigners reached the entrance to the Siq one day last week, eager to journey the remaining three miles to Petra. The first was a group of 23 Frenchwomen making a Holy Land pilgrimage under the tutelage of a Parisian priest, Abbé Jean Steinmann, 52, vicar of Notre Dame; the second was a larger group of Italian pilgrims. The French party gaily entered the Siq gorge just as a sprinkle of rain began to fall. Four were traveling in a Land-Rover, the rest on foot.

Suddenly, the light rain became a cloudburst—the worst in arid Petra's recorded history. Within half an hour, torrential floods were streaming down from the hills and cliffs and pouring into the Siq as into a funnel. One Italian pilgrim said, "We heard shrieks and cries within the ravine, as the muddy cascade of water rushed by us. We saw the little car with the four women and the driver swept along by the torrent and then submerged. In an instant, they all disappeared in the floodwaters raging along at perhaps 60 miles an hour."

Prayers on the Ledge. Two young Frenchwomen, who were dawdling along behind the party, heard the roar of the oncoming flood and managed to scramble up the rock wall to a ledge 12 feet above the ground. "The water rose higher and higher," said one. "It gradually reached our feet, then our knees. We could not see the others, but we heard their cries. Soon we heard nothing but the thundering water. We clung to the ledge and prayed."

Those two were saved, but when the flood subsided three hours later, the muddy floor of the gorge was littered with sodden, battered bodies—Abbé Steinmann, two Arabs (a guide and a driver), and 21 Frenchwomen. Petra police flashed word of the disaster to Amman and, dropping

© A famed Biblical specialist, Abbé Steinmann wrote several books on the prophets, but in 1961 his *Life of Jesus* was placed on the Vatican's Index of banned works, and a year later the church forbade him any further Biblical publications. However, Abbé Steinmann remained vicar of Notre Dame.

everything, King Hussein flew his helicopter to the Siq gorge and personally directed operations. The two survivors were rushed to comfortable quarters in Hussein's Basman Palace. The 22 others, who never quite reached the rose-red tombs of Petra, were embalmed for air shipment and burial at home in France.

CORSICA

Jesus for a Night

And He bearing His cross went forth . . .
—St. John 19:17

Promptly at 9:30 p.m. on Good Friday last week, a grotesque lump of a man emerged from the medieval Roman Catholic church in Corsica's olive-growing village of Sartène. Barefoot, masked in a blood-red hood with eye slits, the bent figure staggered under the weight of a massive oak cross. From his right ankle dragged a clanking, 31-lb. chain. And from under the hood came an anguished, muffled chant: "*Perdono, mio dio . . . Perdono . . .*"

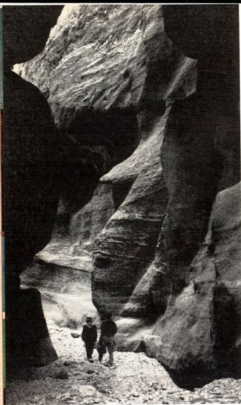
Thus, as it has every spring since the Middle Ages, began one of the world's most brutally powerful Easter Week processions. The hooded figure was that of a conscience-stricken French sinner whose identity was known only to the local curate, Father Jean Baptiste Scutti. From wherever he had come, the man was there voluntarily to atone for his sins by enacting the role of Christ making his way to Calvary. To Corsicans, as always, he was known only as *Le Catenacciu* (The Enchained One).

So popular is the part that it is booked solid for the next 40 years by applicants from as far away as Madagascar. The list includes gamblers, adulterers, ex-convicts—all seeking peace of mind. With it, they get an awful lot of exercise. The procession, chuckles Father Scutti, "is no evening promenade." In last week's mock trip to Calvary, a short, fat man grunted and puffed as he bore the cross along a mile-and-a-half route. Coming out of the church, the *Catenacciu* got his huge load stuck in the doorway. Then, as he stumbled along dirt paths and darkened, cobble streets, struggled painfully up flights of ancient granite stairs, his bare feet began to bleed. Throngs of villagers and 15,000 tourists in Sartène for the occasion gathered along the route to jeer. Three times the *Catenacciu* fell under his burden, and each time a fellow penitent playing the part of Simon of Cyrene whispered fiercely: "Get up! You asked for this!" At last it was all over, and as The Enchained One was whisked away in Father Scutti's Renault, candles were lit in every Sartène window.

SOUTH KOREA

Silent Sam, the Pressure Man

The White House put the squeeze on the Blue House last week, and South Korea's month-long political crisis vanished—for the moment. Bowing to Washington's wishes, General Park Chung Hee, who occupies Seoul's blue-roofed presiden-



THE GORGE OF THE SIQ
No sound but the thundering water.

meager allowance the hard way. Communist Boss Janos Kadar, after betraying his country to the Kremlin during the uprising, for four years tried to whip the country into submission by brutal use of police terror. But Kadar eventually learned that he could not force the sullen Hungarians to cooperate. With his civil service in tatters and economy a shambles, he gradually relaxed controls, even began naming non-Communist experts to key industrial jobs. "He who is not against us is with us," said Kadar in late 1961. Such relative leniency in a Communist state at last earned Kadar a measure of grudging acceptance from the population; fortnight ago he took his biggest step yet by releasing the last group of revolutionary leaders who were still in jail (although up to several hundred rank-and-file Freedom Fighters are still believed to be behind bars), and by setting the stage for the release of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty from his refuge in Budapest's U.S. legation (TIME, APRIL 12).

Happy enough to be outside the cells, Hungarian intellectuals, traditionally an enthusiastically undisciplined bunch, avoided provoking fresh trouble; for one thing, they know that Soviet tanks are always ready to rumble into the city. As Laszlo Nemeth, a respected non-Communist author, puts it: "We Hungarians live today in a new apartment block which many people find ugly. It became clear in 1956 that the block cannot be demolished. While we wait behind the façade for its transformation into something better, let us at least make our own flats as habitable as we can."



How to tell when you've "arrived"

When the elevator
starter gives the
signal to go up...
as soon as you
get on.

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When you learn
that the sales outlook
is often improved
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tial mansion, agreed to let civilian politicians have their say until next autumn.

The victory belonged in large part to the man who relayed the U.S. pressure, short, wiry, U.S. Ambassador Samuel D. Berger. Called "Silent Sam" by the Korean press for his reluctance to make public pronouncements, Careerist Berger, 51, is a discreet, effective, behind-the-scenes diplomat. When General Park last month imposed a new ban on civilian political activities and announced a referendum designed to keep his military junta in power for another four years, Berger set about the task of convincing the general that he must abide by his pledge to Presi-

The \$5,000,000 Bingo Parlor

If prostitution is the world's oldest profession and gambling the most profitable, what have you got when you combine the two? A gold mine—or so South Korea's ruling junta thought when it dreamed up Walker Hill, a sprawling, 156-acre complex of gaming tables and hot-pillow hotels designed to entice the tourist trade and, not incidentally, the 40,000 U.S. troops stationed in Korea. Out to Manila and Macao went the call for croupiers, and four Americans from Las Vegas moved in to manage the action. But when it opened up ten miles

project officials to ban gambling, except for bingo and slot machines. As for girls, potential hustlers were told to peddle their wares elsewhere, though one Walker Hill official admitted that, "while we do not allow prostitution, we are not going to insist on couples producing a marriage license."

There was a mad rush to get the place ready for last week's gala opening, and guests were somewhat surprised to find that the showers worked, sheets were on the beds, and the roast beef in the dining room was not bad at all. But without its two major attractions, Walker Hill, in all its Motel Modrun splendor, was still half empty. Because of the junta's slogan, "Austerity for Progress," South Koreans were not allowed inside unless they came as guests of foreigners. This policy might have to be changed. As one observer put it: "If the government wants to make a go of this place, they'll have to let the South Koreans in—and probably the North Koreans too."



FLOOR SHOW AT WALKER HILL
Back in the U.S., Mom was nervous.

dent Kennedy 17 months ago to restore civilian rule in 1963.

Berger's lever was the U.S.'s annual \$500 million aid program to South Korea, without which Park's government could not remain solvent. To a steady stream of top Korean officials who came to the four-story U.S. embassy in downtown Seoul, Berger explained that the U.S. might have to re-examine its aid program unless Park let the civilians come back. To show that Berger was not bluffing, the U.S. recently delayed a promised \$25 million desperately needed by South Korea to pay for import purchases.

When Park finally caved in last week, agreeing to wait until September to decide whether to call for free elections or a vote on his referendum, civilian politicians were at first inclined to grumble at Park's compromise. But in fact, they needed that much time to organize their parties for an election campaign. The civilians knew who their most potent opponent would be: General Park himself, who no doubt would use the six-month postponement to build up a grass-roots political organization strong enough to help him switch from fatigues to flannels and take office as a civilian President.

outside Seoul last week, the Monte Carlo of the Orient proved to be little more than a \$5,000,000 bingo parlor with soda fountains.

The troubles for Walker Hill (named after the late U.S. General Walton Walker, who commanded U.N. forces during the Korean war) began when its architects, who had never designed a hotel, positioned bungalows so artistically—and precariously—on the hillsides that a good rainfall threatened to slide them majestically into the Han River; the management is now frantically planting trees to stop mud slides. Then public funds appropriated for the project mysteriously started turning up in private pockets; eight top Walker Hill officials are currently under arrest or investigation for embezzlement and bribery. So bad was Walker Hill's credit rating that Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong, whose band got \$60,000 for playing the opening two-week stand, "didn't even think of making plane reservations to come here until our fee cleared the bank back home."

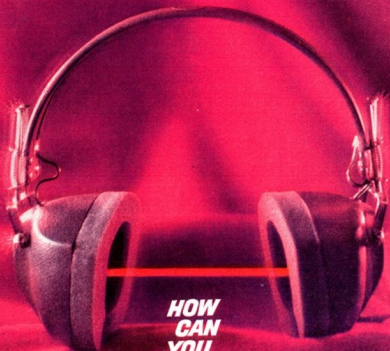
The worst blow, however, came when G.I.s' mothers back in the U.S. heard about the affair. Fear that the U.S. Army would declare the place off limits forced

CENTRAL AFRICA Colonialism in Reverse

Most British colonial governors ultimately reach the point where they stand by, erect and proud, as the Union Jack flutters down over some distant possession and the flag of independence is run up. As the new session of Parliament began in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, last week, the pattern of noble withdrawal was broken by Lord Dalhousie, Governor-General of the nearly extinct Central African Federation. Required by tradition to read the speech drafted by the local white government, Lord Dalhousie, resplendent in a plumed cocked hat and silver epaulets, delivered a sharp rebuke to Britain because it "has betrayed the people of the federation and has done them irreparable harm."

As if to rub the British Governor-General's nose in the federation's plight, burly Federation Prime Minister Sir Roy Welensky then rose to rail at Britain's "unparalleled treachery and deceit." Chin out, fists clenched, his voice trembling with anger, Welensky cried, "The interests of the white man and the ordinary moderate African in his thousands are being sacrificed in a long-drawn-out act of appeasement which puts Munich in the shade!" He charged that Britain intends the continent as a whole to "be handed over to racialism, whether the cost be a Congo or an Algiers."

What infuriated Welensky was that Britain has already agreed to give independence to the two black-controlled states of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, while reserving decision on Southern Rhodesia (where 250,000 whites currently rule 4,000,000 blacks) until an African conference is held this summer. In reply, Southern Rhodesia's Prime Minister Winston Field repeated his refusal to attend any such conference until he receives in writing from Britain's Deputy Prime Minister R. A. Butler a promise that Southern Rhodesia gets its independ-



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ence concurrently with either of the other two states.

Rab Butler's answer last week was that the conference settling the details of the dissolution of the federation must be held first, which makes the situation—like so many in Africa—appear insoluble. Fleeing a police rap, Southern Rhodesia's Black Nationalist Joshua Nkomo showed up in Tanganyika to declare his determination to fight the whole idea of Southern Rhodesia independence under white rule. Viewing the deadlock, Britain's *Spectator* commented: "What now exists in Southern Rhodesia is a colonial situation in reverse," that is, the Africans themselves earnestly hope Britain will retain what power it has, while the white settlers are demanding instant freedom.

MAURITANIA

Daddah Knows Best

When Mauritania won its independence in 1960, sovereignty and sand were about all it had. Sprawled across the lower Sahara on Africa's Atlantic hump, the arid nation is twice the size of France but has only 800,000 people and an average per-capita income of less than \$80 yearly. Nonetheless, since 1956 Morocco has been struggling to annex "the stolen sands of Mauritania," which it claims were illegally taken from colonial Morocco by French Army surveyors. Under the late King Mohammed V, a "Moroccan Liberation Army" even tried to "free" Mauritania; with support from Russia, Morocco managed to keep the new nation out of the U.N. for a whole year.

Defying Morocco, Mauritania's Sorbonne-educated Premier Moktar Ould Daddah, 38, has argued all along that there is no historical basis for union, and that the two countries have neither language nor ethnic origins in common. One by one, the former French colonies that backed Morocco's claims have all dropped out of the battle. Algeria's militant Ahmed Ben Bella allowed recently that Mauritania's nationhood is a "reality." Last week even neighboring Mali, which also claimed part of Mauritania and permitted pro-Moroccan guerrillas to raid the desert nation a year ago, finally buried the hatchet. With royalties beginning to flow into his treasury from big, Western-financed iron-ore mines, Ould Daddah cut off the \$4,000,000 annual subsidy his government has been getting from France, thus effectively answering African taunts that he is a "valet of the French."

However, even though there turned out to be gold (and iron) in Mauritania's sands, it has become increasingly plain that Morocco's pragmatic young King Hassan II does not share his father's fervent faith in a "Greater Morocco" and realizes, in any case, that its big neighbor is here to stay. Moreover, the King now has sufficient political strength to resist pressure from the nationalist Istiqlal Party, most dogged advocate of Mauritania's annexation. Last month, he decided to repatriate four prominent Mauritanian exiles who had been leading the campaign

against their country from Morocco for several years. In May, when Africa's leaders meet for a "summit" conference at Addis Ababa, Hassan is expected to make Morocco's new policy official.

LAOS

Beckoning the Undertaker

"The clouds are still hanging in the air and the weather looks bad," said a diplomat in Vientiane last week. His gloomy forecast was prompted not by the upcoming rainy season, but by the festering,

of gunfire, sliced off another chunk of neutralist territory at Xiengkhouang, just south of the plateau.

"Foreign Lackeys." Trouble began when the Pathet Lao, supported by the Viet Minh, opened fire on a group of Kong Le's soldiers fishing in their off-duty hours near the town of Khang Khay. Then the Reds advanced on the neutralist stronghold at Xiengkhouang, and launched a mortar barrage that forced Kong Le's forces out of the town. With full-scale civil war threatening to break out on the Plaine des Jarres, Kong Le evacuated the wives and children of his men to the Laotian capital of Vientiane, 120 miles away. As the bedraggled neutralist forces tried to fight their way back to the plateau from Xiengkhouang, the Reds attacked once more with artillery and bazookas, inflicting heavy losses on Kong Le's troops.

The treacherous Red attacks completed the political transformation of Kong Le, who once was the darling of Moscow and Peking. Two and a half years ago, Kong Le had joined forces with the Pathet Lao on the Plaine des Jarres and with them demanded the withdrawal of all the Western troops in Laos. But consistently neutralist, Kong Le today is as bitterly opposed to Viet Minh intervention in Laos as he had been to the presence of U.S. military advisers last October. Fortnight ago he raged that the Viet Minh were "foreign lackeys" who hoped to make Laos their base to spread their evil policies throughout Southeast Asia.

Heart in France. Last week Kong Le was desperately urging his old right-wing foes to send troops to his aid on the Plaine des Jarres. But ineffectual neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma feared that any such determined action might ungle his tottering left-right-center coalition. Souvanna could not even keep order in Vientiane, where last week another top neutralist—the second in a fortnight—was gunned down in his own house. "I don't know which foot to dance on," said Souvanna plaintively. "I wish I was on the seashore in France with my family."

At week's end, after the Reds had consolidated their hold on Xiengkhouang, the International Control Commission of Canada, Poland and India, which had been set up by the Geneva Conference to police Laotian neutrality, finally got approval from the Pathet Lao to fly into the Plaine des Jarres on a peacemaking mission. Meanwhile the U.S., shuddering at the prospect of another massive military commitment in Southeast Asia, was hopeful that the onset of the rainy season would stall off major hostilities.

The most that optimistic U.S. officials could hope for in Laos was a continued stalemate; realists felt, however, that an eventual Communist takeover was only a matter of time. "Asking what you can do sensibly about Laos is like asking a patient close to death to come in every two months to see what his doctor can do for him," said one ranking U.S. insider. "After a while, there is nothing you can do but call the undertaker."

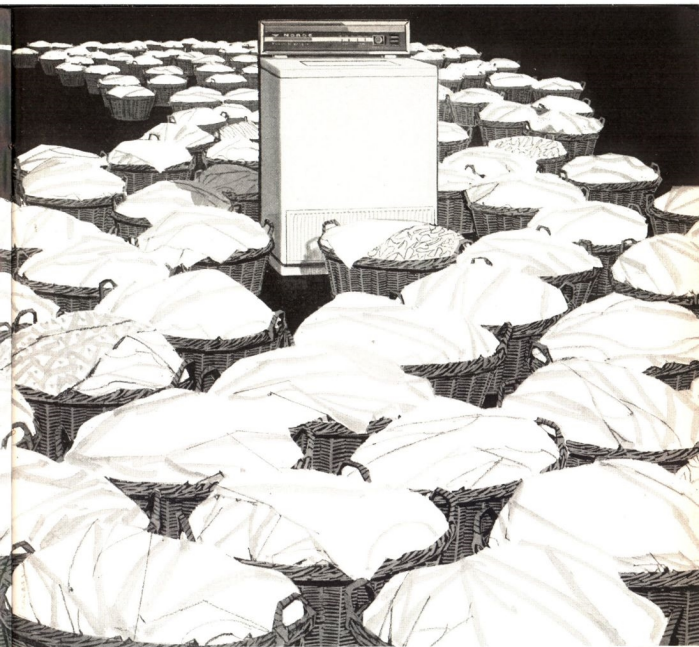


Communist-induced political crisis that is slowly turning "neutral" Laos into a Red satellite.

For months on the Plaine des Jarres, headquarters of both the neutralist and Communist Pathet Lao armies, the Reds have been slowly squeezing their former neutralist allies in an effort to drive them off the grassy plateau. Defying last summer's 14-nation Geneva accords guaranteeing Laotian neutrality, the Pathet Lao is still reinforced by Communist Viet Minh cadres from North Viet Nam; to the north of the Plaine des Jarres, Red Chinese troops are building roads linking China with Red-controlled Laos itself. Slowly the Communists have been pinching off supplies to Neutralist Army Leader General Kong Le and bribing his officers to defect. Last week, with Kong Le's food and ammunition rations down to the two-day level, the Reds, in a blaze



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Result: After a year's experience, the re-designed Norge automatic washer needed *half* as many service calls as the national average of all makes. And thanks to front service, repairs took *one-third* the time needed to fix other automatics.

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PEOPLE

"Bravo! C'est magnifique!" cheered Conductor **Pierre Monteux**, 88, but it was not for a flawless interpretation of Beethoven's *Ninth*. In Britain to conduct the London Symphony, the former leader of the San Francisco Symphony took time out to realize a boyhood dream—donning a dandy fireman's hat and watching a ding-dong drill put on by the London Fire Brigade. The maestro loves to boast: "In my home town, Hancock, Maine, I built them a depot and bought an engine, and the population is only 400, so I guess I'm chief of the smallest fire department in America."

A crowd of 500,000 welcomed Mexico's President **Adolfo López Mateos**, 52, home from his twelve-day "good-will journey" to Europe, the first official visit ever made by a Mexican President. On a five-nation swing "in the cause of peace," López Mateos adroitly balanced cordial visits to Yugoslavia and Poland with an *abrazo* for De Gaulle and a nice chat with old friends Prince Bernhard and Princess Irene of The Netherlands. West Berlin was on the agenda too, and there Mexico's "independent" foreign policy made sightseeing a drag. López Mateos had no time for Checkpoint Charlie, the Wall, or the memorial to 18-year-old Peter Fechter, killed last year by Red Grepes. Instead, Mexico's leader zoomed off to lay a wreath on the statue of the German naturalist Baron Alexander von Humboldt—one-time resident of Mexico and safely dead since 1859.

Next year's crop of Radcliffe College juniors will include one fetchingly regal transfer student, Sweden's **Princess Christina**, 19, accepted by the women's college affiliated with Harvard. The sports-minded princess enjoys ice skating and skiing, though her great interests are music, literature and theater. Christina's yen to be a "Cliffie" took shape last December after chats in Stockholm with



MONTEUX & FIRE FIGHTERS
A hail to the chief.

Harvard's Nobel Prizewinning biochemist, J. D. Watson. "She will be a real asset," said Watson. "I think she's going to be a very beautiful woman."

Freewheeling was the word for a U.C.L.A. conference to discuss, of all things, culture in California. First, Beatnik Chronicler Lawrence Lipton presented the Kennedys as a "press-made image of America's royal family." That went nowhere, man, so Author **Aldous Huxley**, 68, posed a quaint 20th century dilemma: "What should poets do about nightingales"—now that ornithologists have shown that the nightingale sings mainly to assert that he has "staked out his territory"? This seemed strictly for the birds, which left Movie Actor **Jack Lemmon**, 38, to bring everyone back to earth with a few well-chosen words on Los Angeles architecture: "The fact is, 80 to 90% of it is terrible. It's the ugliest city in the world. It's like sitting in a garbage pail."

Added to the staff of the Moreland Commission, reappraising state liquor laws in the wake of New York's recent licensing scandals: **John M. Dewey**, 27, Harvard Law '62, youngest son of former Governor Thomas E. Dewey. Will he follow in Dad's racket-busting footsteps to a political career? "Of course, I have thought about it, but I have no interest in politics right now."

"This is like Kafka," muttered tried-and-blue Comedian **Lenny Bruce**, 37, hung up at Idlewild Airport by customs officials after a fast round trip to Britain, where the Home Office denied him entry. His London nightclub booking set off a parliamentary furor—"If we want four-letter words," sniffed a Tory M.P., "we can train our own people"—but that was

the least of Lenny's worries. Back home, he was booked solid. Appealing a one-year jail sentence for an obscenity conviction in Chicago, he faced a similar charge in California, plus two narcotics raps. Wherever he roamed, Lenny seemed to be in crisis transit.

Rudolf Bing, 61, and the Metropolitan renewed his contract as general manager for another four years, giving him 17 seasons at the Met, a tenure second only to that of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the Italian-born maestro who ruled from 1908 to 1935. "I thought it was a big job when I came, and it has grown even bigger," said Bing, looking forward to the Met's 1965 move into sumptuous new quarters in Lincoln Center: "It's going to be beautiful, absolutely beautiful, and acoustically perfect. These next few years are going to be unbelievably busy for everyone—if we all live through them."

"Please don't," said the gentle old humanitarian as the boy moved to brush an insect off his sleeve. "That's my private ant. You're liable to break its legs." Thus, at his jungle hospital near Lambaréné, in Gabon, **Dr. Albert Schweitzer**, 88, showed that the years have not dimmed his credo of reverence for life. His visitors were St. Louis Ad Executive Lisle M. Ramsey and Ramsey's ten-year-old son Max. Representing a citizens' committee affiliated with Religious Heritage of America, Inc., Ramsey had trekked to Lambaréné to urge Schweitzer to undertake an eight-week tour of the U.S. "to inspire Americans." But Schweitzer, who this week observes his 50th year in Africa and still works up to 18 hours a day ministering to the sick, politely declined. "Time," he said, "is running out."

Separated from her husband since autumn, blonde Mercedes Douglas, 46, finally declared that she will divorce Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas**, 64, when she goes to their home in Washington State this summer. No dissenting opinion came from the judge, who



PRINCESS CHRISTINA
A royal "Cliffie."



MRS. WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS
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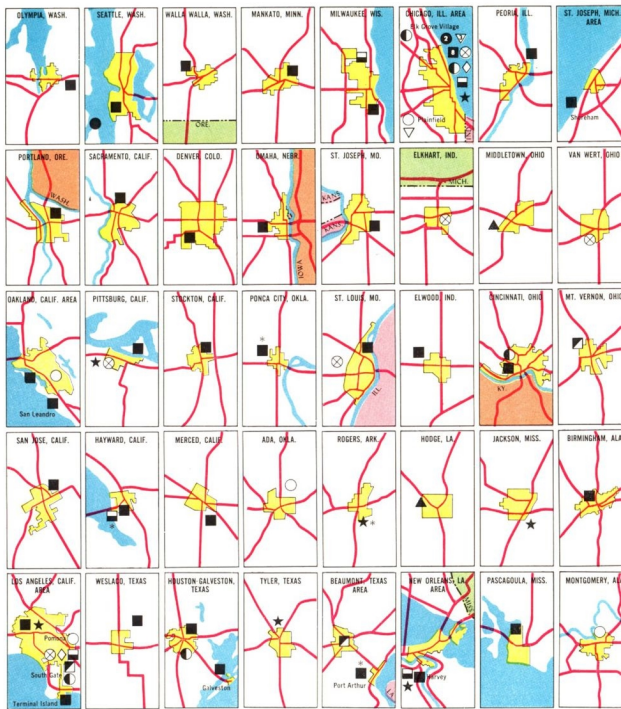
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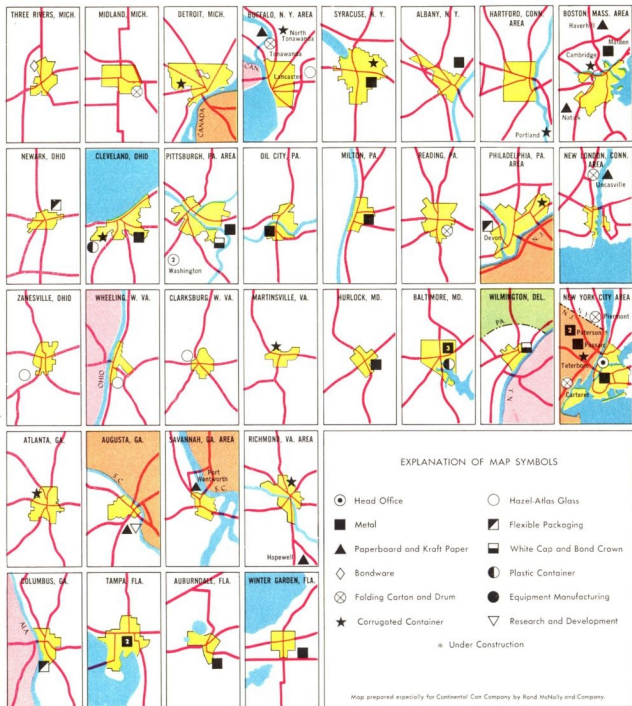
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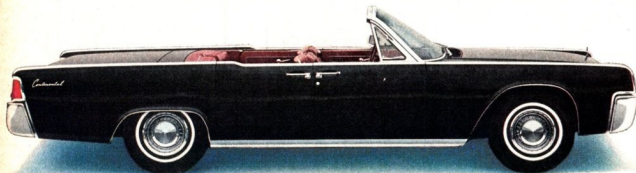


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cryptically advised: "Just put me down as no comment." In 1953 he became the first Supreme Court Justice divorced while serving on the bench, when his first wife Mildred charged desertion. The second Mrs. Douglas, a onetime research assistant on the Justice's staff, will specify grounds of "mental cruelty."

Signed to a long-term pact were Singing TV Star **Ricky Nelson**, 22, and his slick chick **Kristin Harmon**, 17, applying for a marriage license in Santa Monica, Calif., all set to wed on April 20. "I don't think 22 is too young to get married, if you have found the right girl," said Rick, and Kristin, daughter of former football great Tommy Harmon, looked right as



KRISTIN & RICKY
A security pact.

rain. Whether she will join Rick in *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet* remained to be seen, but with those clannish Nelsons gaining such a pretty new face, it seemed a safe bet.

His racing career began on the day of Grover Cleveland's first inauguration, more than 78 years ago, and now **Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons**, dean of American horse trainers, has decided to call it quits. Bent with spinal arthritis, he explained to friends and reporters at New York's Aqueduct race track that "I can't do things any more. People I should be hollering at, I walk right by them like they're not there."

On their annual four-day protest march to London, Britain's ban-the-bomb **Aldermaston Marchers** were snugly camped out at Reading when down swooped Scotland Yard, looking terribly grim. Wot's this? demanded the sleuths, and went around seizing a curious little pamphlet entitled *R.S.G.-6* from the marchers. It outlined British plans in the event of a nuclear attack, even pinpointed emergency centers of government in case London is destroyed—along with hints that the marchers might want to picket one such site along their route. Publisher: an outfit calling itself "Spies for Peace."



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"What We Are For"

"Let us say what we are for rather than what we are against," said Pope John XXIII last January, while proposing a new encyclical on world peace to a group of Vatican aides.⁶ It was a point well taken: too many papal pronouncements in the past have displayed a finger-wagging, negative tone. Perhaps because of John's injunction to think positive, work on the new encyclical, the eighth of his pontificate, went rapidly; the Pope was pleased with the first draft, had only to pencil in a few flourishes of his own. Last week

• **BETWEEN MAN AND MAN.** The search for world order must begin with the fact that "every human being is a person endowed with intelligence and free will." As such, he is endowed with certain inalienable rights: life, liberty, assembly and association, "free initiative in the economic field," a just wage and decent living standards. He even has a right to unmanaged news—"to be informed truthfully about public events." In one of the strongest papal statements in history on religious freedom, *Pacem in Terris* says also that "every human being has the right to honor God according to the dictates of an upright conscience, and there-

ties, give equal protection of the law to all men, and impartially provide such essential services as education and public health. It cannot unjustly prevent man's effort to better his lot in life: "State activity in the economic field, no matter what its breadth or depth may be, ought not to be exercised in such a way as to curtail an individual's freedom of personal initiative." There is no single "most suitable form of government," but natural law requires of any political system "that government officials be chosen in conformity with constitutional procedures and perform their specific functions within the limits of the law."

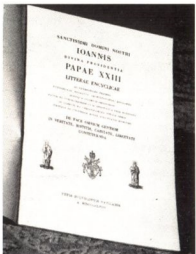
• **BETWEEN STATE AND STATE.** The same moral law that governs the relations of men also covers the diplomatic dealings of nations, which should be based on truth and justice. Citizens acting for governments cannot set aside their "personal dignity," nor "the very law of their being, which is the moral law." Nations therefore must eliminate "every trace of racism," drop all colonial ambitions, protect ethnic minorities and political refugees. Rich nations have the obligation to assist the poor; all nations should resolve their disputes by negotiation rather than war. Since "people live in constant fear lest the storm that every moment threatens should break upon them," world leaders must above all come to grips with the question of disarmament. "Justice, right reason and humanity urgently demand that the arms race should cease. That the stockpiles which exist in various countries should be reduced equally and simultaneously. That nuclear weapons should be banned."

• **BETWEEN STATES AND THE WORLD COMMUNITY.** The 20th century's extraordinary progress in science and technology has made one family of the world: national economies are interdependent, and the peace and security of one country necessarily depend upon the peace and security of all countries. In this new age, new political instruments may be needed, particularly "a public authority having worldwide power and endowed with the proper means for the efficacious pursuit of the universal common good in concrete form." This world government—which should not replace or limit the autonomy of existing political units—might well develop from the U.N. "It is our earnest wish that the United Nations Organization may become ever more equal to the magnitude and nobility of its tasks, and that the day may come when every human being will find therein an effective safeguard for the rights which derive directly from his dignity as a person."

The U.S.: "We Agree." At the traditional Holy Thursday reception for diplomats accredited to the Vatican, the Pope said that he hoped his encyclical "will be heard and understood by all"—and it seemed that it was. There was a chorus of praise from leaders of other churches, and U.N. Secretary General U Thant chimed in with "respectful homage" to the Pope for "his great wisdom, vision and courage." As a description of personal rights and the role of government,



POPE SIGNING ENCYCLICAL "PACEM IN TERRIS"
Order is the theme.



John XXIII signed and issued the 15,000-word document called, after its opening words in Latin, *Pacem in Terris* (Peace on Earth). It is the first encyclical addressed not only to the bishops and faithful of the Roman Catholic Church but also to "all men of good will."

With Right Reason. Order is the theme of *Pacem in Terris*, and the encyclical itself is appropriately a document both lucid and logical. In outlining his plan for world peace, Pope John relies heavily on two concepts dear to Catholic theology: natural law—man's God-given, innate knowledge of what is right and wrong—and right reason, by which man applies this knowledge to concrete situations. With these instruments, the Pope argues, man can see how order may be realized in human relationships.

⁶ Reportedly including the Vatican's Secretary of State, Amleto Cardinal Cicognani, who for many years was apostolic delegate in Washington; his principal assistants, Archbishops Angelo Dell'Acqua and Antonio Samoré; the Vatican Protocol Chief, Monsignor Igino Cardinali; and Monsignor Pietro Pavan, a consultant to several curial congregations, who composed the final draft of the Pope's 1961 encyclical on social problems, *Mater et Magistra*.

for the right to worship God privately and publicly."

These rights also carry with them proportionate duties. "The right of every man to life is correlative with the duty to preserve it; his right to a decent standard of living with the duty of living it becomingly; and his right to investigate the truth freely with the duty of seeking it and possessing it profoundly." Therefore man must respect the rights of his peers and cooperate with them in creating "a well-ordered, beneficial" political society.

• **BETWEEN MAN AND THE STATE.** Rights and duties can only be exercised properly in a free society, under government by and for the people. Where the civil authority uses "threats and fear of punishment or promises of rewards, it cannot move men to promote the common good of all." Nor can an oppressive government claim the allegiance of its subjects, for "it follows that if civil authorities legislate for or allow anything that is contrary to that order and therefore contrary to the law of God, neither the laws made nor the authorizations granted can be binding on the conscience of the citizens."

In acting on behalf of its citizens, civil authority must guard the rights of minori-

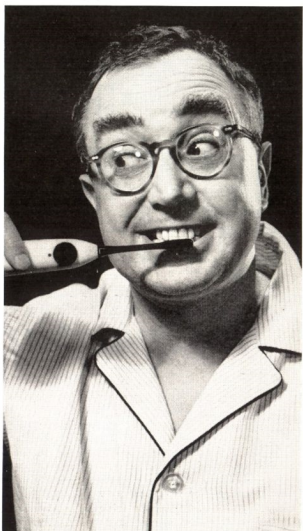


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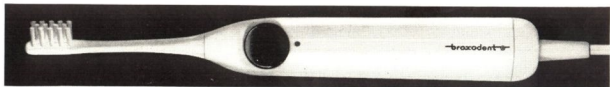
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Pacem in Terris so closely conformed to Western practice and ideals that the U.S. State Department abandoned its custom of ignoring papal encyclicals and said: "No country could be more responsive than the U.S. to its profound appeal to, and reassertion of, the dignity of the individual, and man's right to peace, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." An American diplomat in Rome exulted: "It embodies everything the U.S. has been working for. We couldn't agree with it more."

The words from the Red world were equally warm. Moscow's *Izvestia*, whose Editor Aleksei Adzhubei visited Pope John in March, made it clear that the encyclical met with favor in the Kremlin. Without waiting for guidance from Moscow, leaders of Communist parties in Italy, Belgium and France hailed the peace-loving tone of *Pacem in Terris*; Paris' *L'Humanité* called it a major step toward unity of action for peace, and Poland's *Zycie Warszawy* heralded it as an encyclical of "peaceful coexistence." These appraisals shrugged off the letter's strong rejection of totalitarianism, and concentrated on its espousal of those causes—such as the liberation of the working classes and anti-colonialism—that Communists like to talk about. The Vatican radio hastily said that the Communists were missing the point: the "central nucleus" of the encyclical was "the dignity of the human being, his rights, his duties."

More Startling Moves? The Red world may also have been impressed by the implication of *Pacem in Terris* that Vatican efforts to achieve a new accord with Moscow will continue—even though it put those efforts clearly into perspective. Pope John's recent overtures to Communist leaders are not an accommodation of church teaching with that of Marx, but a bold stroke of diplomacy intended to remind men of both East and West that a new era is dawning, requiring new policies. To Pope John, the world is in the midst of evolution, and political institutions need not be identified with the teachings that they stem from. Even if doctrines remain the same, the movements they foster "cannot avoid being subject to changes." Thus he notes, in what may be a forecast of even more startling moves by the Vatican, "It can happen that a meeting for the attainment of some practical end, which was formerly deemed inopportune or unproductive, might now or in the future be considered useful."

Pacem in Terris declares that the achievement of universal order depends upon the willingness of all men to meet for the attainment of these practical ends. The Pope summons the Christian believer, guided by prudence, to lead the way and become "a spark of light, a center of love" among his fellow men. But he also makes clear that one more quality is needed, "There can be no peace between men," he warned, "unless there is peace within each one of them; unless, that is, each one builds up within himself the order wished by God."

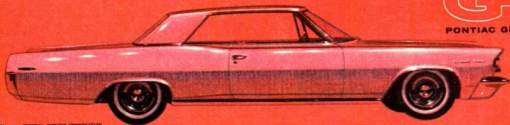


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David Rockefeller standing, George Champion seated. Photographed in the Chairman's office by Mark Shaw.

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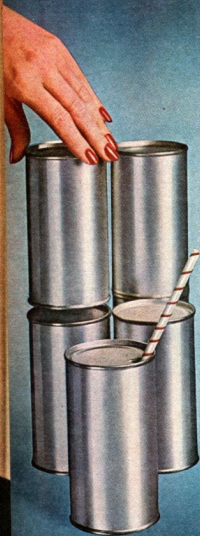
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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

The Emperor

The gait was unhurried, the paunch impressive as a Roman emperor's, the head massive as a Percheron's. Producer Sam Spiegel, to the strains of the theme music from *Lawrence of Arabia*, was advancing down the aisle of the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium to accept the Academy Award for Best Picture of the Year.

Sam Spiegel had traveled the red carpet toward the top Oscar twice before—in 1954 for *On the Waterfront*, and in 1957 for *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. And Central Casting itself could not produce a more classic prototype of the Hollywood producer. He chomps cigars, calls everybody baby except babies, speaks nine languages, all of them except his native German with a heavy accent. He is a hard man to work for. The story goes that when Writer Irwin Shaw was working on *Waterfront*, his wife awoke one morning at 3 o'clock to find her husband in the bathroom, shaving. What was he doing? "I'm going out to kill Sam Spiegel," he said.

Spiegel, a man whose self-made vision of his mission is clear and explicit, is serenely unperturbed by such minor rebellions. "The producer's job is to conceive a picture, to dream it up, to have the first concept of what a film is going to be like when it is finished, before a word is written, a part is cast, a director thought of. Most of the pictures I have made in recent years have come out quite close to the way I conceived them."

Next, Z. A. Nuck? It took Spiegel years to make the climb to this pinnacle of authority. At one point, back in the 1940s, he even changed his name to get there. Better known then for his lavish annual New Year's Eve parties than for the



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LAWRENCE SCHILLER

pictures he put out, Spiegel decided that what might hold true for roses was simply not so for him, renamed himself "for professional purposes" S. P. Eagle. Hollywood roared with laughter; sports referred to one Eagle picture as *The S. T. Renner*, suggested that Z. A. Nuck and L. U. Bitsch follow Sam's lead. But Spiegel played the game for twelve years, relinquishing the gag only when Director Elia Kazan told him *On the Waterfront* was good enough to risk his real name for. *Variety* headlined the news: THE EAGLE FOLDS ITS WINGS.

Sam Spiegel is as arbitrary about his background as he used to be about his name. Born some 58, 59 or 60 years ago in Jaroslau, Austria (now Poland), he studied at the University of Vienna, went to work as a "Young Pioneer" in Palestine. Sensing greater profits elsewhere, Spiegel became a cotton broker, traveled to the U.S. on business. In Hollywood he so charmed M-G-M Producer Paul Bern that Bern put him under contract as reader and adviser.

In 1930, Universal sent him to Berlin to arrange for the exhibition of the German version of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The film was banned when the Nazis bombed the theater opening night, but Spiegel ran a series of private screenings for Reichstag members and Nazi Leaders Hitler, Goebbels, and Göring. Over the Nazis' protests, the ban was lifted. But when Hitler came to power in 1933, Spiegel thought it best to flee to Vienna. Six years later, he returned to Hollywood with an idea for casting a picture with nothing but stars. *Tales of Manhattan* had nothing but stars to its credit, but Sam was on his way.

Oscars to Come? All through the Eagle years, he looked for the right big picture, found it in 1951 on a shelf in the Warner Bros. story department. Spiegel dusted off *The African Queen*, surprised filmland by casting it not with regular types like Robert Taylor and Betty Grable, but with a combination considered far-out indeed

—Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. *Queen* became the first Spiegel film to get an Oscar (Bogart's), and others trod hard on its golden heels: *Waterfront* won eight, *River Kwai* brought the total to 16. *Lawrence* made it 23.

Through it all, Sam spiegeled—a verb which has a special meaning for anyone who has worked for him. It means to soothe, cajole, or con another; a talking-out-of, a sleight-of-mouth operation. During the six months the *Lawrence* crew spent in the desert, many a worker cracked, more from Sam-than sun-strain. A typical mutineer's speech: "I'm through. I've had it. I quit. I'm going to tell Sam he can take his bleeding, bloody picture and shove it. I'm getting out of here in the morning." But next morning the rebel would be found still unpacked, explaining sheepishly: "Aw-w, I decided to stay. . . . But I gave Sam a piece of my mind." He had been spiegeled. *Lawrence's* Director, David Lean, alternately raged ("The s.o.b. doesn't understand me at all") or, spiegeled, praised ("I worked in Jordan for five months and never saw a foot of film. I didn't have to. I knew I could rely on Sam in London to tell me whether I was getting what I was after").

Arabia or Palm Springs? Spiegel, too, has got what he was after. He describes his esthetic attempts with a certain convolution more fitting to script-writing than speech: "I want to explore the variations on the theme of a man being basically in conflict with his own destiny, asserting his instinct for constructiveness, conflicting with the destructive forces around him." But his search for motion-picture reality is earnest: he built miles of roads in Ceylon while making *River Kwai*, hired 16 elephants to haul the 30,000 cu. ft. of timber used to build the bridge. "One Hollywood joker," says Spiegel, "said that 'If you like Palm Springs, you'll love *Lawrence*,' but the point is that *Lawrence* was great largely because it was obviously not

© Gregory Peck, Patty Duke, Ed Begley.



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made in Palm Springs." To ease the tensions inherent in making *Lawrence* in Arab Jordan, Spiegel, who is Jewish, bearded the country's ambassador to Washington. "I explained the aim of the picture, and the King got me a visa right away. We became quite good friends, the King and I," says Spiegel. "He visited me on the set and on the yacht."

Sam keeps his boat, all 300 ft. of it, anchored in some convenient Mediterranean port for just such purposes, claims. "I don't consider it extravagant. I work on yachts to save time." But much of his time is spent jetting between his penthouses in London and Manhattan. Surrounded by the talismans of success (a sunken marble tub, projection room, an impressive collection of French impressionist paintings), Sam lives the splendid life with his third wife, former Model Betty Benson. Last week Sam Spiegel surveyed his kingdom with a sense of joy. "I've never wanted more than pocket money," he says. No small desire for the man with the biggest pockets this side of Australia.

For the rest of Hollywood, Oscar night involved the usual savage sidewalk crush of fans, flacks and photographers, as well as the expected crises: Olivia de Havilland's Dior dress arrived via Air France only moments before showtime; Shelley Winters lost her dress and had to be hand-sewn into a last-minute substitute. M.C. Frank Sinatra forgot to apply the right sticker to his car, had to park it himself and make it to the theater on foot. Triumph of the evening: Joan Crawford. Announcing that she would make "my first appearance with the silvery look," Joan washed the red out of her hair, hired Designer Edith Head to create a grey little something to match, slung a chin-chilla around her shoulders, and topped the production with a ton of diamonds. Crawford's investment paid off with interest: as stand-in for Best Actress Contender Anne Bancroft (stationed cross-country in the Broadway production of *Mother Courage*), Joan emerged as the most photographed, autographed star in all that night's sky.

Other top winners:

- Best Actor: Gregory Peck (*To Kill a Mockingbird*).
- Best Supporting Actor: Ed Begley (*Sweet Bird of Youth*).
- Best Supporting Actress: Patty Duke (*The Miracle Worker*).
- Best Director: David Lean (*Lawrence of Arabia*).

OLD FACES

Innocent Delight

In the ten years since his last Broadway revue, Danny Kaye has made ten movies, formed his own charter airline service, traveled through some two dozen countries as ambassador at large for the U.N. Children's Fund, gained some weight and lost some hair. As he proved last week at the start of a month-long stand at

the New in New York



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Kaye's special quality is a generosity of spirit that is contagious. He plainly likes people, and even when he mimes their foibles, he does it with delight and affection. His jokes demand no butt and draw no blood; he neither (like Benny) lets himself play the fool, nor (like Hope) does he mock the foolishness of others. He intends no social criticism (like Sahl), finds no side to comedy but the comic. He has never (like Bruce) depended on Negro or Jewish dialect for laughs, knowing that the vulnerable do not enjoy being kidded. His comedy is eager and innocent; he plays to the child in Everyman, allowing no room in his spectrum for the off-color, no time in his world for anything



DANNY KAYE

Under the spreading psychiatry.

but the basic games of laughter, song and pantomime. While others find subject for sport in drugs, dames, madmen and sit-ins, Danny Kaye looks around, beyond and behind him toward a world where a Pinocchio of a man, his tongue cast in quicksilver, can get people laughing simply by reminding them of the children they used to be.

Kaye's best are still his standards, the git-gat-gittle song like *Minnie the Moocher* and *Ludwig von Stotchfritz*; no one but the D'Oyly Carte's Martyn Green has ever pattered half so perfectly. Though he laces his act with impossible puns and games ("That's the way De Gaulle bounces," or "Under the spreading psychiatry"), nothing diminishes the pure delight of his tour in a thousand dialects through the world's locker rooms, or his *Begin the Beguine* as sung by a matinee idol who can do everything but carry a tune. His routines include six chimpanzees and ten singers (the humans are taller), but mostly Kaye depends, as he always has, on his audience, elicits the responses he wants as surely as if he were playing a keyboard instead of rows of strange and private souls.

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. Y. C. 50 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.



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THEY HANDLED THIS KIND OF PUNISHMENT! These are the trucks that showed how tough they are on the toughest run under the sun—Mexico's Baja (*bah'hah*) Run—over terrain that punished new engines, frames, suspension systems, all components . . . harder than you ever will



CHIEF ENGINE & CHASSIS ADVANCEMENTS FOR '63

NEW HIGH TORQUE 230-cu.-in. and 292-cu.-in. 6-cylinder engines are more efficient and powerful than their predecessors, weighing less but able to pull more. **ALL CONVENTIONAL** light-duty models now have independent front suspension with new coil springs fighting road shock for the benefit of truck, load and driver, but requiring no adjusting. **REAR SUSPENSION** on $\frac{1}{2}$ - and $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton models is variable-rate coil which stiffens as the load increases and vice versa. Auxiliary rear springs are available for extreme service in Series C1 and C20 at extra cost. **ALL MODELS NOW HAVE LADDER-TYPE FRAMES**, fabricated of extra-high-strength steel. Parallel channel side

are called the **"New Reliables"**



THEY CAN HANDLE YOUR KIND OF WORK! You can be sure 1963 Chevrolet trucks are the strongest we've ever built . . . built to do the work you buy them for year after year at low operating expense with just normal care and attention.

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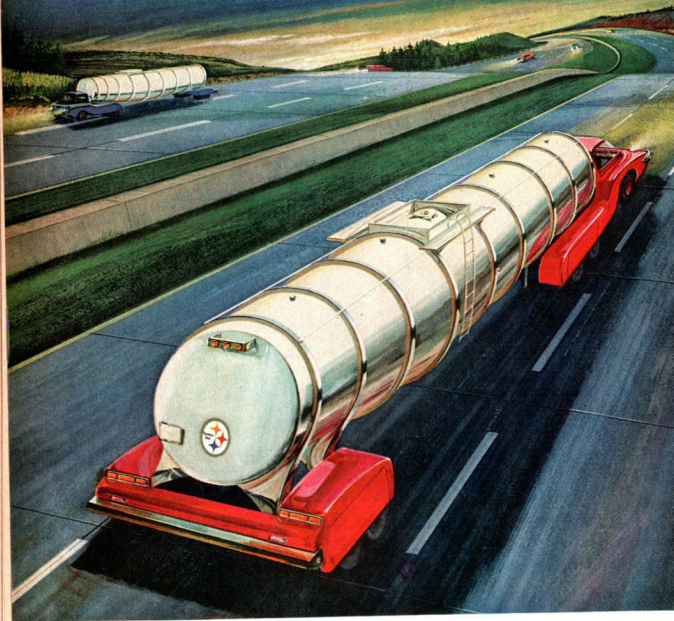


rails simplify special body installation. **SOLID FRONT AXLE AND VARIABLE-RATE SPRINGS** all around are now standard on all medium- and heavy-duty models. You get more spring action when empty or loaded light for a better ride; stiff spring action when loaded heavy for greater stability. Across the fenders, width is **UP TO 7 INCHES NARROWER** on conventional medium- and heavy-duty units. You can see better, maneuver easier in tight quarters.



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ALWAYS COST LESS**

INCO...EXPLORING NEW WAYS FOR NICKEL TO SERVE YOU



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Can you imagine a tank semi-trailer so easy to clean that you can send it out today with crude oil, and bring it back tomorrow with acetic or nitric acid...that can carry chemicals, petroleum and food products without fear of contaminating the product or corroding the tank...and that is also economical and light in weight?

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The new trailer was conceived by Inco, and designed and built under Inco's sponsorship. One of the country's largest carriers then gave the trailer a full year of rugged road tests which were successfully completed.

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INCO

INTERNATIONAL NICKEL



ELECTRONICS

Snooper-scope Television

The two men might easily have been mistaken for spies. In the damp night they parked their car carefully—down the road from one of the buildings of Lincoln Laboratory, the Lexington, Mass., research center that M.I.T. operates for the U.S. Government. Through the car window they sighted in on the lab with a

were not successful, mostly because of hastily assembled equipment. After many months of work, an improved transmitter pointed at Lincoln Laboratory from Mount Wachusett. The tiny gallium arsenide diode, only 0.01 in. in diameter, was placed precisely at the focus of a 5-in. reflecting telescope that concentrated its infra-red light into a tight bundle. On the roof of the lab, the researchers set up their receiver—the reflector of a 5-ft. war-surplus searchlight with a sensitive photocell at its focal point.

One night last winter, the entire experiment was ready. The men on Wachusett turned on the diode and reported their action to Lincoln Lab by telephone. Standing on the lab roof, Physicist M. John Hudson pointed a snooper-scope toward the mountain and immediately picked out the bright spot of light that marked the glowing diode. By telephone he told the men on the mountain to begin talking into a microphone and modulating the infra-red beam. The response came clearly across the cold night air and was picked up by the lab-top receiver. "I'm starting now." Those words had covered 34 miles, passing over an infra-red beam that carried only .005 watt of energy. It would take 1,500 such diode beams to equal the power used by a single flashlight bulb.

Potential Unlimited. For hours the scientists on Mount Wachusett declaimed joyfully over the remarkable beam. Next they turned on a TV receiver, tuned in a Boston channel and retransmitted the picture to the laboratory by infra-red rays. The results were more than satisfactory.

Gallium arsenide communication equipment is not yet on the market, but the diodes are easy to manufacture and should not be expensive. The rest of the transmitting and receiving apparatus is equally simple and cheap. But the potentialities are almost unlimited. If the world is ever afflicted with a choice between thousands of different TV programs, a few diodes with their feeble beams of infra-red light might carry them all at once.

AGRONOMY

Mechanized Plasticulture

On the scattered southwestern cotton fields, the slow, soft green of spring is sprouting against a strange background: glittering gridirons of broad black stripes. Paper-thin strips of polyethylene plastic stretch across the fields, warming the soil, conserving water, choking out weeds, protecting the land against the erosion of wind and rain. And if the coddled cotton crop that is even now poking tentatively into view grows close to its rich promise, its payoff may be the beginning of an agricultural revolution.

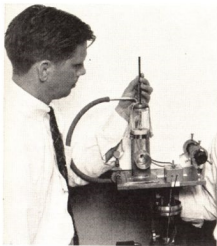
Help for Milquetoast. Polyethylene film has been used for years by truck farmers and up-to-the-minute home gardeners as a replacement for such traditional mulches as straw or sawdust. Spread on the ground in early spring, it has doubled

the yield of tomatoes, squash or muskmelons. But as long as it had to be laid out by hand, it was far too expensive for such big-time crops as cotton. And cotton, which is one of the milquetoasts of the plant world, cries out for all the help it can get.

This year experimental farmers are conducting the first large-scale tryout of mechanized plasticulture. A tractor huffs across the field trailing a 20-in. band of black film from a big roll. Two disks cut furrows under the film's edges, rubber wheels press the edges down, and another pair of disks covers them with soil. Planting is done by hollow cone-shaped spikes that punch holes in the film 8 in. apart and insert slugs of moist vermiculite (puffed-up mica) that contain a cottonseed and carefully calculated doses of fertilizer, insecticide and fungicide. Snuggled in the warmth and moisture under the film, the seeds sprout quickly and grow up through the hole. Cotton plants mature as much as one month early. Weeds that grow in the bare soil between the strips of film can be easily destroyed without hurting the cotton.

After a plasticultured crop is picked, the film is gathered by a picturesque machine called a "desert stern-wheeler"—a great canted wheel studded with spikes, that picks up the used polyethylene for burning.

Flashy Stripes. To buy the film and use it costs \$58 per acre, and savings in weed control average \$12 per acre. At



KEYES & DIODE TRANSMITTER
1,500 make a flashlight.

snooper-scope, a World War II device for spotting objects in the dark. And they saw just what they were looking for. "We're in!" exclaimed one of the men with ill-concealed excitement.

The two observers were stealing no secrets; they were checking on their own work. The bright gleam of infra-red light that they had seen through the snooper-scope bore out their suspicion that they had stumbled on a new and revolutionary kind of communication device.

The big breakthrough had come as Physicist Robert J. Keyes checked on the properties of a gallium arsenide diode developed by Lincoln Lab Engineer Theodore M. Quist. A less-than-gnat-sized electronic device that generates pure infra-red light when a small direct current is passed through it, the diode turned out to have an extraordinary property: the intensity of the normally invisible infra-red beam could be easily controlled by varying the strength of the current that generates it. Keyes speculated that if his little light beam was visible at any distance, it could be modulated to carry the human voice, or even the more complex frequencies of a television program.

From the Mountain. After that first, promising nighttime test, Keyes and his associates decided to try their diode light at longer range. They set up shop on the top of Mount Wachusett, a modest peak (alt. 2,006 ft.) 34 miles from Lincoln Lab. The first long-distance experiments



COTTON SEEDLINGS WITH POLYETHYLENE
\$38 per acre more in profit.

present prices for cotton, the grower would earn an extra \$38 per acre by using film. Spencer Chemical Co. and Union Carbide, which manufacture the film and have developed the machines, are so certain that experience with plasticulture will bring even greater benefits that they are spending fortunes in research for the future. If this season's adventurous farmers from California to Texas harvest swollen crops, a good part of the 14,500,000 U.S. acres that are planted to cotton is almost certain to be flashily striped with polyethylene by next spring.

COLLEGES

Unknown, Unsung & Unusual

Under the spring sun of the rolling farmlands around the northwestern Illinois town of Mount Carroll, tiny Shimer College wears a mask of nodding tranquillity. It might be some 19th century prairie academy trying to drive a little erudition into the neighboring pumpkins. Instead, Shimer is one of eleven U.S. campuses that have an ideal "intellectual climate" in the opinion of Syracuse University Psychologist George G. Stern, writing in the current *Harvard Educational Review*.

"Shimer has fewer courses than any college going," says its president, F. Joseph Mullin, 56, and he means it as a boast. Largely unknown and unsung outside the Midwest, Shimer (rhymes with rhymor) aims to be not a training school of the professions but a "community of scholars." The Episcopal-related college has no departments, and teachers move through the school's three areas—humanities, social sciences and natural sciences—as easily as do the students. The chaplain, for example, teaches drama.

The 32-man faculty (13 of whom hold doctorates) is free of the race for rank, since Shimer has no professors or assistant professors as such. At the same time, Shimer's students are free of the fight for classroom attention. The faculty recently cut the class-size limit down from 25 to 19, despite the fact that this would give some teachers as many as nine classes a day. The reduction was voted through

without a plea for increased salary—in fact, no Shimer faculty member has asked for a raise since 1954, and two men who were offered raises this year declined so that the money could be put in the school's general fund.

Nine Days of Exams. One in every five of Shimer's 275 students is an early entrant, some coming on campus after completing only two years of high school. Many of the college's top students either flunked or dropped out of other schools, but in Shimer's stimulating atmosphere came back to intellectual life. Students take three courses a semester, are encouraged to integrate the subject matter of one as fully as possible with the others. Because it is small, integrated in subject matter and undepartmentalized, Shimer can give year-end comprehensive exams that thoroughly test the student's total knowledge. Each "comp" takes an entire day. The first set of comps covers logic, rhetoric and analysis; the second, humanities, social sciences and natural sciences; and the third, history, philosophy and foreign languages. Only in the fourth year can students begin specializing.

The system works: in the 1959 graduate-record tests of seniors conducted by the Educational Testing Service, Shimer ranked first of 222 colleges in the humanities and natural sciences, tied for first in social science. Says the University of Chicago's dean of admissions: "We're always glad to get a student from Shimer."

Classes in Bistros. For most of its 110-year history, Shimer was just another women's junior college going nowhere. For

a while it became a feeder school for the University of Chicago. Then, in 1949, it woke up to find itself with an \$80,000 debt and only 65 students. The next year, Shimer adopted the University of Chicago's general education plan, went co-educational for the first time since the Civil War. But it took more than that to get the college moving.

In 1954, Joe Mullin, a burly, bespectacled physiologist with a West Texas drawl, came from a professorship at the University of Chicago medical school to become president of Shimer. By virtue of having taught doctors, he had one driving conviction—that professional men by and large are too narrowly educated, and need a broad liberal schooling before going into graduate schools.

Since Shimer has no endowment, Mullin began to pass the hat, now raises as much as \$150,000 a year as compared with the \$5,000 typical of the early '50s. He has doubled faculty salaries (the average Shimer salary is now \$6,100), and doubled the faculty too—always with an eye for the man who would fit his concept of a community of scholars.

"Corny as it sounds," says Chairman of the Humanities John Hirschfeld, "people here are treated as human beings. The most amazing things can happen to you." Two years ago, a group of Hirschfeld's students were weighing the pros and cons of a year of study abroad. They wanted to go, but hated to give up Hirschfeld's courses in humanities and history. "They got to talking with me about it," says Mullin, "and I said, why not just send Hirschfeld along?" He did, and a tenth of Shimer's student body got both Europe and its favorite teacher, who taught them mornings in Paris bistros. "And you know," Mullin adds, "they all did better on their comps than the rest of their classmates."

Mullin's thoughtfulness pays off in student seriousness. Said one Shimer boy last week: "You've got a responsibility to the instructor, the rest of the class and yourself. They expect something of you."

"Obscene & Indescent"

In one of the sharpest of the Nichols and May nightclub skits, Elaine May does a spoof on a Tennessee Williams heroine who is said to be guilty of "drink, prostitution and puttin' on airs." Last week at the University of Mississippi, a young painter and art teacher was charged with obscenity, indecency and puttin' on art shows.

To Painter G. Ray Kerciu, 30, assistant professor of art at Ole Miss, the sprawling painting he called *America the Beautiful* expressed all the raw violence and redneck inhumanity of last September's integration crisis at the university. Kerciu had watched the riots from his office window, and for two weeks afterward found himself unable to lay brush to canvas. But he wanted to express the drama of this turning point of state history. Normally a quiet, representational landscapist, Kerciu adopted the style of Manhattan Artists



SHIMER'S PRESIDENT MULLIN & STUDENTS
A community of scholars.



MISSISSIPPI'S KERFUZ AND PAINTING
A riot of local color.

CLAUDE SITTON—THE NEW YORK TIMES

Jasper Johns and Larry Rivers, who are fascinated by flags and labels, Kerfuz painted a big Confederate flag and plastered it with the slogans of the riots: "Impeach JFK," "Would you want your sister to marry one?" "[Scratched-out word] the NAACP." He hung the painting in a one-man show at the university's Fine Arts Center.

University Provost Charles Noyes ordered *America the Beautiful* removed, along with five other paintings equally riotous in local color. Then an Ole Miss law student, Charles G. Blackwell, who belongs to three Citizens Councils and has an eye on a Democratic nomination for the state legislature, brought charges against Kerfuz—desecration of the Confederate flag by "obscene and indecent [as the charge spelled it] words and phrases." Arrested by Oxford police, Kerfuz posted a \$500 bond, came out of jail to find that his associates on the traditionally timid Ole Miss faculty had rallied behind him and are planning to help him put up a hard fight at his trial early next month.

AMERICANS ABROAD

Getting Off the Base

Each weekday morning, a blue U.S. Air Force bus grinds slowly up the hills of Sonnenberg, West Germany, between ancient gabled houses and the ruins of a castle. At the Konrad Duden elementary school, it discharges a noisy load of American grade-school children from nearby Wiesbaden. Minutes later they are answering Frau Hertha Viehweger's questions—in easy, fluent German.

"Wieviel Tage hat die Woche?" asks the teacher. Hands fly up. "Die Woche hat sieben Tage," answers twelve-year-old Carol Ross, with just a trace of Boston in her eager voice. In the next classroom, Teacher Nancy Albaugh, an Ohio girl who

customarily works in the U.S. Air Force dependents' school in Wiesbaden, is getting 25 enthusiastic German children to tell about the days of the week in English. Later, the classes mix, sing alternate stanzas of *Go Down Moses* and *Nach grüner Farb, mein Herz verlangt*. After two weeks of Americans' visiting Germans, the German children come to the American school for a fortnight, and so it goes all year.

"A National Loss." Until recently, most of the 160,000 students in the Defense Department's overseas dependents' schools (which together form a system almost as big as Houston's) were insulated from the cultures surrounding them. In most American garrisons, servicemen and their families live in self-contained housing projects, shop at base stores, attend base movies and churches, scarcely taste the speech and culture of the unfamiliar country beyond the guardposts. In 1960, of the 30,000 pupils who were then enrolled in Air Force schools in Europe, only 980 were taking foreign-language courses.

This year, largely through the efforts of one man who wants to break down these barriers, the Air Force is combining the best of both worlds—Old and New. In the Air Force's European school system (which includes North Africa and the Middle East), more than 20,000 pupils are studying foreign languages in the style of Sonnenberg-Wiesbaden. John Anthon Carpenter, 31, the energetic coordinator of foreign languages for the system, believes that "to allow American children to live among foreign people without coming to know that people, its problems and greatness, is a national loss." Carpenter came to the coordinator's post nearly three years ago armed with a plan for eliminating that loss. Serving as a science and language teacher at Châteauroux airbase in France, he had seen how

quickly children learned a language when they were exposed to it directly. Carpenter's first step was to organize the Sonnenberg-Wiesbaden exchange program for third- to sixth-graders. The pilot project, while slow going at first, soon got into high gear. "After one year of this kind of direct instruction, the children lose all shyness," beams one of the participating Germans, Frau Viehweger. "They speak—naturally not quite correctly, but without inhibition."

On to Pakistan. The program spread rapidly. Carpenter is on the fly constantly (he has spent only seven months of the past two years at his office), making arrangements with local teachers and principals, talking to education ministries. He made 272 trips over the short road to the state capital at Mainz to close an agreement with the Rhineland-Palatinate authorities.

Conservative school administrators were skeptical that children of different nationalities could be instructed in the same school, reluctantly agreed to "occasional" visits. But Carpenter doggedly insisted that the language experience must be more than "a visit to the zoo," finally won the principle of at least three exchange visits a week. Pushing on to other countries, he set up language exchanges in Pakistan (for Urdu), Libya and Morocco (for Arabic).

He also expanded conventional language classes. To overcome the shortage of French instructors, he talked the French Ministry of Education into assigning some of its own teachers to Air Force schools, coaxed from the Ministry an offer of 35 scholarships to a seminar for French language teachers this summer at the University of Besançon. A recent Defense Department survey of dependents' schooling overseas found the general system to be riddled with shortcomings, but cited John Carpenter's persistent, polyglot language program as "deserving unique commendation."



LANGUAGE TEACHER CARPENTER
A taste of local culture.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Bowery Blood?

The patient, a 40-year-old businessman, had rheumatic heart disease. The condition called for one of the most radical and dangerous feats of modern surgery. In an operating room at Manhattan's New York Hospital, a team of surgeons laid the ailing heart bare. While it was being repaired, the patient required transfusion of no fewer than 23 pints of blood. After nearly three weeks, he seemed to be recovering. But then, mysteriously, his temperature shot up to almost 105° F. Tests showed him to be infected by *Plasmodium falciparum*, the bug that causes malignant malaria.

In the U.S., overt cases of malaria are a rarity. Rarer still are cases of the so-called malignant form. Rarest of all is a life-threatening case of malignant malaria contracted by a patient while undergoing treatment in one of the nation's major hospitals.

Doctors everywhere know that malaria is easily transmitted by transfusion, so well-run blood banks, like New York Hospital's, take every precaution in accepting donors. Trouble is, the hospitals often have to buy blood from commercial banks. Since the malaria parasites hide in blood cells at different times in their complex life cycle, and are then very difficult to detect, blood banks usually take their donors' word that they have never had malaria. In some cases, though, a donor's word is far from reliable.

Last week medical detectives were carrying on an intensive campaign to find the donor who was carrying the uncommon *falciparum* malaria parasites. Although the patient he infected has recovered after proper treatment, the blood donor himself may die if he is not treated in time, or infect other persons with additional transfusions. Of the 23 pints used at New York Hospital, 19 had come from regular hospital donors—medical students, nurses, technicians and outside contributors. All were tested and found free from malaria, as was one commercial donor. The three others could not be found at the addresses they had given. One of those addresses was on Manhattan's traditional Skid Row, the Bowery.

OBSTETRICS

Cutting the Cord Too Soon

The lungs of most newborn infants begin to work exactly on schedule. But among some babies, particularly the premature, the lungs fail to expand properly. The chest sags, breathing is rapid and the child turns blue. Many deaths during the first week after birth are attributable to this condition, which doctors describe as the "respiratory distress syndrome."

Obstetricians have long noted that babies suffering from such troubles either were delivered by Caesarean section, or were premature infants, or born of diabetic mothers. But in the A.M.A. Journal,

a group of pediatricians* from the University of California suggests that the most important factor is the time at which the obstetrician clamps and cuts the infant's umbilical cord.

The California pediatricians base their theory on a study of 129 infants. Among 41 whose umbilical cords were clamped before they took their second breath, 21 showed moderate to severe respiratory distress. In another group of 52 infants whose umbilicals had been clamped some time after the second breath, only six suffered the same symptoms. The condition



OBSTETRICIAN & NEWBORN BABY
Every breath counts.

of the infants who retained their umbilical cords longest was by far the best.

There are sound reasons, say the doctors, for a slowdown in cutting the umbilical cord. Delay allows a gradual change from fetal to regular circulation without putting stress on blood vessels in the lungs and elsewhere in the body. The carefree manner in which the newly born infant is "disconnected" from his mother, concludes the report, "is in sharp contrast to the meticulous care with which the thoracic surgeon separates his patient from the heart-lung machine."

CANCER

Statistics of Survival

Once they have a clue to the cause of a disease, medical researchers often make steady progress in the search for a cure. But not in the case of lung cancer. Doctors have long been convinced that cigarette smoking is a major cause. Dr. Isidor S. Ravdin reminded a California semi-

nar for science writers, but in the past decade the number of fatal cases of lung cancer has increased alarmingly. Death rates have shot up 73% in men and 18% in women. The death rates from other kinds of cancer have also increased—cancer of the kidney, 19% in males, and cancer of the pancreas, 24%; cancer of the ovary, 13%. And the medical profession, said Dr. Ravdin, can offer no explanation for the unfortunate statistics.

Speaking as the president of the American Cancer Society, Dr. Ravdin hastened to add that the news is not all bad. Death from cancer of the uterus, he reported, declined by 29% during the past ten years because of the widespread and successful campaign for annual physical checkups among women and because of the Pap test, which permits early detection. Mortality from cancer of the stomach dropped sharply (32% in men, 36% in women), perhaps as a result of changed diet.

No Change. The mortality rate of cancer of the colon and rectum could be much lower than it is, said Dr. Ravdin. Early detection and prompt treatment could save 30,000 of the 40,000 patients who die from it each year. But for breast cancer the formula of early detection and prompt treatment no longer seems to be the panacea it once was. "Despite all that has been done, the death rate from breast cancer has not changed one bit."

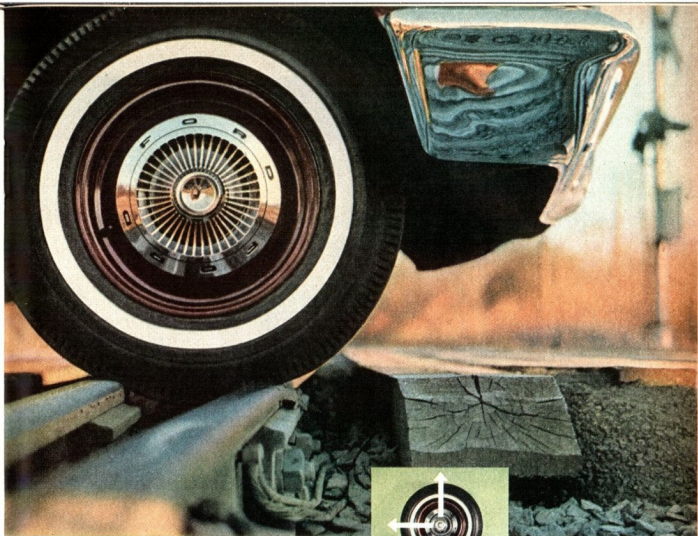
Leukemia's estimated rise to more than 15,000 new cases this year is also discouraging. But on the basis of overall progress, said Dr. Ravdin, "we are making challenging gains. Last year alone we saved some 44,000 cancer patients who would have died had they developed the disease ten years ago. We have the means at hand to save virtually all of the women who develop uterine cancer, and given ideal conditions, salvage those who develop cancer of the colon and rectum."

Other researchers added other statistics from the war against cancer:

► Leukemia, reported the World Health Organization, has strange geographic preferences that might contain some valuable clues to the origin of the disease. In the U.S., mortality from leukemia is 50% higher in cities than in rural areas. The disease generally seems to thrive in a belt stretching across the north of the country, particularly west of the Mississippi. In New York City, it occurs twice as often among the Jewish population as among Protestants or Roman Catholics. Mortality from leukemia is high in the U.S., Denmark and Israel but relatively low in France, Ireland, Italy and Japan.

► Wilms' tumor, a cancer that attacks the kidneys of children and is often fatal, is yielding to new treatment. Reporting at the Cancer Society seminar, Dr. Sidney Farber of Children's Hospital in Boston said that radiotherapy and surgery had previously been effective in 40% of cases, but in the other 60% death usually resulted because the malignancy spread to the lungs. Now an antibiotic (Actinomycin D) has been brought into the battle and, combined with surgery and radiotherapy, the drug has raised the apparent survival rate to 81%.

* Drs. Arthur J. Moss, Edward Duffie Jr. and Leonard M. Fagan of Los Angeles.



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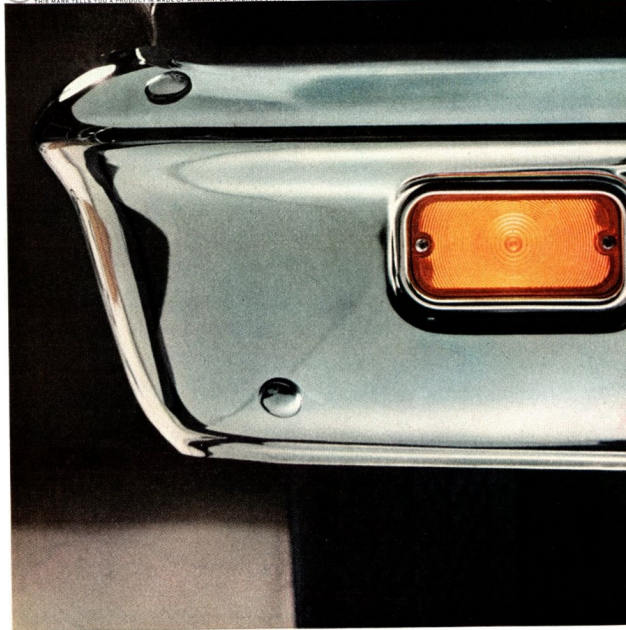
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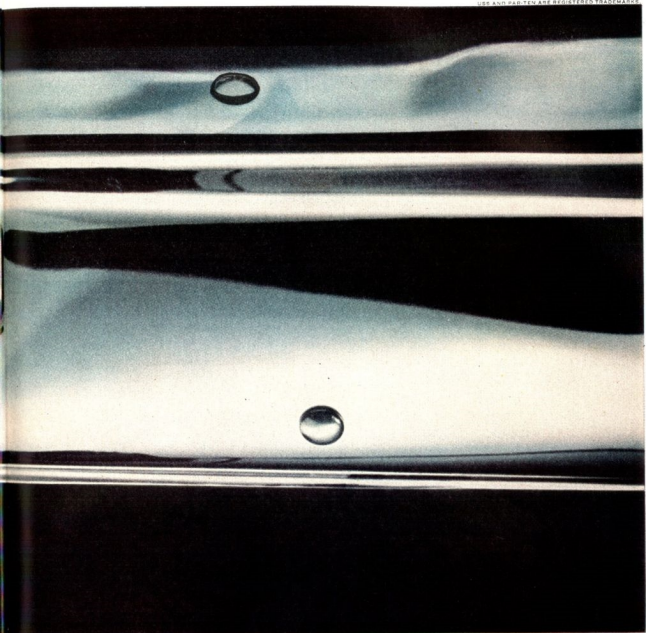


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J. EDWARD BAILEY

JAZZ

The Juilliard Blues

Inside the tight limits of musical formality, fresh ideas seem to die like birds blundering against a window. Pleasant enough music can still be written within the old boundaries, but its most pleasing aspect is likely to be its very familiarity. In their continuing search for an escape into originality, classical composers sometimes reach toward jazz, and lately they have begun to meet jazzmen coming the other way—in search of respectability. Though both schools share an adventurous spirit and an unsmiling sense of high purpose, the temptation that rules their encounters with one another is an unhappy one: the urge to make a lady out of jazz.

No Freedom. However much the classicists have tried, the collision of jazz idiom and classical technique has been mainly the work of jazzmen. Dave Brubeck has been an ardent explorer of quiet waters, but the classic case of the Juilliard blues afflicts John Lewis, whose fascination with the baroque and the *commedia dell'arte* has led his Modern Jazz Quartet into music of great cerebration and even greater anemia. Lewis' music often seems too fragile even to be called jazz; but now a new group of jazz composers has arrived with the claim that they are uniquely "serious"—a priggish way of saying that they've been to school.

The "serious" composers write what they call "classical jazz." Their music is based on jazz materials, but it is embroidered with twelve-tone technique and polyrhythms. Moving last week on the premiere of his *Forms 1963* at a classical jazz concert in New York, Composer David Epstein pointed out that his music left no room at all for improvisation, the enriching, defining ingredient of non-classical jazz. "The freedom of an older jazz style," Epstein wrote, "has given way to strict and careful musical planning."

This is like bragging that plucking a rooster makes him crow better. Though jazz composers and arrangers have shown that improvisation is not always essential to good jazz, the scores they write are

tailored to fit the styles and sounds of individual musicians. There are no standard jazz compositions that every musician is expected to play in the same way; the rhythmic subtleties that jazz requires defy notation by the composer.

No Swing. Jazz simply does not work unless it swings; and to swing, the beat must be constantly tugged and pushed across the familiar line of four-four balance until the real rhythmic message is felt more than heard. The time values involved are microscopic; big bands rarely manage to swing because the inner rhythms are blurred by imprecise ensemble playing; classical jazz cannot swing because the composer's notation is too rigid.

Beyond such problems, the jazz form is beguilingly simple. Its tunes are mostly based on four eight-bar phrases, the first two and the last identical, the third a "bridge" that resolves them all with a different, modulating melody. In small combo jazz, the first 32 bars are generally played in ensemble "head arrangements" the players have agreed upon; then comes an exchange of "blowing choruses" in which each player takes his turn "cooking" the melody, guided only by its harmonic outline. The song is resolved with a final 32 bars, the same as the first.

The form is so tight and so simple that players led by Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Jimmy Guiffre and others have abandoned it to hunt down a more satisfying freedom. Coleman and Guiffre both now play atonal jazz, and Miles Davis defected with his discovery of the "interlude," a four- or eight-bar figure laid into a song between phrases. Davis sometimes plays one dominant chord throughout a 16-bar interlude, making only rhythmic variations. Elvin Jones, the most richly inventive of the modern drummers, plays highly abstract polyrhythms that leave the old eight-to-the-bar style of jazz drumming far behind.

⊗ At left, Ellington leads jazz musicians (in front two rows), backed by Detroit Symphony.

MUSIC

Enriched by such experimentation, the true spirit of jazz still belongs to its players, not to composers who study the form at the distance of a good conservatory. Leonard Bernstein has captured the sound of its blue notes—the *appoggiatura* tones that mimic the human voice in lament—and others have used its reiterated play-song melodies. But even among jazzmen, the only composer who has consistently written good jazz for orchestral players without merely repeating George Gershwin is Duke Ellington, and Ellington's "classical jazz" swings only because it is safe, sensual music. "We're going to do this thing," he has said in a little lecture on swinging, "until your pulse and my pulse are the same." His genius is mainly in his knowledge of the dynamic range of orchestral instruments.

Ellington's compositions for jazz band and orchestra usually stay within a *concerto grosso* form that lets the band handle the jazz, while the orchestra plays its own fiddle. After a recent Ellington concert with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Jazz Critic Leonard Feather coolly dissected the Duke's *Night Creatures* concerto: "Ellington played jazz, and the orchestra played classical music. If you put rubies and diamonds on the same string, you don't have a necklace of novel stones—just diamonds and rubies."

Some day someone may actually teach symphony orchestras how to swing; but short of that improbable achievement, the highest moments in jazz will still belong to working jazzmen whose own free sound is their best and clearest standard.

COMPOSERS

The Poulenc Puzzle

Nothing was so amusing to French Composer Francis Poulenc as hearing his friends marvel at the quilt of contradictions that masked his music and his life. "I am half-monk, half-bourder," he would say, and his friends would add that he was also a cultured vulgarian, a moody wit, a seedy dandy—a puzzle. He wrote flippant music and sacred music, funny, jazz profane music, and he also wrote some of the

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WILL RAPPAPORT
COMPOSER POULENC

century's greatest songs. Since his death in Paris last January, the Poulenc puzzle has become his epitaph—as though his critics and colleagues would rather cherish their confusion than resolve it. Last week in New York, two concerts that amounted to a Poulenc memorial-cum-festival only restated the mystery: two world premières of pieces Poulenc composed in his last year eloquently argued the case for him and against him.

No Conversation. The first première, a *Sonata for Clarinet and Piano*, played by Benny Goodman and Leonard Bernstein, had the misfortune of being the marquee come-on for an all-Poulenc concert that included some vintage works—the beautiful *Fiançailles pour Rire* song cycle, the lovely a *cappella* Motets. The sonata's first movement is nervously melodic, the second drowsily romantic, the third merely gymnastic; nowhere does the music lead the two instruments into the tense conversation the form requires. The piano simply accompanies the clarinet, as in a coloratura song, and the clarinet does little more than produce the kind of music an inspired Greek might dream up to charm a belly dancer. It is vapid, threadbare stuff—good fun for Benny Goodman, but hardly sport for Bernstein.

The second première, performed by the New York Philharmonic under the baton of Thomas Schippers, was another matter. It was a cantata called *Sept Répons des Ténébres*, and it impressively proved that Poulenc's last year, like his other 45 as a composer, was blessed with exalted days. In *Sept Répons*, Poulenc resolved the devotional strain that runs through much of his music; the composition is a hymn for Holy Week that, as a French critic said after Poulenc's death, “springs from a soul taken by an ideal.”

Written for chorus and full orchestra, the cantata parallels the psalms sung for the ancient Tenebrae service, in which the mystery of Christ's sacrifice is sung to diminishing candlelight, until at last only



DAVID CAIRNS
CONDUCTOR SCHIPPERS AT ORGAN
A maestro's private memorial.

one candle remains—the Light of the World. The colors of the music suggest the gathering shadows, and Poulenc gives it a timeless serenity by weaving into it ancient liturgical forms along with angular modern music.

Subtle Passage. Boy Soprano Jeffrey Meyer, the Walter Baker Chorus, and the choirs of the Little Church Around the Corner, St. Paul's Church in Flatbush, joined the Philharmonic, but the orchestra made them welcome by drowning out their frail voices through most of the work. Young Meyer has a pure, clear soprano, but he sang very shyly, as if his voice were about to change at any minute.

Schippers enriched his private memorial by playing the Poulenc *Concerto for Organ in G Minor* just before the performance of the *Sept Répons*. Having transferred keyboard notes to the foot pedals, he freed an arm for conducting, and with only one slip (a missed orchestral entry), he played with brilliant drive. The massive, 5,000-pipe organ overwhelmed the string orchestra, but Schippers coaxed out of the instrument all the music's high glories.

Sept Répons was one more reminder that Poulenc's genius lay more with choral music and songs than with instrumental music. His lyrical sensitivity to poetry led his songs into fragile moods that passed subtly from laughter into grief. “*J'aime la voix humaine*,” he would say, and no composer of the century knew better how to write for it: Frenchmen now call him their Schubert, their Puccini. From the *Mouvements Perpétuels* he wrote at 19, through his days with the anti-impressionist *Groupe des Six*, on through all the rest of his career, he never abandoned his own highly idiomatic voice: Ravel envied him for knowing how to speak “his own folklore.” And if the *Sept Répons* was born of his faith in God, as his friends believe, then his *Sonata* may well be nothing more than a strange man's tribute to the likes of Benny Goodman.



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ART



DIX'S "DEAD SOLDIER" (1924)
With the pitiless sting of a Goya.

Fame by Installments

The catalogue of the "degenerate art" show put on by Nazi Propagandist Joseph Goebbels in 1937 has, with predictable irony, become a handy checklist of great modern German artists—Lehmbruck, Barlach, Kirchner, Grosz, Nolde, Ernst. But one artist, Otto Dix, who was considered so crass that no fewer than 16 of his works were hung in the show, is only now getting recognition commensurate with that backhanded accolade. Berlin and Darmstadt have seen comprehensive Dix exhibitions in the past couple of years, and his current show in Stuttgart is drawing praise from critics all over Germany.

Disasters of War. Dix's new renown is his second installment of fame. He had a burst of popularity in the early '20s, and the Stuttgart exhibition, with 115 graphics made between 1911 and 1928, shows why. Most of them are scenes of World War I, sketched with a fury on plain brown wrapping paper. Their strident picturing of cavernous shell craters, socket-eyed cadavers, skull-like gas masks, bloody vines of barbed wire and battered nerves has much the same pitiless sting as Goya's gruesome series of etchings. *The Disasters of the War*, Man's shreds of nobility as well as his flesh rot away into humus. A flower casually grows through the clenched hand of a corpse, petals sprout from his chest.

Dix had been a machine gunner in the war, and his drawings did to war-weary Germans what Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* did in words. By 1923, he had sold an enormous triptych, *Trench*, to the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne for 10,000 gold marks, or nearly \$3,000. Carrying on as lance bearer of the *Neue Sachlichkeit* (the New Objectivity), Dix went on to influence Max Beckmann and Georg Grosz with his

sharp-edged, magical realism that applied the techniques of the old masters to the social misery of the anarchic Weimar Republic. With Hitler's rise, Dix was ousted from his professorship in art at the Academy of Art in Dresden, forbidden to paint, finally pressed into the potbellied *Volkssturm*, a sort of last-ditch militia. He was captured by the French while snoozing in the sun one spring afternoon.

The French treated P.W. Dix thoughtfully, supplying him with paints to do altarpieces for their barracks chapel. Freed in 1946, Dix retreated into the Biblical subject matter that has preoccupied him for the past decade. "With a Madonna, everybody understands what you're saying," he thought. Critics dismissed these works as old-fashioned, although there is little piety to his garishly colored, grotesque Biblical scenes. Their raw outlines, squeezed from tubes, and their hacked surfaces betray the same tortured view of man as his early drawings.

Beauty in Ugliness. Today Dix lives on the idyllic, alpine shore of Lake Constance in a house whose walls shelter the bulk of his works. "I considered them so important that I didn't want to sell them," he explains. At 72, wispy, wiry Dix no longer paints. "I feel I don't have to say that much any more. There comes a time when one has to look back." His summation: "Nietzsche told me that there's beauty in ugliness. That is what has intrigued me all my life."

Watery Depths

"Unfortunately what is called progress is nothing but the invasion of bipeds who will not rest until they have transformed everything with gas lamps—and, what is worse—with electric lights. What times we live in!" So wrote Paul Cézanne in 1902, and, choosing not to live in his times, he spent his last years in the sunlit

hills of Southern France in a solitary search for the pure sensations of color. And even more than his oils, the hermit master's ventures in the casual medium of watercolor blaze with a natural incandescence that never could be summoned by a light switch.

Many critics have long considered Cézanne's watercolors simply tentative studies for his oils, and they are apt to be treated as wallflowers. The 74 watercolors on view in Manhattan's M. Knoedler & Co. form the biggest assembly of these fragile sketches since the 1907 memorial show in Paris, held a year after Cézanne died. They are priceless, rainbow-hued documents of his passionate, lifelong homage to nature, but Cézanne often treated them like so much scrap; he even lighted the stove in his Provençal studio with works that might now be worth as much as \$76,000 each. Only the foresight of his friends and early admirers—Gertrude Stein, Monet, Degas, Renoir, Pissarro—saved those that are left.

Cone to Crazy Quilt. With such cast-offs, Cézanne did the spadework for cubism. He laid the landscape bare to its essential structure, yet cloaked it in a crazy quilt of color like a Jack Frost with spring fever. Unlike his contemporary impressionists, he wanted to show the unchanging longitude and latitude of the earth rather than the fleeting snapshot of the instant. But he left to the later cubists the task of actually depicting the geometry of "the cylinder, the sphere, the cone" of his famous dictum on the elements of art.

Since light in watercolors comes from the bare whiteness of paper, Cézanne progressively left more and more blank white space. After 1885, his watercolors began influencing his oils: patches of canvas showed through watery thin layers of bright paint. Cézanne's work became like unfinished jigsaw puzzles.

Only Nature Counts. The kinship of his harlequin colors seems miraculous. Foliage flutters before the eye like scurrying butterflies. An overcoat lying on a chair takes on the bulk and presence of its wearer. A still life of skulls—piled more like strange fruit than *memento mori*—melts their contours into the curves of a parti-colored tablecloth in a haunting arabesque.

As time passed, Cézanne shunned even still life as overly contrived nature and sought out the chaotic, uncultivated thickets and hillsides of Provence's virgin countryside. Among his most stunning works are views of the barren rock walls of an abandoned quarry that are so economically suggested by a few pencil lines and scattered smears of color that they presage modern abstractions. "Nature alone counts, and the eye is trained through contact with her," Cézanne wrote. Hour after hour, facing the warm vistas of Provence, his eye sounded the depths of nature, and, dipping his brush into his wet colors, he deposited the traces of color that are the record of a contact with nature more direct than most men ever know or envisage.

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PAUL CEZANNE used quick, spare traces of color in *The Great Tree*—the greens, yellows, blues and pinks only suggesting his subject, like faintly remembered strains of a long-ago symphony.



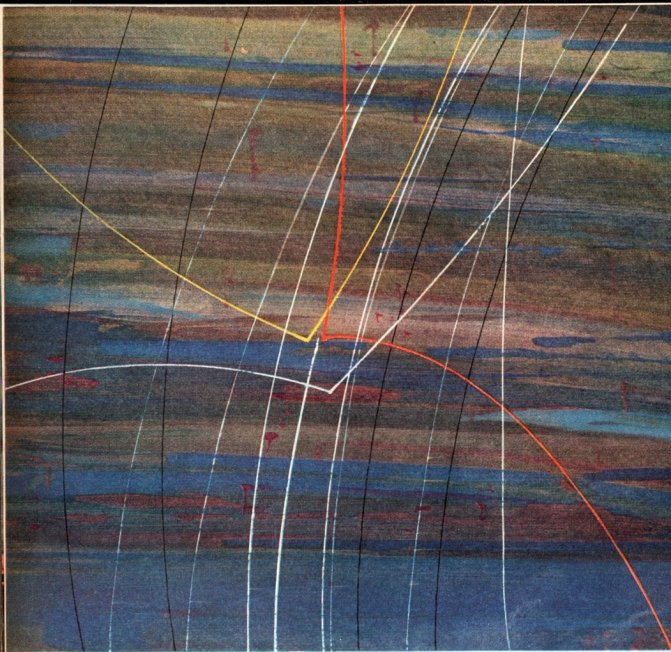
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DESIGN

Wheels of Fortune

Nation may quarrel with nation, but automotively, at least, the international era has arrived. At the seventh annual International Automobile Show, which opened in Manhattan's Coliseum last week, it was hard to tell the European from the American entries. The Europeans are going Detroit while Detroit is going continental. And the mode for both is *sportif*.

Speed Line Chrome. The bucket seat is everywhere; Cadillac's special Eldorado achieves the ultimate in conspicuous consumption of space by putting buckets in the back, thereby sacrificing an extra passenger for the bucket's throne-like comfort. Racing-style stick shifts sprout from car floors, even when they are really only disguised automatic transmission levers. Tachometers stare from dashboards to dazzle the Sunday driver with precious

information as to how many revolutions per minute his motor is delivering. And where car nomenclature once connoted carriage-trade—victoria, brougham, landau—the new names and models now smack of high compression—Monza, Le Mans, J-T-R, Spyder, Grand Prix.

Ferrari has returned the bow with a brand-new, 400-h.p. model called SuperAmerica. But it is not in name only that the European designers are turning toward Detroit.

The bare, spare autos of postwar Europe, which sparked the American revolution in favor of the compact car, are growing big for their boots, as the British might say. Citroën and Renault, Fiat and Hillman, BMW and the Japanese Datsun are adding new inches, new horsepower, and new luxury of interior appointment and exterior trim. Even the Mercedes-Benz 300 SL is tarted up with the same kind of speed-line chrome trim that is the one jarring note on the beautiful, continental-style new Buick Riviera.

Putting on Weight. With European small cars getting bigger and U.S. compacts de-compacting, the big cars seem to have nothing to do but put on weight too. The luxurious French Facel-Vega, for instance, has added a four-door model (both side doors open dramatically away from each other without a center post) that lacks the sprung elegance of the smaller two-door style. Even Rolls-Royce boasts that the new Silver Cloud III (with its four Detroit-style headlights) is roomier than ever.

Under the hood, the news is negative. The turbine engine, touted at last year's show as the wave of the future in power

plants, is nowhere to be seen this year; its pickup and power problems seem a long way from solution. Studebaker's prototype fuel cell is still not ready for public exhibition. But on the standard engines, the car manufacturers have hoisted horsepower on nearly every model.

Some notable premieres unveiled among the 500-odd models of more than 85 makes from ten countries:

► **QUANTUM SAAB** has a fiber-glass body developed by engineers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, using an IBM computer to determine the best body design for road competition, low center of gravity, and good cornering capabilities. It is powered by Saab's 850 GT engine, which has won some top competitions in Europe and the U.S.

► **DAIMLER LIMOUSINE** marks the introduction to U.S. distribution of one of the illustrious names in the annals of luxury automobiles. A Daimler was the first motorcar owned by a King of England (Edward VII), and was known for decades as "the car of royalty." Designed primarily to be chauffeur-driven, it has an electrically controlled glass partition between front and rear seats, and the doors open to a full 90° angle, revealing a concealed step for easy entrance and exit. A 4½-liter V-8 engine provides a top speed of 114 m.p.h. The price: \$11,600.

► **HINO CONTESSA 900 SPRINT** is the latest entry in what may be a drive by the Japanese to parallel their postwar success in the camera field. The Italian-designed Contessa is a small, stylish two-seater with a 45-h.p. motor and a price that is right: about \$2,300.

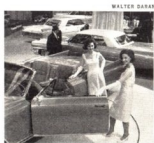
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COMMUNICATIONS

What's My Line?

In a crowded world where privacy is increasingly difficult, more and more Americans are trying to exert some measure of control over who can summon them out of a hot bath, a sound sleep, or an absorbing conversation. The unlisted phone number, long a hallmark of distinction for the few, has become nearly as common as a credit card.

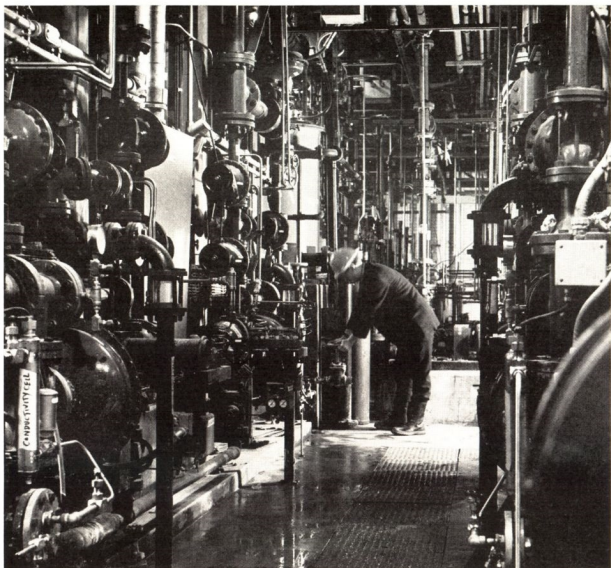
Of the Bell System's 66 million phones and extensions,⁵ 4,000,000 numbers are unlisted. Of New York City's 2,275,000 private phones, 280,000 are unlisted, and the number grows by 3,000 per month. Of Denver's 487,318 phones, 20,710 are unlisted (up 5,453 from the previous year); 14% of Chicago's private phones are unlisted, as are some 19% of Los Angeles'.

This trend is far from pleasing to the telephone companies. "It interferes with our basic function," says a spokesman plaintively. "We're supposed to be helping people communicate." There are also less philosophical reasons. The more unlisted numbers, the fewer phone calls, the less revenue. And the more work: operators spend time looking up numbers for inquirers, finding them unlisted, then explaining over and over that the number cannot be divulged, even though the caller is an old Army buddy, a favorite aunt, or a client who wants to place a big order.

The phone companies do their best to discourage would-be unlisted by pointing out all the inconveniences involved, plus the hazard of being unreachable in an emergency. One common problem is forgetting one's own number and being unable to call home on some urgent matter—which is said to have happened to President Franklin Roosevelt, trying to call his wife in Manhattan.

There are many reasons for the vogue. "It's like belonging to an exclusive club," says one unlisted, "and the implication is that one must be very important." Show biz types have an easily understood reason for avoiding telephonic pestering, or pretending to. One Brooklyn movie theater manager is unlisted to avoid the calls he used to get from irate parents whose children he had to eject for rowdiness. Night workers who sleep during the day often have their phones unlisted, and so do some old ladies who are painfully conscious of their vulnerability to a hard-luck story. Doctors and top executives sometimes keep one phone unlisted for outgoing calls only, and the parents of teen-agers often find it expedient to turn the listed phone over to the children and keep an unlisted one themselves.

⁵ Bell accounts for nearly all the phones in nearly all the nation's urban areas; there are an additional 13,000,000 phones, divided among 2,845 companies serving mostly rural areas, where unlisted numbers are rare.



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The Master

Whatever Arnie wants, Jack gets.

Last week, it was a pretty green jacket with brass buttons and an embroidered map of the U.S. on the breast pocket. The blazer and \$30,000 go to the Masters champion, and Arnold Palmer got close enough last week to read the label—while he was helping Jack Nicklaus slip it on.

Indignities like that are getting to be par for Palmer's course. It all started last year, when Arnie won the Masters, and visions of a grand slam were dancing before his eyes. So off he went to the U.S. Open at Oakmont, Pa., a course he had played at least 200 times before—and

what happened? Nicklaus beat him. Jack did it again in the World Series of Golf, that time for \$50,000, the biggest prize in the game. But last week's blow was the hardest of all. Every dufer knows that the Masters is Arnie Palmer's private tournament: in five years, he has won it three times, lost the other two by a total of three strokes. This year he was a 4-1 favorite to become the only golfer ever to win the Masters four times, and the only one to win it twice in a row. So what happened? Jack Nicklaus won again.

Tough & Mean. "Gary Player says he's going to win," said Nicklaus on the eve of the Masters. "Arnie Palmer says he's going to win. I say I am." A scrambling opening-round 74, two over par, failed to shake his

confidence. "How are you feeling?" asked a friend. "Big and strong?" "Yeah," growled Nicklaus. "Big and strong—and tough and mean." On the second day, Jack Nicklaus gave the big (6.980-yd.), tough Augusta National Course one of the worst floggings in its history.

Only once in 18 marvelous holes did Nicklaus fail to hit a green in regulation figures. On the 320-yd., par-five 15th, Nicklaus boomed his drive so far—about 320 yds.—that he was able to reach the green with a No. 5 iron. Two putts gave him an easy birdie. Five other birdies gave him a six-under-par 66 for the day, best round of the entire tournament, and just two strokes off Lloyd Mangrum's 23-year-old course record.

Suddenly, it was Jack's, not Arnie's, private tournament. Everybody tried to take it away, including one distraught Palmer fan who ran into a pine forest to retrieve his hero's errant ball and throw it back onto the fairway. But Palmer was unable to master his short game, on the third day added a second straight 73 to his opening round 74 and grumpily conceded that he was out of the running. "My putting stinks," he said. "I'll be glad when this is over." So would a lot of other golfers. The weather turned sour, and for five hours it poured rain. Cool and cautious, Nicklaus changed his leather glove five times in 18 holes, slashed a 74 that—had as it was—was enough to give him the third round lead.

With a slender one-stroke edge to protect on the last day, Nicklaus played so slowly that he reminded fellow pros of "a turtle in leg irons." One after another, they took their shots at the big blond who had just turned 23. On the 15th hole, Sam Snead who, at 50, was playing in his 24th Masters, sank a birdie putt and learned that he had jumped into the lead. But on the next hole, Snead three-putted

GOLF'S TOP TEN

	Jack Nicklaus	Gary Player	Tony Lema	Arnold Palmer	Billy Casper	Dan Sikes	Julius Boros	Don January	Sam Snead	Mason Rudolph
Los Angeles Open	Tie 24th \$525	Tie 2nd \$3,800	Tie 35th \$136	1st \$9,000	Tie 9th \$1,358	Tie 35th \$136	Tie 24th \$525	Tie 35th \$136	Did not play	Tie 15th \$975
San Diego Open	Did not play	1st \$3,500	2nd \$2,300	Did not play	Tie 3rd \$1,650	Tie 9th \$925	5th \$1,300	Tie 27th \$152	Did not play	Tie 21st \$310
Crosby National	Tie 2nd \$2,140	Tie 2nd \$2,140	Tie 15th \$720	Disq.	1st \$5,300	Tie 31st \$243	Tie 8th \$1,200	Cut 36 holes	Did not play	Tie 11th \$925
Lucky Open	Cut 36 holes	Tie 11th \$1,262	Tie 8th \$1,600	Tie 19th \$800	Tie 15th \$1,025	Tie 41st \$113	Tie 19th \$800	2nd \$4,600	Did not play	Tie 24th \$575
Palm Springs Classic	1st \$9,000	2nd \$4,600	Tie 8th \$1,450	Tie 6th \$2,000	14th \$1,150	Tie 8th \$1,450	Tie 15th \$1,000	Tie 28th \$332	Tie 34th \$158	Tie 8th \$1,450
Phoenix Open	3rd \$2,200	2nd \$3,400	Tie 5th \$1,600	1st \$5,300	Tie 22nd \$495	Tie 7th \$1,250	Tie 35th \$150	Tie 7th \$1,250	Did not play	Tie 17th \$642
Tucson Open	Cut 36 holes	Did not play	Tie 8th \$975	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play	1st \$3,500	Did not play	Cut 36 holes
New Orleans Open	Tie 8th \$1,450	6th \$1,700	Tie 2nd \$3,050	Tie 14th \$825	11th \$1,150	Cut 36 holes	Tie 14th \$825	Cut 36 holes	Did not play	Tie 14th \$825
Pensacola Open	Did not play	Tie 2nd \$2,050	Did not play	1st \$3,500	Did not play	Tie 16th \$550	Tie 9th \$875	Did not play	Did not play	Tie 5th \$1,150
St. Petersburg Open	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play	Tie 29th \$130	Tie 5th \$1,150	Did not play	Did not play	Tie 3rd \$1,650
Doral C.C. Open	Tie 9th \$1,400	16th \$1,050	3rd \$3,000	Tie 7th \$1,800	Tie 7th \$1,800	1st \$9,000	Cut 36 holes	Tie 21st \$750	2nd \$4,600	Tie 17th \$925
Azalea Open	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play	Tie 30th \$25	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play	Did not play
Masters	1st \$20,000	Tie 5th \$4,000	2nd \$12,000	Tie 9th \$1,800	Tie 11th \$1,350	Tie 15th \$1,100	Tie 3rd \$7,000	Tie 9th \$1,800	Tie 3rd \$7,000	Tie 15th \$1,100
TOTALS:	\$36,715	\$27,502	\$26,831	\$25,025	\$15,278	\$14,922	\$14,825	\$12,520	\$11,758	\$10,527

for a bogey and dropped back into the pack. Gary Player led Nicklaus briefly; but he bogeyed the last two holes, and that was all for him.

There was still one more challenger. To his fellow pros, Anthony David Lema, 29, was "Champagne Tony"—a playboy type who drove golf balls out of hotel windows, bought bubble water for sportswriters, and once had to be dragged out of a bar to compete in a tournament play-off (which he won). But now Champagne Tony was talking about getting married and settling down. And it wasn't all talk: he was rolling in birdie putts. Trailing Nicklaus by two strokes, Lema cut the gap to one with a 25-footer on the last hole that gave him a 72-hole total of 287, one under par. Then he hid out in the clubhouse to see what the pressure would do to Nicklaus.

"Those Last Three Feet." Needing a par four to win, Nicklaus belted his drive 270 yds. down the left side of the 18th fairway. The ball came to rest on muddy turf. Stroke one. A master of the rule book as well as the course, Nicklaus summoned an official, claimed "casual water" and demanded a free lift to dry ground. He got it—his fifth free lift of the round. But when he dropped the ball over his shoulder, it fell back into the mud. Nicklaus pulled out a No. 6 iron, and cut deep into the turf. The ball landed on the fat part of the green, 30 ft. from the pin. Stroke two. The huge gallery tensed as Nicklaus marched onto the 18th green. "Keep it very, very quiet," pleaded a marshal. "Please don't anyone say anything." Jack rapped the ball, grimaced unhappily when it rolled 3 ft. past. Stroke three. He circled the cup three times, lining up the putt from every conceivable angle. "Those three feet looked like 86 to me," he said later. "I just hit it, closed my eyes, and waited for the sound." Plunk!

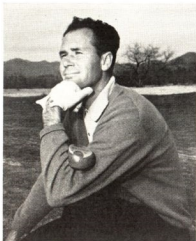
With a happy whoop, Nicklaus whipped off his white golf cap and sailed it high into the air. "It just proves that my winning the Open last year was no fluke," said Nicklaus, whose \$20,000 winner's check made him pro golf's No. 1 money-maker for the year (see box). "My aim is to win more tournaments than anybody who ever lived." Sighed ex-Champion Palmer: "Just think—Jack has ten more years to live before he's as old as I am today."

HORSE RACING

The Psychiatrist

Other jockeys call Steve Brooks, 41, "the psychiatrist," and swear that he talks to his horses. If he does—and Brooks does not deny it—he speaks the right language. Last week, at Florida's Gulfstream Park, he rode Johnsal, a three-year-old colt, to victory in a \$3,000, six-furlong sprint. For Johnsal, it was win No. 1 in a year of try-

Any temporary accumulation of water that is not an ordinary hazard. In borderline cases, the common test is to stamp hard on the ground. If the footprint fills with water, the ball can be moved without penalty.



RUNNER-UP LEMA
Birdies for champagne.

ing. For Brooks, it was win No. 4,000, in 25 years of succeeding. Only Johnny Longden, Eddie Arcaro, Willie Shoemaker and Britain's Sir Gordon Richards have won more races.

Brooks won the 1949 Kentucky Derby on Ponder, was aboard Citation when the long-tailed Triple Crown champion won the 1951 Hollywood Gold Cup to become racing's first millionaire horse. But Brooks is best known for his knack with "problem horses" that other jockeys have written off. Shrewd, observant and enormously strong (his biceps are almost as big around as his thighs), he is an expert with the whip, once whaled a horse 50 times to win a race that lasted just 1 min. 8½ sec. Another time, at his wife's suggestion, he climbed aboard a doleful 50-1 shot, finished second, forcing everyone to ask "How come?" Said he: "I just noticed when he was warming up that he ran with his head down. He couldn't see where he was going, so all I did was lift his head up. I should have won." Total purses won by Brooks' horses: about \$16 million.



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THE PRESS

EDITORS

Catch a Falling Star

In the last 96 years, the Washington Star has had but three editors—two by the name of Noyes, who happened to own a piece of the paper, and Benjamin McKelway, who sneaked in from the outside as a Noyes protégé. Last week the Star got a new editor, and his name was no surprise: Newbold Noyes Jr., 44.

All in the Family. Ever since Crosby S. Noyes, George W. Adams and Samuel Kauffmann bought the paper in 1867, its executive offices have been crammed with their relatives. Of the Star's eleven directors, ten are descendants of the three men, and when they met to elect "Newby" Noyes editor, they also chose two Kauffmanns as vice presidents, a third as secretary, and a fellow named Crosby Boyd, whose mother was a Noyes, as president. Office wags crack that in another couple of generations, the Star will need no outside help at all. But the Star needs all the help it can get.

Once known as "the old lady of Washington" for its thorough but stodgy local coverage, the Star's title now reflects more scorn than affection. For years it was the biggest and richest paper in the capital, but it began slipping soon after the Post merged with the Times-Herald in 1954, now is a poor second, with 258,167 circulation to the Post's 408,701. A decade ago, the afternoon Star was sixth among U.S. dailies in advertising lineage; at last count it had slipped to 12th.

"There'll be no abrupt change in our outlook," said Noyes at the spacious desk that cautious, pipe-smoking Ben McKelway used to occupy, but some major tinkering is already under way. Noyes is looking for skilled interpretive writers to back up Political Writer Mary McGrory and Pentagon Reporter Richard Fryklund (TIME, April 12). With only one foreign correspondent—Newbold Noyes's Paris-

based brother Crosby—the Star cannot hope to match the 14 foreign correspondents who write for the Post, but the new editor plans to develop a team of "regional specialists." To match the Post's editorial-page line-up, Noyes is looking for fresh columnists. He has already bought the Manchester Guardian's Max Freedman away from the Post.

Lie a Little. Noyes, who came to the Star in 1941 via St. Paul's and Yale, was practically born into the job. His great-grandfather and great-uncle were Star editors, and Grandfather Frank Noyes was president from 1909 to 1948. After starting out rewriting handouts and covering the police beat, he became a Star war correspondent in Italy and Southern France during World War II. Back home, he began climbing the executive ladder. For the last six years he served as executive editor.

With the Post set solidly on top in Washington, Noyes might do well to keep in mind the ditty that a Star promotion manager once wrote, to the tune of *Live a Little*:

*You've got to lie a little, boast a little,
You've got to make like the Post a
little . . .*

PUBLISHERS

Making Money by Making Enemies

Almost anywhere in the U.S., the prospect of a new \$5,000,000 college would bring nothing but cheers. Not in Colorado Springs, Colo. Last week businessmen in the pine-covered foothills of the Rockies were bitterly divided over the proposed construction of an institution to be called Rampart College. The school, complained one director of the Chamber of Commerce, would be about as welcome in Colorado Springs as "a skunk at a family picnic."

The reason for the ruckus is the donor: Raymond Cyrus Hoiles, 84, a crusty, rasp-voiced publisher from Santa Ana, Calif., who plans to use Rampart College to promote the same "libertarian" philosophy with which he force feeds the 252,712 buyers of his five-state chain of Freedom Newspapers.⁹ Hoiles's foes say he is to the right of Herod; he is, they say, an anarchist who carries laissez-faire economics to its illogical extreme.

Red-Blooded Socialism. Hoiles reports one Texas merchant after a long diet of the local Hoiles paper, is "against every damned thing on earth." In his papers, he has attacked Herbert Hoover and the National Association of Manufacturers as too left-wing, called all taxes "the theft of wages," argued that fire departments, public libraries, highways, and even the



PUBLISHER HOILES (IN 1948)
A right thinker.

armed forces ought to be maintained strictly by voluntary contributions. His most splenetic outbursts are reserved for the public school system. When teachers try to argue with him, he snaps, "How can an inmate of a house of prostitution discuss chastity?"

Not surprisingly, Hoiles makes enemies wherever he goes. Shortly after he bought the McAllen Monitor in 1951, businessmen launched a four-month boycott that halved the paper's circulation to 8,000; in twelve years the Monitor (known locally as the McAllen Monster) has recovered only 6,000 of the loss. Colorado Springs Mayor William C. Henderson, 46, bars Hoiles's Gazette Telegraph from his home and office, once suggested taking "concerted action to remove this cancer from the community."

Despite such attitudes, Hoiles manages to turn a hefty profit; estimates of his wealth run as high as \$35 million. Though he bleeds editorially for workmen whose very bread "is snatched from their mouths by the tax collectors," his employees make so little themselves that they scarcely have to worry about taxes. He pays some printers \$58 for a 40-hour week (v. \$149 for 35 hours in Manhattan), rarely tops \$100 for seasoned editors. With monopolies in all but two of his eleven towns, he has most advertisers over a barrel.

Hoiles's papers "don't seem too bad," said one ex-staffer, "just so long as you don't read the editorials." Their layout is usually clean, if undistinguished, and they play most stories straight. Stories concerning the old man's pet hates—municipal bond issues, school board elections, federal spending programs—are given top prominence. Reflecting his stern morals, some of the papers make a point of listing all people who are involved in divorce suits—even when their names are not at all newsworthy. Traffic violators are also invariably identified, and when Hoiles himself was nailed for speeding in the Rio Grande Valley, his papers front-paged the story. In any case, the formula seems



EDITOR NOYES IN STAR CITY ROOM
The right name.

⁹ California: Santa Ana Register; Marysville-Yuba City Appeal-Democrat, Colorado: Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph, New Mexico: Clovis News-Journal, Ohio: Bucyrus Telegraph-Forum, Lima News, Texas: Brownsville Herald, Harlingen Valley Star, McAllen Valley Monitor, Odessa American, Pampa News.



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April 10, 1963.



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to pay; his papers are first in circulation even where there is competition.

According to Hoiles, Nursing dollars is a lesson Publisher Hoiles learned early. He squirreled away his first two months' pay as a teen-aged Ohio farm hand, and bought a \$13 gold watch that he still carries. After graduating from Mount Union (Ohio) Methodist College, he went to work for the Alliance Review as a \$2-a-week printer's assistant; after 17 years he was manager with an annual salary of \$10,000. He bought the Bucyrus Telegraph Forum in 1935, soon was able to ante up \$750,000 for the Santa Ana Register, where he still has a shabby headquarters suite. Only six weeks ago he went after three Texas dailies, but Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby's Houston Post outbid him by \$750,000 (TIME, March 1).

Alongside his scattershot editorials, he prints just about any columnist who sees things according to Hoiles. Through the years he has given space to such professional anti-Semites as Gerald L. K. Smith, the late Upton Close and Joseph P. Kamp—and to one David Baxter, who often rails against the evils of "Romanism."

Libertarian Arts. To guard against backsliders on the staff of any of his papers, Hoiles periodically sends his top men off to his "Freedom School" in Colorado Springs for a reinductation course at the hands of a battery of right-thinking instructors. Founded with Hoiles's cash in 1956, the Freedom School is run by a glib, grey-haired ex-real estate agent and radio announcer named Robert LeFevre, who also edits the Colorado Springs paper. Long associated with far-right causes, LeFevre was the moving force in an odd-ball outfit called the Falcon Lair Foundation that was spawned in the late 1940s and proposed to avert World War III by three prayer sessions a day—one at 7:30 a.m., one at noon and one at 7 p.m.

Next month LeFevre and the Freedom School will play host to a batch of businessmen at a two-week session to examine how "the company whose top executives are positively oriented to profits and are thoroughly grounded in free market principles can weather the socialist storms besetting our economy." Itself quite positively oriented to profits, the school charges \$150 a head, plus \$175 for wives. Under LeFevre's guidance, besieged Ramapo College promises more of the same, but stretched out in a sort of four-year libertarian arts program.

The fuss stirred up over the college bothers Raymond Cyrus Hoiles not one bit. He seems almost to enjoy it. Once he estimated that he has been consistently out of step with at least 95% of his readers. And this unpopularity does not perturb him either; he realizes that a journalist's job is not to make friends but to influence people. "Beware the newspaper reporter whom everybody loves," said an editorial in his Odessa American, "and the editor who is buried with public honors . . . who goes to his grave with a line of mourners from here to the Gulf of Mexico." For Raymond Cyrus Hoiles, that prospect is a remote one indeed.

"I am diving."

Lt. Commander John W. Harvey of the USS *Thresher* was obeying Navy orders. The message is mandatory for all submarine skippers making post-overhaul dives and *Thresher*, for the first time in nine months, was about to submerge in 8,400 feet of Atlantic Ocean. Harvey next reported to the stand-by vessel *Skylark* that he was "approaching the test depth." The following message was garbled. Then silence.

This week, short days after the worst submarine disaster in history, LIFE presents a word and picture report on the events surrounding the tragic loss of the *Thresher*. There's a detailed account of the test run up to the crucial moment as well as an assessment of what probably took place moments later.

And, LIFE goes behind the headlines to the people involved directly in the tragedy: the *Thresher* crew and their families, proud members of the Navy's elite corps of nuclear submariners.



Naval tragedy in the Atlantic; nuclear stalemate in the Caribbean; NATO discord in Paris; week after week, the speed of LIFE brings fast-breaking news into print a few days after the event took place. And, week after week, this kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for the people who care about the world around them. People you like to talk to read LIFE.

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By a Wall Street Journal
Subscriber

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In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all - results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

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This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

MILESTONES

Born. To Jack Nicklaus, 23, world's most professional golfer (see SPORT), and Barbara Bash Nicklaus, 23; their second child, second son; in Columbus, Ohio.

Married. Anita Ekberg, 31, Swedish smorgasbord in sexy Italian movies; and Friederich Von Nutter, 33, American hit actor; she for the second time, he for the first; in Vignanello, Switzerland.

Died. Charlene Wrightsman Cassini, 35, beautiful wife of Society Columnist Igor Cassini; by her own hand (sleeping pills); in Manhattan (see THE NATION).

Died. Mary Dowell Copeland, 48, Manhattan nightlife's big (6 ft. 3 in.), beautiful "Stutterin' Sam" of the '30s and '40s, a Texas-born show girl and one of Billy Rose's original "long-stemmed American Beauties," who quit at the height of her fame ("I've been a clothes horse for fi-i-ve years—how do I know I'm not an idi-i-i-ot?") to try her hand at Hollywood scriptwriting and finally became the happy wife of an advertising executive; of porphyria; in Manhattan.

Died. Joe Jones, 54, landscape painter and muralist, a St. Louis housepainter's son who burst on the art world in the depressed '30s with a Manhattan exhibition of raw, shocking canvases (among them: *American Justice*, showing a half-naked, just-lynched prostitute against a background of quietly chatting Ku Klux Klansmen), over the years mellowed and developed a softer Japanese-like style in easel paintings, covers for TIME (travel, Christmas shopping), and in sweeping landscape murals, one of the best of which, a 40-ft. by 8-ft. scene of Boston Harbor, adorns the dining salon of the S.S. *Independence*; of a heart attack; in Morristown, N.J.

Died. Tupua Tamasese Mea A Ole, 55, joint head of state (with Malietoa Tanumafili II) of Western Samoa, Polynesia's first, and so far only, independent nation, a shrewd and urbane politician, who negotiated his South Pacific island country's peaceful 1961 breakaway from New Zealand; of cancer; in Western Samoa.

Died. Otto Struve, 65, astronomer and foremost exponent of the theory that there is life elsewhere in the universe, a White Russian who fled to the U.S. in 1921 to begin a visual study of stellar evolution, became convinced that there are 50 billion planets in the heavens, 2% of which could support life of some sort, and in 1960 led a major but unsuccessful attempt by radio astronomy to pick up intelligible signals from outer space; of a chronic liver ailment; in Berkeley, Calif.

Died. Carl Reinhold Hellstrom, 68, president since 1946 of gunmakers Smith & Wesson Inc., a Swedish-born engineer who joined the company in 1931, found

it with no blueprints for its weapons, no research or engineering department, no catalogue of its thousands of tools, by World War II had so changed things that Smith & Wesson cornered 75% of U.S. Army revolver orders, has since all but pushed rival Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co. out of the sidearms business; of a heart attack; in Newton, Mass.

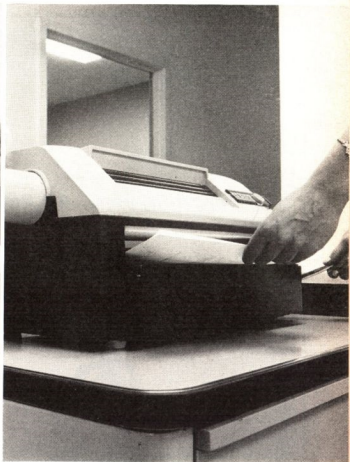
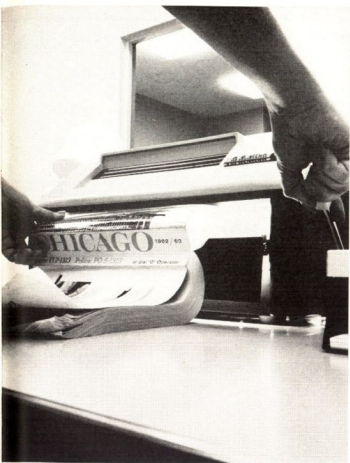
Died. Benno Moiseiwitsch, 73, Russian-born piano virtuoso in the grand, romantic style, who at 19 made his triumphant debut in London (where he decided to remain, becoming a British subject in 1937), has since been England's year-in-and-out favorite, neglecting modern composers almost completely for Schumann, Chopin and his close friend Rachmaninoff; of a heart attack; in London.

Died. R. Lawrence Oakley, 73, Wall Street reformer in the years after the 1929 crash, an earnest, unshakable broker who, as chairman of the New York Stock Exchange's 1935 nominating committee, engineered the ouster of the Exchange's complacent, do-nothing old guard, notably Exchange President Richard Whitney, who two years later was jailed for shady stock manipulations; of cancer; in Greenwich, Conn.

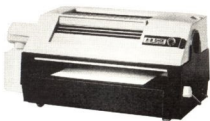
Died. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, 73, scourge of the bootleggers in Prohibition days as an assistant attorney general in charge of prisons, tax cases and violations of the Volstead Act, a mild-looking one-time civics teacher who left her husband in 1916 to pursue a lawyer's career, soon became famous for her devotion to the letter of the Prohibition law, earning the taunting nickname of "that Prohibition Portia"; of cancer; in Riverside, Calif.

Died. Joseph Newton Pew Jr., 76, board chairman of Sun Oil Co. since 1947 and longtime financial angel to the Republican Party, a spare, articulate innovator who in 1931 built the first gasoline pipeline from a refinery (in Marcus Hook, Pa.) to a marketing area (the Great Lakes) and later dreamed up the Sunoco "custom blending" pump which adjusts to deliver eight gasolines of varying octane content; of pneumonia; in Philadelphia. An early supporter of the New Deal, Pew angrily changed his mind in 1933 when F.D.R. tried to fix oil prices, turned to the G.O.P. with his time and money, becoming one of Pennsylvania's most powerful political voices.

Died. Amedeo Maiuri, 77, Italy's best-known archaeologist and the man responsible for the restoration of Pompeii from 1924 to 1961, who discovered the famed Campanian murals that pictured life in the once thriving city and perfected a way to cast in plaster the body imprints of the citizens buried under the ashes of Mount Vesuvius' eruption in A.D. 79; in Naples.



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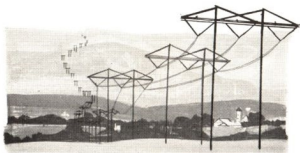
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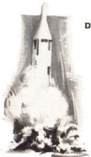
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U.S. BUSINESS

STEEL

It's Spelled Steele

West Virginia's little-known Wheeling Steel Corp. is only the tenth largest steel producer in the U.S., but last week it was first in the hearts of the industry. One year to the day after U.S. Steel's price rise sparked a business-political uproar, Wheeling Chairman William A. Steele surprised everyone by risking the Kennedy



WHEELING'S STEELE
Not too small to dare.

Administration's wrath with an announcement of selected price increases averaging \$6 a ton. Steele's timing seemed a deliberate test of President Kennedy's present mood, and steelmen happily hailed Wheeling's lead. Said one competitor: "God bless 'em."

48 Hours of Silence. For 48 hours, there was not a word from the White House. Kennedy and his staff met two or three times in cliffhanging sessions, planning strategy and trying to divine whether steel would follow Steele. White House staffers got in touch with labor leaders, and Washington Attorney Clark Clifford, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon and Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell Gilpatric busily checked with steel management sources to try to plumb the industry's intentions. This time there were no s.o.b. outbursts from the President, no FBI men pounding doors in the night—but there was almost as much suspense.

Finally, the President produced a somewhat ambiguous statement that registered his protest against price rises in general but seemed to clear the way for selective rises. The President did not want another confidence crisis such as followed his interference last year. Said Kennedy: "I realize that price and wage controls in this one industry, while all others are un-

restrained, would be unfair and inconsistent with our free competitive market—that, unlike last year, the Government's good faith has not been engaged in talks with industry and union representatives—and that selected price adjustments up or down are not incompatible with a framework of general stability."

Perhaps in Bits & Pieces. Both before and after Kennedy's bland statement, steel executives kept warily silent about their intentions. But it was widely believed that the industry would indeed raise prices, perhaps in bits and pieces over a period of time. The steel industry has been feeling better of late. Steel prices have been firming somewhat, and production has been rising for ten straight weeks. It now stands at 77% of capacity, due partly to strong demand from automakers and partly to hedge buying against the possibility of a steel strike this summer.

But many in and out of the industry consider steel's present performance a short-term one, and the industry takes certain risks if it raises prices now. There is strong evidence that last year's attempted rise would have been cut down in the free market even if the President had held his temper; stuck with a soft market, steelmen have been quietly discounting prices from 1% to 5% for much of the past year. Furthermore, steelmen take the chance of turning their customers increasingly to lower-priced imports, which rose by 1,000,000 tons last year, and to steel substitutes, which last year displaced 2,000,000 tons of steel. Wheeling wisely tried to avoid this peril by limiting its rise to products for which domestic demand is strong and import pressure is weak—sheets and strips widely used in cars and construction.

The Risks. Many steelmakers argue that foreign competition actually obliges them to raise prices to finance their ambitious \$1 billion-plus modernization program to build automated plants and highly productive basic oxygen plants, and thus catch up with more efficient foreign producers. The industry's profits dropped last year to a ten-year low of \$583 million. Saddled with much outdated plant, Wheeling fared worse than most, earning only 3.09% on sales v. the industry average of 4.05%.

If steel raises its prices, the big question is how much of the rise will be absorbed by higher labor costs. David McDonald's Steelworkers can reopen their labor contract on May 1 or later, and are almost sure to ask for a sweeter contract in the face of any price rise—seeking either higher wages or three-month paid leaves for veteran workers every five years in order to create more jobs.

But all of the risks involved for steel are the kinds of risks that every businessman must consider in his pricing policy. And steelmen clearly feel that they want to run those risks without Government interference.

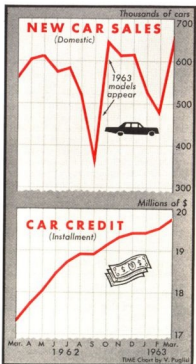
AUTOS

Selling Them Big—and Bigger

The strongest factor going for the U.S. economy is that one in every eight American families will buy a new car in 1963. Any lingering doubt about the value of this stimulus disappeared last week, as Detroit added up sales figures for the first quarter. The industry is now selling cars at an annual rate of 7,500,000—a bit above the alltime high set in 1955, the year that automen still speak of in awed tones.

The basic reason for the car-buying surge is that the U.S. consumer, who loves a bargain, is getting a lot of car for his money. Even discounting Detroit's usual enthusiasm, the '63 models are better than those of any previous year in terms of styling, quality and variety. While prices have barely increased since 1958, the manufacturers' non-standard warranty of two years has added about \$50 to the value of each car by lowering repair costs. Another inducement to buying comes from the strength of the used-car market; two-year-old models, when traded in for new ones, bring \$50 to \$100 more now than they did 18 months ago.

Trading Up. Borrowing to finance a car is also easier because bankers are overstocked with deposits on which they pay 4% interest, and are eager to lend out at an auto loan rate that, in effect, amounts to 8.2%. Though some lenders are accepting many credit risks that they once thumbed down, they estimate that the





BAC ONE-ELEVEN (MODEL)



DOUGLAS DC-9 (DRAWING)

A significant difference.

rate of car repossessions has shrunk to a remarkably low 590 per 100,000 sales—one-third less than in 1961—while total auto installment credit hit a record of close to \$20 billion in February. One reason: personal income is up 4% from a year ago.

Buyers are universally trading up to costlier and sportier cars (see **MODERN LIVING**) and shifting away from the compacts, which have leveled off at 32% of the market. Says Los Angeles Oldsmobile Salesman Ed Sarafian: "Nobody asks how many miles to the gallon any more." The buyers are also showing a price-swelling preference for such extras as air conditioning and adjustable steering wheels. "People want luxury cars, not basic transportation," says Chevrolet Chief Semion Knudsen, who recently reported that only three of Chevy's 6,800 dealers failed to make money last year. So far this year, more than half of Chevy's sales are top-of-the-line Impalas (average price delivered: \$2,850), and almost half of Cadillac's buyers are choosing one of its higher-priced models, the de Ville. In the first quarter, Pontiac sold 19,600 of its expensive (\$4,200 and up) Grand Prix models, which Detroit considers to be this year's "In" car.

Many Winners. All the major automakers have shared in the overall 10% sales rise from last year's strong first quarter. Ford was up 1% despite some competitive shortfalls in styling; American Motors advanced 5% to a first-quarter record. General Motors 10% to hit a record also, and Chrysler Corp. an amazing 45%. The only dangerously troubled manufacturer is little Studebaker, whose sales of 18,067 cars in the first quarter were down 12.9% from last year's low rate.

Detroit's automakers are so confident of rising demand for cars that they do not expect a drop-off such as followed the 1955 auto boom, expect 1964 models to sell well also if the economy remains healthy. The surge in car buying, of course, is doing more than its share to help guarantee that the economy will stay healthy. One out of every twelve U.S. non-farm workers—in autos, metal, rubber, glass and other industries—is in some way dependent on the nation's \$20 billion a year in car sales.

AVIATION

A Gamble at Douglas

Despite the rapid conquest of the air by jets, the world's airlines still need a small jetliner that can fly short hops profitably and operate from relatively short runways. To fill this need, British Aircraft Corp. developed the sleek BAC One-Eleven. Last week, after a year of indecision about its plans, Douglas Aircraft—whose DC-3 was the classic pre-jet short-range plane—announced that it will challenge the BAC ship with a new jetliner called the DC-9.

The DC-9 and the BAC One-Eleven are remarkably similar. Roughly one-half as big as a Boeing 707, both planes have two fan-jet engines mounted on the sides of the rear fuselage, cruise at about 550 m.p.h. and accommodate up to 83 passengers. Price: in the \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000 bracket. The big difference is that the BAC One-Eleven will make its maiden flight in June; the DC-9 will not be ready to fly before 1965. And the British have already sold 41 One-Elevens, including twelve to Braniff, while Douglas does not yet have a single order for the DC-9.

President Donald Douglas Jr. is clearly

gambling that the DC-9 will help reverse his company's decline. The loss of the Skybolt contract last January cut Douglas' orders backlog to \$806 million (v. \$2.2 billion in 1956). Sales during the past six years have slipped 30%, to \$750 million in 1962, and the work force is only half what it was six years ago. Canny James McDonnell, chairman of St. Louis' thriving McDonnell Aircraft, has bought an estimated 200,000 Douglas shares and wants to take over. Though Douglas directors rebuffed his bid last month, they know that he could still launch a proxy fight, and they may want a bright new project with which to woo shareholders.

Douglas believes that there is a world market for 400 to 500 short-range jetliners in the next five years. But it will have to move with jet speed to overtake the British. Otherwise, the high cost of developing a jetliner may force Douglas into an even deeper decline.

MANAGEMENT

A Friden with Style

Arjay Miller bears a marked resemblance to Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, an old friend and onetime associate. Both men have stern faces, brush their dark hair straight back, and are thin-lipped and hard-eyed behind their spectacles. "I'm proud," says Miller, 47, "of any resemblance to Mr. McNamara." But the resemblance goes far deeper than appearances, and the qualities that both men share last week boosted Arjay* Miller to the presidency of Ford Motor Co.

Package Deal. Miller takes over from Ford President John Dykstra, who is stepping down at the mandatory retirement age of 65. Much of Miller's career is tied up with former Ford President McNamara. A top student at U.C.L.A. in banking and finance, he at first wanted to become a teacher, changed his mind during the war after teaming up with nine other brilliant young men at the Air Force's statistical school at Harvard. Led by Tex Thornton, now chairman of Lit-



FORD'S MILLER

An interesting resemblance.

* Miller's parents named him Arjay for the initials of his father, Rawley John. It is, says Miller, "a compromise junior."



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ton Industries, and including McNamara, they offered themselves in a package deal to Henry Ford II in 1946, went on to become the famous "Whiz Kids" who revived ailing Ford.

Miller became the director of Ford's first report analysis department, moved up steadily in the company behind McNamara, and became vice president in charge of Ford's financial affairs after McNamara left Ford in 1961. Ford has been carefully grooming him for the presidency for more than a year, last year created for him the new post of vice president-staff group. In a newly formed triumvirate that will include Chairman Henry Ford and Scottish-born Charles H. Paterson, 60, for whom the post of executive vice president was re-created last week, Miller will supervise everything from planning and design to sales, have vastly more control than Dykstra did.

Gas in the Blood. For Ford, Miller's promotion has particular significance. Like McNamara before him, the razor-sharp, rapid-fire Nebraskan is what is known as a "Friden type"—Detroit's term for financial men, derived from the trade name of a calculator. Miller's move into the presidency is thus a clear sign that the often criticized financial elite will continue to guide Ford's future.

Though many non-Friden Ford oldtimers blame the Friden men for paying more attention to costs than customers, even they admit that Miller has a little gasoline in his blood. He likes to test-drive Fords on the company's spacious Dearborn track, played a major role in toning up the styling of Ford's 1963 models, which were designed to halt a decline in Ford's share of the market. Miller, in fact, was a nuts-and-bolts man before he was a Friden: at twelve, he bought an old Model T for \$10, took it apart to see how it ran. He never got it back together.

We of A. & P.

Since January, the offices of The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company have hummed like a checkout counter as executives switched jobs. First, Chairman-President Ralph W. Burger, 73, stepped out as president and was succeeded by John D. Ehrhott, 67, despite the complaint of six outside directors that A. & P. needed younger blood. Next, Burger announced his retirement as chairman, creating an empty seat. Last week the seat was filled when quiet, reticent Jack Ehrhott moved up to chairman and chief executive after less than a month in his last job. As its new president A. & P. picked Vice President Melvin W. Alldredge, 51, in an apparent effort to mollify criticism of extreme age among the company's executives. Alldredge is an expert in merchandising, now becomes her apparent.

A. & P.'s commanding share of the U.S. food dollar has slipped some in recent years, and Chairman Ehrhott will dust off and polish up an old company philosophy to see what he can do about it. "There are," he says, "only three reasons for the chain-store business: low prices, low expenses and reasonable profits. If you get away from that, you're in trouble." Ehr-



JOHN & CLINT MURCHISON
Out.



KIRBY
In.

gott intends to run the world's largest grocery chain and the largest U.S. merchandiser (1962 sales: an estimated \$5.4 billion) by committee, will ask other top company officers to join him in making decisions right down to selecting new store sites. Says he: "I don't expect to call the signals, take the ball, throw it, run down the field, catch it and make the touchdown. I can't say 'I' I have to say 'We.'"

A. & P.'s new chief has never clerked in an A. & P. store, but, like most company executives, he started low and worked long (46 years) before making it into the top echelon. A graduate of New York University, he rose through the accounting side, for years worked with A. & P. Developers John and George Hartford, and still frequently invokes their names ("Mr. John" or "Mr. George"). Chairman Ehrhott's first problem at "the Tea Company," in fact, is to decide whether to move into Mr. John's hallowed office, where a sign on the wall tells him what he is up against: "Ache & Pain Dept."

HIGH FINANCE Gladder to Get Out Than Sorry to Lose Out

When he was kicked out of Manhattan's Alleghany Corp. two years ago in the most celebrated proxy war in U.S. business, New Jersey Financier Allan P. Kirby, 70, vowed that he would return. Last week it was clear that Kirby was on his way to regaining control of Alleghany, a holding company that controls not only the giant New York Central but Minneapolis' Investors Diversified Services, the nation's largest mutual fund complex (assets: \$4.1 billion). For John Murchison, 41, and his brother Clint Jr., 39, the Texas wheeler-dealers who unseated Kirby, Alleghany and Kirby had proved too much to handle. Their relief at getting out balanced any regrets that they had about losing out.

Against a Brick Wall. Kirby, who owns 35% of Alleghany shares, blocked the Murchisons' plans at every turn. Last December, explaining that "I'm tired of hitting my head against a brick wall," John Murchison sold a huge block of the Murchison shares to Minneapolis Merchant Bertin Gamble, 65, who then replaced

John as Alleghany president and tried to make peace with Kirby. Kirby would have none of it. Caught in the middle, Gamble had no place to go but out, so he agreed to sell his 1,500,000 shares to Murray Lincoln, the president of Nationwide Insurance Co. and an ally of Kirby's. Lincoln's purchase, plus his own holdings, will give Kirby undisputed control of Alleghany.

Their defeat at Kirby's hands not only ended the Texas brothers' march on Wall Street, but will cause some changes in the operation of their \$150 million empire. Says one Dallas financial consultant: "The boys got badly burnt. I think they'll stick to their knitting for a time and stay out of large publicly held companies." In the past, the brothers' most successful operations have been in private companies where they held absolute control, could call the shots without being fenced in by the fear of shareholders' suits and SEC regulations. Admits John: "We'd have some hesitancy now about getting into any more of these involved deals."

Knitting an Empire. Forgetting Alleghany, the Murchisons are now concentrating on knitting together a huge real estate development empire. When they sold 600,000 shares of Nashville's Life & Casualty Insurance Co. (current market value: \$10 million) last week, it was generally believed that the reason was to raise cash for real estate. In a joint venture with Builder Paul Trousdale, the Murchisons are constructing three huge housing developments in California and two in Hawaii. Their Centex construction outfit in Dallas is already building or has plans to build apartments, military housing or industrial parks in seven states. The Murchisons' two potentially most profitable projects are New Orleans East, a plant site and residential development that covers one-third of the total area of the city of New Orleans, and Tierra Verde, an 800-acre posh residential complex now being built near St. Petersburg, Fla. In both cases the Murchisons bought swampy land cheaply, are draining it and selling it for fat profits; an acre in New Orleans East for which they paid \$300 now goes for \$21,600. The brothers have learned that it is easier to move earth and sea than it is to shove old Allan Kirby.

WORLD BUSINESS

WORLD TRADE

Toward More Controls

A few years ago in Ecuador, a farmer could buy a tractor with the money from selling 50 bags of coffee; now it takes 150 bags. In Malaya, the government has lost \$60 million in export duties in the past two years because of falling rubber prices. A 50% drop in cocoa prices has forced Ghana to suspend its economic development program. When a Biblical-sized storm of cotton worms descended on Egypt's cotton crop in 1961, the damage cost Egypt nearly \$500 million in foreign exchange. All of these countries have one problem in common: their economies depend heavily on a single commodity.

To economists and public officials concerned with world economics, the solution of this problem has taken on critical importance. Commodity prices fluctuate wildly on world markets, and in recent years they have generally been declining. At the same time, the price of goods manufactured by Western nations has steadily risen, making it doubly hard for developing nations to finance the machinery they need for industrialization. The obvious long-term answer to the problem is diversification away from one-crop economies, but only a few developing countries—Pakistan, India and Mexico—have yet been able to do this with any success.

Loans & Agreements. Now a new attack is being made on the commodity chaos. Earlier this month, the International Monetary Fund offered special loans for as long as three years to developing nations suffering from severe commodity price fluctuations—provided that they show willingness to work on more permanent measures to solve their commodity problems.

In the most visible measure so far,

many developing nations are banding together to impose controls and stabilize prices. The world's major cocoa producers have set up their own organization, and their representatives met last month in Trinidad. Peanut exporters have banded together for self-protection, and so have the world's tin-producing nations, which have set up a sophisticated and successful plan to stabilize prices. Producer-consumer organizations hold the most promise; meeting under United Nations auspices, the major coffee-consuming nations decided last summer to guarantee a set price for coffee if the producing nations will use their profits to diversify their economies.

No Better Form. Most of the industrialized nations favor more stable commodity prices because stability would increase the buying power of developing nations and make them less dependent on foreign aid. The U.S. Government, which has had some bitter experiences in this connection (the \$500 million in aid that the U.S. has pumped into Brazil during the past nine years has been completely swallowed up by declining coffee prices), has given its tacit approval to commodity price agreements. "We are for such agreements," says Antonio Carrillo Flores, Mexico's Ambassador to the U.S., "because no better form has been devised."

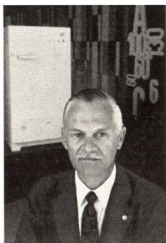
Whether a better form will soon be devised is doubtful. And until one is, the clear and hard trend is toward more and more controls on worldwide commodity prices.

LATIN AMERICA

Argentina's Nimble Giant

Doing business is not easy in Argentina, the crumpled cornucopia that in the past 16 months has gone through six economic ministers and five revolutionary crises. But some companies have managed to make millions despite all, and the leader of these is a nimble giant that sells Argentina the best that the rest of the world has to offer. It is SIAM Di Tella, Ltda., Latin America's biggest manufacturer, which produces an array of machines to cool, clean, feed and transport the Argentines. After the shabbiest year for Argentine business in a generation, SIAM's 1962 sales are expected to be down substantially (to about \$145 million), but the company will still show a profit of more than \$3,000,000.

Like most major Latin American companies, SIAM (whose initials, in Spanish, stand for American Industrial Machinery Corp.) is not an innovator but an imitator. Under various license deals, it produces Westinghouse refrigerators and air conditioners, Hoover washing machines, British Motor Corp. Riley cars, Italian Lambretta scooters, Swedish Electrolux floor polishers and a multitude of other hard goods for Argentina, which boasts



SIAM's CLUTTERBUCK
Wealth in imitation.

the broadest middle-class market in Latin America. Says Chairman Guy Clutterbuck, 55: "Conditions in Argentina make it difficult to carry out long and costly experimental programs. After all, Europe and the U.S. have much more technical know-how than we do."

Two Languages to Start. Clutterbuck grew into this tradition under the tutelage of the company's Italian-born founder, Torcuato Di Tella, who started half a century ago in a Buenos Aires garage as a producer of bakery machinery. Benevolently dictatorial Di Tella traveled far and saw even farther, signed license deals to manufacture U.S. iceboxes and, when cars came into vogue, U.S. gas pumps. Seeking a bilingual secretary to help with his U.S. and British contacts, he hired Clutterbuck, then 16, an orphaned son of British immigrants who never went beyond high school. Clutterbuck got his education in management science on the job, became chief after Di Tella died in 1948. He is now perhaps the most important private businessman south of São Paulo.

Besides hurdling some personal obstacles, Clutterbuck overcame many business handicaps peculiar to Latin America. Six years ago a discharged worker shot him in the face, leaving him with a twitchlike scar. Late in 1961, when many other Argentine businessmen were spending wildly in a euphoric inflation, Clutterbuck and a few top executives sensed political turmoil ahead and started retrenching. They gradually laid off 1,500 workers and cut back terms for installment-plan sales from two years to a year or less. All this deflated volume, but helped to preserve profits.

One Way to Go. Strong medicine has not cured all that ails SIAM. It must still import such simple parts as windshield wipers (paying 250% duty) because the local product is so shoddy. Last year a Peronist-oriented union, pushing for wage



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increases, led a slowdown that temporarily reduced automobile output from 36 cars to four cars a day. But retrenchment has left SIAM lithe and ready for fresh expansion. With the philosophy of a patriot who feels that Argentina has only one way to go, Clutterbuck says: "My country is at the bottom of the hill. Now we start to climb the other side."

THE NETHERLANDS

"I Did It All"

When a bird flies into the big machine halls of the Verolme shipyards on the banks of the River Maas near Rotterdam, an extraordinary thing sometimes happens. Cornelis Verolme, a short Dutchman with a face as round and red as an Edam cheese, asks his men to stop their machines so that the feathered visitor will be neither harmed nor frightened. "You see," explains nature-loving Verolme, 62, "we cannot produce that bird."

This is one of the few impossibilities that Verolme has ever admitted to. In 17 years, he has sailed out of obscurity into a position as one of the world's biggest shipbuilders. "I did it all myself," he says proudly. Verolme's ego is as big as the ocean, his shrewdness as deep, his drive as inexorable. He barks orders to associates until they are frazzled; is so restless that he rarely sits down; his first marriage ended in divorce because his wife could not keep up with his pace. He is, said one Dutch weekly, "a merchant from 1700 living in the 20th century."

Modest Proposal. Verolme has bought or built three shipyards in Holland and, expanding abroad in a pattern rare in the shipbuilding industry, three others in Ireland, Norway and Brazil. This week he arrives in Mexico to make final arrangements to build and operate a \$60 million yard at Mazatlan that will construct tankers for Pemex, Mexico's national oil company. Verolme has also moved into manufacturing engines, textiles, electrical equipment, boilers and tanks. He now employs 10,000 people and has annual sales of between \$90 and \$130 million.

Only a few years out of technical school, Verolme began selling diesel engines for Holland's Stork Engine Works. Moving up to chief engineer, he was asked, after World War II, to plan a reorganization of the company. He ended his report with: "The best reorganization would be to appoint me as your new president-director." When the directors did not agree, Verolme left to found his own engineering works. He heard of a demand for Dutch "*Haagsche hopjes*" candy in the U.S., raised the money to market a huge shipload, and used the profits to import diesel engines from Switzerland to equip the war-torn fleets then rebuilding everywhere.

Mountain of Sand. Not content with supplying engines, Verolme in 1950 decided to go into shipbuilding, audaciously won orders for three ships while his new wharf was still a mountain of sand. But he produced on schedule, in a few years

had another shipyard, and followed that with the establishment of his yard outside Rotterdam, one of the world's biggest and most modern. Once, when he decided to launch a 26,500-ton ship into a narrow canal, thousands of Dutchmen showed up to watch the disaster. But Verolme had made laboratory tests and even practiced at home with a small model in a tub. The ship was launched without incident—and so were 59 others in his network of yards.

Verolme runs his main yard from an office that is like the bridge of a ship, with a balcony and windows from which he can follow every activity. He has his home near another of his yards so that



VEROLME IN ROTTERDAM SHIPYARD
One launching was in a tub.

he can watch the work through his binoculars and telephone complaints. Verolme cares little for money, lets his wife Anneke take care of all personal expenses. Says he: "I ask my wife for a bit of money to go to my barber, that is all." Verolme's wife is a smart, pretty woman 17 years his junior, who was a secretary at Stork before he married her. Now he has a male secretary.

WEST GERMANY

Prosperity by Mail

Europeans like to pat, pinch and pry before they buy, and find the prospect of haggling with a mail-order catalogue distressing. Yet lower prices, at-home convenience and prompt deliveries have won them over to U.S.-style mail-order retailing to a degree that seemed impossible only a few years ago. Largely responsible for this change of heart is West Germany's pioneering Die Quelle, a household word in Germany and Europe's biggest mail-order firm.

Quelle sold more than \$300 million in merchandise last year, most of it right

out of the 404-page catalogue circulated to 3,000,000 families. Gustav Schickedanz, 68, Quelle's mustachioed founder and owner, knows the perils as well as the profits of selling to Europeans by catalogue. "Just imagine the enormous confidence the customer places in us by paying for goods he has not seen," he says. His standard: "When the customer unpacks them they must be even better than he had expected."

Cut-Rate Tours. Schickedanz was running a small wholesale textile house in the Franconian city of Fürth when he first decided, in the 1920s, to send a list of goods directly to housewives. The idea worked so well that he expanded his line, was flooded by desperate bargain seekers when the Depression began. Bombed out during World War II, Quelle (meaning Source) reopened in 1948, built back its business by selling simple, basic goods to refugees. But it was not until the early '50s, when a prosperous Europe created its own mass market, that Schickedanz borrowed proven U.S. mail-order techniques and began his vast expansion.

From a million customers in 1952, Quelle has won so many fans that last year it shipped 16,200,000 packages to 76 countries. It operates twelve garment and assembly plants, 75 order offices, its own credit bank, and branch offices in Austria, Sweden, Luxembourg, Canada and the U.S. It also runs seven department stores for those who want the price advantage of Quelle without the catalogue, plans to open three more this year. By shrewd purchasing and low-cost production, Quelle keeps the prices of most of its 22,000 items 15% to 20% below those of other retailers. It introduced the first inexpensive fully automatic washing machine on the German market, Germany's first 23-inch TV set, and a simple \$59 sewing machine that has become one of its best sellers. It also sells prefabricated houses that it will build within eight weeks, last year introduced a mail-order travel service that sells some tours at 40% below usual cost.

Everything but Selling. While it has adopted many of the practices of Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward, Quelle has tried to go them one better in one area: automation. With 135,000 orders often pouring in in a single day, German efficiency was called upon to prevent chaos. Quelle set up the largest commercial data-processing installation of its kind in the world. For each incoming order, it determines in a few thousandths of a second if the item is available, computes the total price and shipping charge, prints instructions to the warehouse, and readjusts inventory. Quelle also installed a complicated packing and shipping conveyor operation that can be run from central control panels, can handle 150,000 packages a day.

The machines, in fact, do just about everything but sell the merchandise, and Schickedanz is proud but somewhat wary of them. He has never forgotten that he started his business by piling packages in an old wooden cart and pulling it to the post office himself.

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... who surmounted the suffering of a stormy Atlantic crossing, in steerage.

It's a boundless curiosity that began with wonder of what was happening on the other side of the crib... then, quickly, extended itself to the other side of the wall...

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Their restless minds propel them ever onward toward new horizons and exciting adventures.

Within these pages, they find information and products that help satisfy their curiosity...

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... and they read this magazine, just as you do.

MAGAZINES...*your world of ideas and products*

Marlon v. Mao

The *Ugly American*, based on the 1958 bestseller in which Eugene Burdick and William Lederer angrily arraigned the arrogance, ignorance and indifference of Americans stationed abroad, was initially intended as a slashing attack on the sort of official who thinks he can heal the world's wounds by rubbing gold in them. It turns out to be just one more installment of *Terry and the Pirates*.

But no Dragon Lady. And hardly even a plot. U.S. Ambassador Marlon Brando—please do not laugh; this is a serious, Eastman Color picture—arrives at his post



AMBASSADOR BRANDO
It makes you want to stretch,

in South Sarkhan (read South Viet Nam) and hustles off to see an old friend, a fellow he knew in the resistance who has now become a leading neutralist.

"Deong!"

"Mac!"

"How are ya, kid?"

"Fine! I'm so anxious to meet Marion!"

"Marion's dyin' to meet *you*! If you aren't doin' anythin' tomorra night, come on over!"

Clever people, these Indo-Chinese. After talking like a Hollywood scriptwriter, Deong begins to talk like a Communist agent ("Cuba is what you made it! . . . We don't want tanks from Wall Street!"). Brando sees red and decides Deong really must be one. With Washington's approval the ambassador launches a political offensive which backfires. Deong, driven to revolt, makes common cause with the Communists and overwhelms the rightist regime supported by the U.S. But on the eve of victory, Deong is assassinated by his Communist allies. Only Marlon Brando now stands between Southeast Asia and Mao's hordes.

One senses that the Actors Studio has not entirely prepared him for the responsibility. He attempts an important voice, but most of the time he sounds like a small boy in a bathtub imitating

Could Gordon's possibly be older than the London Bobby?

Surprisingly enough, yes. It was in 1829 that Sir Robert Peel reorganized the London Metropolitan Police, who promptly became known as "Peelers" or "Bobbies". But this was sixty years after Alexander Gordon had introduced his remarkable gin to London and given it his name. Happily, the Gordon's you drink today is based on that original 1769 formula. That explains its unique dryness and delicate flavour. Explains, too, why Gordon's is the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world.



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	PARADE BIG-TOP NETWORK	LIFE	LOOK
% of circulation in "A" counties	81%	47%	37%
4-color pagerate	\$23,985	\$51,150	\$51,200
"A" county circ.	4,882,000	3,304,000	2,645,000
All other circulation	1,147,000	3,696,000	4,455,000

And the **Parade Bandwagon Network** offers equally spectacular advantages. Clear proof—it's time to re-evaluate Sunday Magazine Sections—particularly Parade!

PARADE



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Empire's Renewal Premiums — based on a 3-year experience record — are *lower*. "Chargeable accidents," major or minor, one or several, cost more with most other plans.

Empire Mutual disregards a past accident loss of \$100 or less. Nor are collision or medical payment losses included in determining *premium rates*. Other companies include losses over \$50 as "chargeable accidents". *Some include any loss no matter how small.*

When New York State residents qualify under this plan they are protected for 5 years or more. You need not fear an unex-

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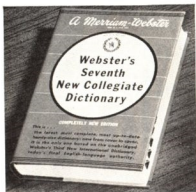
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Winston Churchill. He ventures a diplomatic brush, but his upper lip produces merely a promising smear. He sports an expensive cutaway, but the more he tries to be elegant the more he looks like a stevedore at his daughter's wedding. Through the stuffed shirt peeps the T shirt, and at his most ambassadorial moments Marlon is unmistakably a man who longs to scratch. The customers will probably feel the same. It's the natural reaction to a lousy picture.

Snow White in Connecticut

My Six Loves will put a lump in the throat of everyone who likes to have one there, Debbie Reynolds is a battle-fatigued Snow White who flees from the hurly-burly of life as a movie star to her place in Connecticut, and discovers six dwarfs and a dog living in a greenhouse at the bottom of the garden. Their names are Leo, Sherman, Dulcie, Amy, Brenda, Sonny and Butch. Leo is the grumpy one, and Sonny won't talk. In scenes brimming with heigh-ho, Debbie and the tots, who are really the abandoned children of a migrant tobacco picker, go about housekeeping chores with more madness than method. Then Prince Charming, in the guise of a freewheeling young minister (Cliff Robertson), sets everything in order, including problems of ear washing, adoption and matrimony. Coos Debbie, who speaks Californian: "You're a regular wonder, Reverent."

Even children—at whom this VistaVision lollipop is obviously aimed—won't be suckers enough to swallow all of the raspberry-flavored plot; and a dragged-in reel or two dealing with Debbie's hankering to act in a Broadway play instead of settling down to foster-motherhood is just one more of show business' painful salutes to show business. But there is still plenty of rough-and-tumble fun and some good character bits played by Eileen Heckart and Alice Ghostley. Anyhow, it's spring.

Garlandiana

I Could Go On Singing should be privately shown to truehearted members of Judy Garland fan clubs: it is so rich in barely dissimulated Garlandiana that much of its appeal will be wasted if one is not with it.

Singing was made last summer in London, during one of Judy's recurrent Bad Times. Quarrels with Husband Sid Luft, a bitter custody wrangle over the little Lufts, and a whole catalogue of physical ills plagued her throughout the filming. For the fans, this foreknowledge will only give an extra dollop of poignancy to the plot—a bit of fiction about a famous American singer who comes to London to perform at the Palladium and, concurrently, to rekindle an old flame and win back an abandoned child. To other viewers, it may explain why Judy Garland at 39 looked like a puffed-up Edith Piaf even though today, at 40, she looks like a million. Merciless photography highlights the bags under the eyes and the wringing hands that are the stigmata of Judy in distress. And Costume Designer Edith



New York Yankee Star, TOM TRESH takes his Barber's advice...

"Use STEPHAN'S
and you'll never have
Flaky Dandruff!"

Since Tom Tresh was a boy, he has visited Fred Zuppa's Barber Shop in Allen Park, Mich. regularly... and heeds his professional advice on how to care for his hair. Whenever he has dandruff he uses Stephan's Dandruff Remover Hair Lotion.

Ask your Barber to show you how to "rub Stephan's in, rub dandruff out." Buy a bottle from him. We guarantee you'll banish loose dandruff—or your money back. Costs only \$1—with or without oil.

**STEPHAN'S
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RECOMMENDED BY BARBERS



Tom Tresh

Voted Rookie of the Year by The Baseball Writers. A switch-hitter, Tresh hit 20 homers and 93 RBI.

In World Series his 3-run homer won the 5th game and his spectacular catch saved the 7th.

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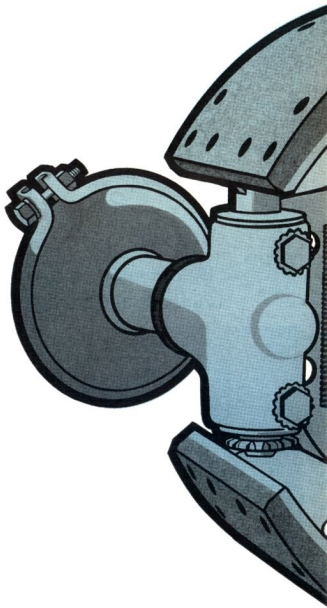
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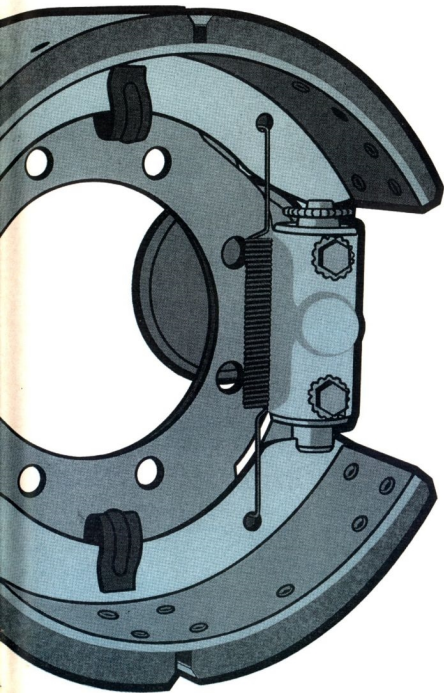




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The krone is local currency in Norway.
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Dining in Oslo? Hiring a guide to Skjeggdals Falls? Pay with **BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES**. Norwegians know them as well as Parisians do. And you, as a traveler, should know that they're loss-proof, theft-proof. Only your signature makes them valid, so they're money only you can spend. Sold at banks everywhere.

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



GARLAND
Stigmata under lights.

Head has not helped by giving her a red chiffon outfit that makes Garland look like somebody had tried to stuff eight great tomatoes into a little bitty gown.

Judy's dialogue will make the in-group twitch with recognition: "I've hung onto every bit of rubbish there is to hang onto in life—and I've thrown the good bits away"; "I don't want another martini, I've had enough to float Fire Island"; "Sleep, rest, relaxation—where can I buy those?" Her acting, against a backdrop of Old Flame Dirk Bogarde's flexing jaw muscles and travelogue shots of Olde England, may be the best of her career. The most revealing scenes are onstage at the Palladium. On opening night she stands in the wings, fingers snapping, as her rapport with the orchestra becomes almost physical; then with a final cry of "Go!" she struts into the spotlight and begins to sing. If the Judy who once stole Andy Hardy's heart is gone somewhere over a rainbow of hard knocks and sleeping pills, Garland the actress seems here to stay.

Featherbedding

Bye Bye Birdie, Broadway musicals, like rural beauty-contest winners, rarely survive a round trip to Hollywood without a loss of innocence. This one, a lampoon on the visit of a gyro-pelvic pop singer to Sweet Apple, Ohio, had an apple-cheekiness about it on the stage that seems slightly worm-eaten on film, and the result is more goof than spoof.

Birdie begins well enough by turning the screen into a mosaic of telephoning teen-agers ("Hello, Mrs. Miller, this is Harvey Johnson, can I speak to Deborah Sue?") that climaxes with every kid in town chattering into enough Princess phones to make A.T. & T. swoon with pride. The arrival of Conrad Birdie in Sweet Apple to plant a symbolic farewell kiss on a local teen-ager (Ann-Margret) before joining the Army is a gas. Platoons of maidens march with placards reading "Spare HIM, Take Me," and Conrad (Jesse Pearson) rides his motorcycle, rough-tired, right up the steps of the courthouse square, where a welcoming committee of bobby-soxed votaries is waiting to recite its oath: "I pledge allegiance to Conrad Birdie and to the United



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JESSE PEARSON
Ho hum; bye bye.

States of America." Shrieks greet the sight of his gold lamé riding habit, and when he begins to sing *Honestly Sincere*, even the mayor's wife folds into gate-legged collapse. Pearson's 6-ft., 3-in. frame lacks the necessary baby fat for a first-class ribbing of the plot's obvious target, but the sideburns holding up the slack in his jaws have the look of authenticity.

Other things are authentic about *Birdie*: the real Ed Sullivan is more lithic than life playing Ed Sullivan, John Daly is no mystery guest, and many of the songs and production numbers from the Broadway original are worked in, along with a few members of the cast. Hollywood's Ann-Margret, a too authentic 21, is a mighty big girl to be playing a 16-year-old. But her frisky dancing and cheery chirpings do help to keep *Birdie* from falling off the perch.

Cliffhanger Without Cliff

Nine Hours to Rama. The best part of this 125-minute film about the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi is the 20 minutes that focus on the saintly man himself. The rest is pure Hollywood-on-the-Ganges.

J. S. Casshyap, the Indian actor who plays the Mahatma, not only has the emaciated physique and the down-to-perfection gestures, but also has re-created Gandhi's speech—the faltering, reedy tones and the gentle inflections that were so much the secret of the leader's non-violent power. Closeups of Casshyap are startling, and a soaring overhead shot, as he walks feebly through the crowd of devotees who have jammed the garden to hear him at prayer, has an immediacy that is more newsreel than make-believe. In the garden the assassin's bullets strike him down, and here *Nine Hours to Rama* should have ended. Perhaps it never should have begun. To try to tell the story of Gandhi's assassination in terms of a suspense thriller is like making a movie about Lincoln and leading the audience to believe he may die of old age.

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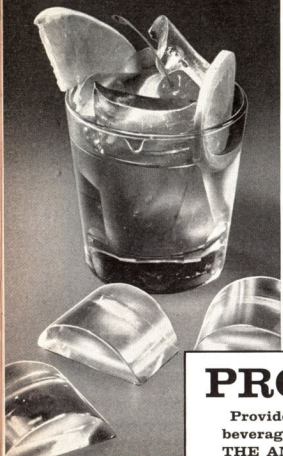
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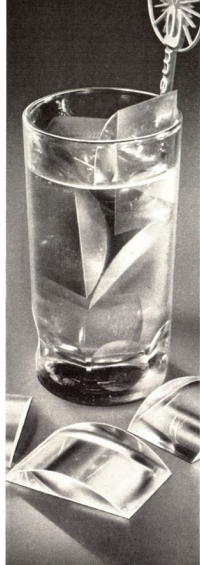
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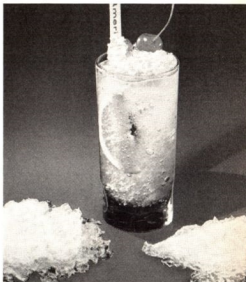
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One Man's Story

A LIFE OF ONE'S OWN (244 pp.)—*Gerald Brennan—Farrar, Straus (\$4.95).*

Gerald Brennan, a 69-year-old Englishman who has lived for most of the past 44 years in Spain, has none of the usual credentials of the autobiographer. He has not pushed a pirogue to the headwaters of the Orinoco or crossed Kurdistan on yakback; he is not a weight lifter, a defector from or to Communism; he never became the white god of some over-credulous tribe of aborigines; he does not have the lives of 10,000 better men lost in battle to explain away; he is not a busybody determined to pad the record of a long life spent in well-meant public mischief; he is not the survivor of unprecedented surgery or the sole eyewitness of some notable assassination or natural disaster; and he was never sentenced to 90 years in jail for something he did or did not do.

The Gasman Goeth. Brennan lives in Spain—not because it is romantic but "because it is cheap"—surrounded by a 2,000-book library, writing distinguished books about Spain (*South from Granada, The Spanish Labyrinth*), and glumly accepting visits from old Bloomsbury friends like Lytton Strachey. What makes Brennan's story unique and the telling of it a rare pleasure is the one quality that distinguishes him from the ordinary run of men—his indifference to the opinions of others. In the cozy modern commonwealth of man, he never learned to snuggle up to his fellows. He had a hermit's vocation in a world that has no use for those who have no use for it.

Despite his Irish patronymic, Brennan is



GERALD BRENNAN AT HOME
With steadfast egotism.

at pains to make clear that he came from a long, dull line of clotheheaded north-of-England squires and manufacturers. His father was a professional soldier of limited mind, his mother a vague sort. Neither wasted affection on their solitary son, whose sole oddity consisted in his early-formed will to remain solitary. On the surface he was dutiful and won a scholarship to Radley, where he learned the natural eccentric's trick of fitting himself to the prescribed philistine middle-class mold while preserving his essence intact. His hero was Rimbaud, most gifted of all those who have opted out of civilization. Brennan wrote pieces in the manner of Rimbaud's *Illuminations*, and when other boys were crunching candy, he, with no more fuss or sense of sin, munched hashish. With characteristic simplicity, he had written for the stuff to a London chemist, who obligingly supplied the young collector of herbs.

Like many of his literary predecessors, he ran away from school. The disguise he chose for his flight to Paris could hardly have been more bizarre. Modeled on that of a contemporary gas fitter, the costume consisted of a tall hat, long black overcoat, false mustache, a bag of bogus tools and a copy of *The Gas World*. But Paris looked at him with an indifference to match his own, and (less conspicuously dressed) he took off for points east with a donkey and a rather nutty companion who was a much more usual type of rebel, a romantic poseur who was doing what Brennan was incapable of—making a gesture. Of course, the romantic cracked first. Brennan trudged on alone (barefoot through snow when his boots gave out in the Balkans) and only turned back when it dawned on him that he was not enjoying himself.

Private Eye. He was back in England when war came. Brennan was an uncommon man in the first of the wars of the common man. He survived the mass martyrdom with his nerves and his singularity unshaken, and records the carnage with so sharp an eye that the man killed next to him lives again amid the obliteration of so many statistical millions. Once his private vision nearly betrayed him to death, when, in a sudden spasm of insight into the sanctity of all creation, he hesitated to shoot a sitting duck of a German—who promptly shot him.

At war's end, Brennan was not alone in wanting to say goodbye to all that and go somewhere quiet. There is nothing strange or special about this, except that when Brennan said goodbye to society, he meant it. He took his officer's "blood money" and retired at 25 (when his book ends) to a remote village in Spain to go it most-ly alone for most of a lifetime.

Self-love in writers is common enough, but there is no exhibitionism in the steadfast egotism of Gerald Brennan. This has the paradoxical effect of giving his superb autobiography the quality of authenticity that belongs only to the highest kind of fiction—it is his work, take it or leave it.



HITLER GREETING MUSSOLINI
With a sense of mistake.

When Fanatics Fall Out

THE BRUTAL FRIENDSHIP (896 pp.)—*F. W. Deakin—Harper & Row (\$10.95).*

For all their pledges of undying loyalty, Hitler and Mussolini never had much to say to each other. In their dissimilar ways, each had a kind of affection for the other. But they rarely met, rarely agreed, and as the war drew to an end, they blamed each other for the defeat. In this scrupulously documented and vividly told history, Oxford Historian F. W. Deakin, who collaborated with Winston Churchill on his monumental war memoirs, shows how far-reaching the rift was, how it poisoned relations between the two countries from the top command to the soldiers in the field.

The Axis pact got off to a bad start because Hitler never let Mussolini know what he was up to. When he invaded Poland in 1939 without advance warning, the Duce was shaken. He was happy to have German support for his conquests in the Mediterranean, but he did not want to be dragged into a major European war. When Hitler invaded Russia, again without consulting Mussolini, many Fascists began to have second thoughts about the Axis pact. Among them was Mussolini's son-in-law and Foreign Minister, Count Galeazzo Ciano, who upbraided the German ambassador to Italy for hours on end. "The Germans seem to be [Ciano's] favorite target," an Italian official wrote. "He enjoys himself by talking of them in the worst possible way . . . Bum here, bum there; imbecile Germany here, cretinous Germans there; 'that delinquent Ribbentrop,' 'that criminal Hitler.'"

Cold Retreat. Military reverses in Russia strained relations even further. The Duce had sent some Italian troops along to Russia to be in on the victory. When victory turned into disaster at Stalingrad in early 1943, the Germans blamed the Italians for capitulating too quickly. They



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took revenge by grabbing the Italian transport for their own retreat, leaving many Italians to freeze to death in the Russian winter. They also gleefully filmed Italians fleeing from battle. Mussolini received a letter from a soldier at the front: "Among the officers of both higher and lower rank a general feeling of rancor and distrust against the Germans is generally predominant here." It was no coincidence, notes Deakin, that many Italians who had fought in Russia joined the partisans when they returned to Italy.

There was always a considerable difference between the two dictatorial regimes. At its worst, Italian Fascism was not so ruthless or fanatical as Nazism. The Italians largely ignored Nazi demands that they persecute the Jews. When a wave of strikes broke out in 1943, Mussolini hesitated, eventually arrested some of the strikers and drafted others into the army. Hitler exploded: "That it is possible for people to stop work firmly in eight factories is for me unthinkable. I am convinced that if one shows the slightest weakness in such a case, one is lost."

Nazis for Peace. By early 1943, most top-ranking Fascists were ready to desert Germany and make a separate peace. "The Germans suspect us. And they are right," wrote Giuseppe Bastianini, Italian Foreign Under Secretary. "The whole of Europe is in revolt against the German attempt at hegemony, conducted with such bestiality." Among the most fascinating of Deakin's disclosures is that many top Nazis were also eager for peace (at least with Russia) and were counting on Mussolini to bring Hitler to his senses. "It is impossible to think of continuing to govern with bayonets and violence," one of Ribbentrop's advisers, Megele, admitted to Bastianini's *chef de cabinet* in February 1943. The German "vision" of Europe had to be profoundly altered, he went on. The hopes of the European peoples lay not with German arms, but with the "spiritual and political resources of the Italians."

But Mussolini was not the man to bring Hitler to heel. In addition, he was by this time sick and demoralized. When he and Hitler met, they avoided unpleasanties and simply pepped each other up.

When Mussolini was overthrown in July 1943 and imprisoned at a skiing resort in the Apennines, Hitler sent a Nazi rescue mission to spirit him away, and was personally on hand to greet him. Mussolini was once again installed as ruler of Italy, but for the remainder of the war he was little more than a ward of the Germans, trying in vain to govern what was left of Fascist Italy, writing to Hitler only to complain that Nazi soldiers were stealing bicycles. Even in his last flight, Mussolini had to depend on a German convoy. And when the partisans found him, he was huddled in the back of a German truck, wearing a German greatcoat and a German helmet.

A few days earlier, holed up in his Berlin bunker, Hitler had recorded his own last judgment: "The Italian alliance rendered more service to the enemy than



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to ourselves . . . My attachment to the person of the Duce has not changed . . . but I regret not having listened to reason, which imposed on me a brutal friendship in regard to Italy."

Nancy's Allergy

THE WATER BEETLE (150 pp.)—Nancy Mitford—Harper & Row (\$3.50).

"Russians, like Americans, tend to loathe me on sight," Nancy Mitford confesses. Her U.S. publishers do not take this as seriously as perhaps they should, unless, of course, they believe that many will pay \$3.50 for the pleasure of being loathed right back.

Nancy Mitford is a clever and graceful writer, and in this collection of autobiographical and travel pieces, she ranges easily over Ireland, Greece, England, Russia and France. But readers are advised



JEAN HARGREAVES

NANCY MITFORD

A tease should never lose her temper.

to treat lightly her sly suggestion that she is like Hilaire Belloc's artless water beetle who

If she ever stopped to think

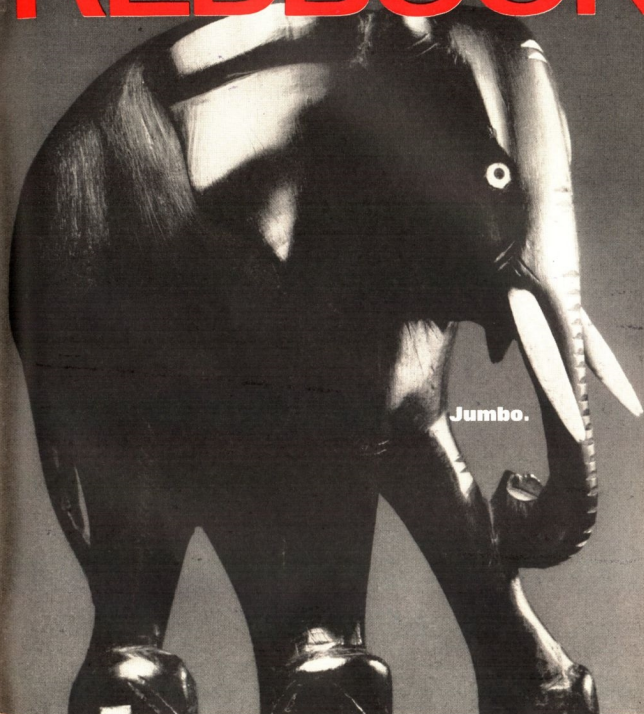
Of how she did it, she would sink.

Just why Russians should loathe her is not clear. On a visit in 1934, she noted that "all is privilege in that country," and observed with an English country girl's disapproval a prevalence of goats, "sure sign of poverty and fecklessness." She generally avoided giving offense, and she found Stalin, who was safely dead, a "dear old soul."

It is Americans who get her in a tizzy. They were bad enough in Russia, what with their great piles of luggage—"nasty-looking Americans, very rude." But they also crop up in Florence, and when Nancy kindly points out the Duomo, they inquire: "Until what time do the stores remain open here?" In their "plastic garments," they occur in Ireland, where they say, "Pourdon me," and ask nuns to close a train window. Nor is England's

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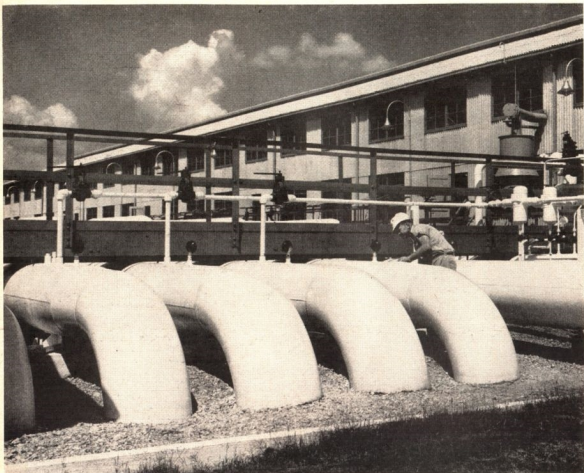
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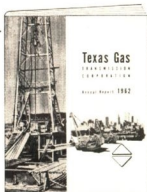
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A sad case, perhaps, of an allergy, in a country churchyard. Nancy Mitford is really a terrible tease, but she should remember that a tease should never lose her temper, and that when she calls someone Hoggefeller, smile.

Sketches in Bullets

BONAPARTE in EGYPT (424 pp.)—J. Christopher Herold—Harper & Row (\$6.95).

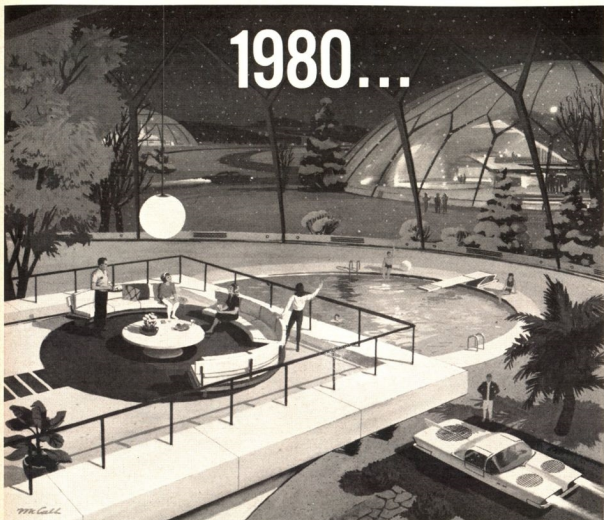
Looking back on it, Napoleon remembered the Egyptian campaign as "the most beautiful time in my life." He pictured himself, he wrote, "founding a religion, marching into Asia, riding an elephant, a turban on my head and in my hand the new Koran that I would have composed to suit my needs. I was full of dreams."

For a time, Author Christopher Herold notes in this witty and vividly detailed account of those three years, all the dreams seemed to come true. The French fleet of 400 sails that left Toulon on May 19, 1798, managed to evade a British squadron under Admiral Nelson in the fog and sailed on to Alexandria undisturbed. With an advance guard of only 5,000 men (out of a total force of 50,000, including sailors), Napoleon landed through the surf on a remote beach and advanced on Alexandria by night with neither cavalry nor artillery. Taking the garrison by surprise, he captured the city with only an estimated 200 casualties.

Square Triumph. Less than a week later, the army struck out again for Cairo, 150 miles away across the desert and up the Nile. When they met the forces of Murad Bey outside Cairo, the French were hungry and thirsty, many of them barefoot and weakened by dysentery. Nevertheless, the battle-hardened French veterans easily routed Murad Bey's Mameluke tribesmen. Formed in squares six ranks deep, the French infantry coolly cut down the wildly charging Mameluke cavalry, despite the heroics of individual Mameluke warriors whose scimitars sliced through the barrels of French rifles as if they were straws. The Battle of the Pyramids was over in two hours, and Napoleon was presumably the master of all Egypt.

But the French fortunes soon changed. One trouble was that Mameluke warriors were replaceable and French riflemen were not. After Nelson finally caught the French fleet at Abukir Bay and all but destroyed it in the Battle of the Nile, Napoleon's lines of supply and communication with Europe were virtually cut off. His army was steadily reduced by sieges of sickness (most notably, ophthalmia and bubonic plague), by Bedouin raids, and

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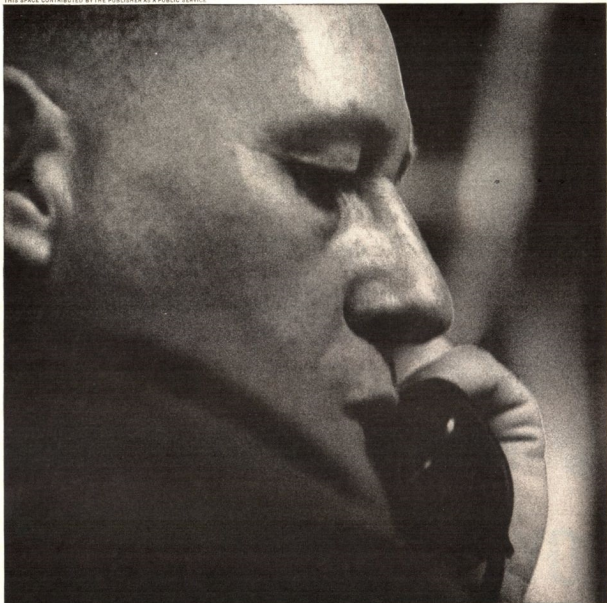
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To Cure More—Give More



Go to New Orleans for Boston Beans?

Of course not! They've got a special taste for beans in Boston. Successful advertising takes local flavor into account. Spot TV avoids the uniformity of "national" advertising. It gives you market-by-market emphasis.

Ninety-two of the top one hundred advertisers use Spot TV. It's used to bolster a softening sales picture; to meet

the challenge of new competition; to apply seasonal control or timing; to test a program, a product, a merchandising idea. Market-by-market is the efficient way to buy TV today.

TvAR, representing a select list of major market TV stations, can show you how to get more out of your advertising dollars by buying on a spot-your

market basis. TvAR's "Television Spot Test" enables an advertiser to document the effectiveness of Spot TV. TvAR's "Brand Comparisons," give the exact status of over 500 brands in our eight represented markets.

Spot TV is the flexible advertising medium. TvAR is the personalized service. Why not take advantage of both?

TELEVISION ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES, INC.



REPRESENTING

WBTV CHARLOTTE (JEFFERSON STANDARD BROADCASTING CO.) • WTOP-TV WASHINGTON AND WJXT JACKSONVILLE (POST-NEWSWEEK STATIONS)
WBZ-TV BOSTON, WJZ-TV BALTIMORE, KDKA-TV PITTSBURGH, KYW-TV CLEVELAND AND KPPIX SAN FRANCISCO (WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY)

TvAR Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Atlanta

Two
New
Hilton
Hotels
in ROME
and ROTTERDAM



SEE BACK COVER

Hilton Hotels Around the World

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK CITY: Waldorf-Astoria, Statler Hilton, Savoy Hilton, New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center (opens June 1963) • BOSTON: Statler Hilton • WASHINGTON, D.C.: Statler Hilton, Washington Hilton (under construction) • PITTSBURGH: Pittsburgh Hilton • BUFFALO: Statler Hilton • HARTFORD: Statler Hilton.

CENTRAL DIVISION

CHICAGO: Conrad Hilton, Palmer House • DETROIT: Statler Hilton • CINCINNATI: Netherland Hilton, Terrace Hilton • CLEVELAND: Statler Hilton • COLUMBUS: Deshler Hilton • DAYTON: Dayton Baltimore • ST. LOUIS: Statler Hilton.

WESTERN DIVISION

HONOLULU, HAWAII: Hilton Hawaiian Village, Kahala Hilton (under construction) • LOS ANGELES: Statler Hilton, Beverly Hilton (BEVERLY HILLS) • DENVER: Denver Hilton • HOUSTON: Shamrock Hilton • DALLAS: Statler Hilton • EL PASO: Hilton Hotel • SAN FRANCISCO: San Francisco Hilton (under construction) • PORTLAND, OREGON: Portland Hilton (opens May 1963).

INN DIVISION

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK • ATLANTA • NEW ORLEANS • AURORA, ILLINOIS • EL PASO • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

Acapulco, Mexico, Acapulco Hilton, Las Brisas Hilton • Amsterdam, Holland, Amsterdam Hilton • Athens, Greece, Athens Hilton • Berlin, Germany, Berlin Hilton • Cairo, Egypt, U.A.R., Nile Hilton • Guadalajara, Mexico, Guadalajara Hilton (under construction) • Hong Kong, C.C., Hong Kong Hilton • Istanbul, Turkey, Istanbul Hilton • London, England, London Hilton • Madrid, Spain, Castellana Hilton • Maraguez, Puerto Rico, Mayaguez Hilton (under construction) • Mexico City, Mexico, Continental Hilton • Montreal, Canada, Queen Elizabeth (a CN hotel) and the Montreal Aeroport Hilton (under construction) • Panama, R.P., El Panamá Hilton • Rabat, Morocco, Rabat Hilton (under construction) • Rome, Italy, Cavalieri Hilton (opens June 1963) • Rotterdam, Holland, Rotterdam Hilton • San Juan, Puerto Rico, Caribe Hilton • St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands, Virgin Isle Hilton • Santiago, Chile, Hotel Carrera • Sydney, Australia, Chevron Hilton (an associated hotel) • Tehran, Iran, Royal Tehran Hilton • Tel Aviv, Israel, Tel Aviv Hilton (under construction) • Tokyo, Japan, Tokyo Hilton (opens May 1963) • Trinidad, Port-of-Spain, W.L., Trinidad Hilton • Tunis, Tunisia, Tunis Hilton (under construction).

Wherever you go, use

Carte Blanche

the all-purpose Credit Card.

...OR HILTON CREDIT
IDENTIFICATION CARD
for use only in Hilton Hotels—
NO CHARGE APPLICATIONS FOR
BOTH CARDS AT ANY HILTON HOTEL.



NAPOLEON IN EGYPT

It seemed beautiful at the time.

by the almost incessant warfare the French were forced to wage to keep their sprawling colony subdued. Some 27,000 Frenchmen died in Egypt, and after a time even victories became too costly. Napoleon pushed into Syria with 13,000 men, was stalemated by the Turks at Acre, and limped back to Cairo with only half his army. In the second battle of Abukir, the French slaughtered 9,000 Turks, but suffered almost 1,000 casualties, which the dwindling French forces could not afford. "A few more victories like this," boasted British Commodore Sir Sidney Smith to Nelson, "will annihilate the French army." It was never annihilated, but a year and a half after Napoleon returned to France, the French negotiated a truce and then withdrew.

Studies in Slime. If anything justified the expedition, Author Herold believes, it was the ten volumes of text and 14 volumes of plates that comprise *Description de l'Egypte*. That monument of collective scholarship was assembled by the 167-man Commission on the Sciences and Arts that Napoleon brought with him to establish a cultural institute in Alexandria. The assembled scientists interspersed papers like "Observations on the Wing of the Ostrich" and "Analysis of the Slime of the Nile" with studies on capillary attraction, the treatment of smallpox and bubonic plague, the formation of ammonia and the nature of light.

Seldom in history have scholars risked their skins so recklessly in the pursuit of knowledge. The illustrator Vivant Denon marched 3,000 miles through Upper Egypt with General Desaix, lagging dangerously behind the army to sketch the ruins at Abydos and Tentyra. When he and other pioneer Egyptologists ran out of pencils, they sketched with bullets. The descriptions Denon wrote in his notebook still glow with the sense of wonder the French felt as discoverers of an ancient world.

See the ultimate
in leisure living
**NEW
SEABURY**
ON CAPE COD



Leisure living homes with a
breathtaking view...

Boating, Golfing, Riding, Fishing, Swimming! Just plain loafing. It's all yours—with the hours to enjoy it—when you own a vacation or year-round home in New Seabury on Cape Cod.

A world-famous design team shares a common concern: building a community where gracious living comes easy... where every home is a hideaway... where more time is fun-time... where every part of every home is designed for convenience, easy upkeep.

framed by the Window Beauty of
Andersen Windowwalls

Easier living is reflected in the Andersen Windows used in all homes. They're treated for lifetime protection from termites and decay... so easy to care for, they help make every day a holiday. Andersen Windows... America's Most Wanted Windows.

See *New Seabury*. On Nantucket Sound (between Falmouth and Hyannis). Follow signs from intersections of Routes 28 and 151. Or mail coupon below.

FOR COMPLETE DETAILS, MAIL TODAY TO:

Emil Hanslin Associates, Inc.,
820 Lynn Fells Pkwy., Melrose, Mass.

- ☐ Fully illustrated NEW SEABURY brochure.
☐ Window Beauty Ideas booklet; full line of Andersen Windows.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
T-43

8,500,000

A NEW RATE BASE

• FOR TV GUIDE •

EFFECTIVE OCT. 5

The type above is common (Craw Clarendon Condensed). The message is not. TV GUIDE's new rate base, effective with the October 5, 1963 issue, will be 8½ million—the largest advertising guarantee ever offered by a weekly or biweekly magazine, and the second largest (after the Digest) ever established. There will be no change in TV GUIDE's current \$2.11 page cost per thousand—the most efficient of any magazine regardless of frequency or field of interest. The quality of the circulation is as significant as the quantity. More copies (5.3 million) will be delivered at full cover price than Life, Look and the Post will sell at the newsstands combined. This high single copy sale makes possible the TV GUIDE efficiency superiority charted below. And it also makes possible a weekly study of reader interest in editorial content. That reader interest explains why this year more people will buy TV GUIDE to read about television than will buy any other magazine to read about anything else. It is further reflected in TV GUIDE's 1962 move past \$20 million (PIB) in advertising revenue. It shows up in TV GUIDE's first quarter 24% ad revenue increase over the same period last year. TV GUIDE works. Isn't that what you want your advertising to do?

Magazine	Rate Base	B&W Page	CPM	4-Color Page	CPM
TV GUIDE	8,500,000	\$18,000	\$2.11	\$24,000	\$2.83
Life	7,000,000	33,860	4.84	51,150	7.31
Look	7,300,000	34,035	4.66	51,200	7.01
Post	6,500,000	29,680	4.57	44,250	6.81



AMERICA'S BEST-SELLING
WEEKLY MAGAZINE



Do you find many friends aboard Holland-America? Ask Louis Barkan.

Mr. Barkan lives in Peekskill, New York. He recently started his vacation to Europe on one of our ships.

"The people are wonderful," he said. "There's always somebody interesting to talk to and worthy opponents for a good game of chess. My wife and I have had a great time aboard ship. Never missed a dance or a meal. I'd recommend Holland-America to anybody."

Mr. Barkan's reaction is typical of the kind of comment we get from passengers who have sailed our happy

ships. At Holland-America, we try to plan it that way.

If you want to know about Holland-America's many sailings to Europe, ask your travel agent. But if you want to know how much fun you can have making friends aboard ship, ask the people.

For free brochures, write HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE, Pier 40, North River, New York 14, N. Y. Sail a happy ship—to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway, and Bremerhaven.



Monsanto speaks a world-wide language

London . . . Paris . . . Tokyo . . . Buenos Aires . . . Melbourne . . . Brussels—just a few of Monsanto's many addresses in 60 nations of the free world. Through leadership in chemicals and plastics research, along with marketing skills geared to the specific needs of each local market—Monsanto offers industry everywhere the unique advantages of a truly world-wide chemical company. Monsanto Chemical Company, St. Louis 66, Missouri.



This is the Spring
of Two New
Hilton Hotels in

ROME & ROTTERDAM



CAVALIERI HILTON

At the top of Monte Mario with breathtaking views. *Featuring:* 400 conditioned rooms and suites. Terraces, tennis courts and swimming pool. Fabulous restaurants, Le Belle Arti, The Ellis Room, Coffee House and Pergola Roof Garden.

► TWA now has 34 jet flights a week from the U.S. to Rome. Choose the elegant Royal Ambassador First Class or the thrifty Economy Class. And remember, only TWA serves 70 major U.S. cities and 15 world centers abroad.

ROTTERDAM HILTON

In the very heart of Holland's cosmopolitan city, overlooking the fountain on Hofplein Square. Typically Dutch, typically friendly. *Featuring:* 275 conditioned rooms and suites. Beautiful gardens with an ever-changing display of flowers. Marvelous dining in the Seven Seas Grill, Coffee House and Winter Garden. Magnificent Grand Ballroom. You'll love Rotterdam and the exciting new Rotterdam Hilton.

RESERVATIONS: See your travel agent or phone directory, any Hilton Hotel, or SP 3-6900 • Chicago, FI 6-2772 • Los Angeles, CA 4-2771 • Toronto, Ont., Canada, EM 2-3771. For jet reservations, call TWA.

STARSTREAM IS A SERVICE MARK OWNED EXCLUSIVELY BY HILTON HOTELS